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YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT!

CAN THESE THINGS BE!

GEORGE SELDES

**Author of You
Can't Print That**

**PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK
BY BREWER, WARREN
& PUTNAM**

The Truth About Terrorism

**The Spectrum of Terror
The Twilight of Dictators
The "Red" World Plot
The "Black" World Plot
Europe Preparing for Final War
The Peace-Wearied Balkans
Germany's Gas War Preparations
The Truth about the Liparia Islands
Europe's Youth Corrupted for War**

The Truth Behind the Censorship

**Fascism corrupts the world
press
European Press corruption
and America
Bunkum in the American
press
Truth and the Reporter
Catholic Church Censorship
Seipel's Plan for Holy Roman
Empire**

The Truth About Dictators and Others

**The Great Mussolini Myth
Isadora Duncan and her Love
Letters
Carol: Prince Hamlet of the
Balkans
The Great Men of our Time**

Adventures in Truth

**How I "captured" St. Mihiel
Birthpangs of the German
Republic
Arabia Not so Desolate
Wreckage of psychoanalysis
in Vienna
A King in Afghanistan**

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Second printing, April 1931

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*To my friends and colleagues
the American and British correspondents
on service abroad*

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I. THE TRUTH ABOUT TERRORISM

“Democracy is dead”—Mussolini

“Freedom is a bourgeois prejudice”—Lenin

Congressman Huddleston: Is this resolution broad enough to include Fascism?

Congressman Snell: Include what?

Congressman Huddleston: Fascism. Fascism.

Congressman Snell: I don't know what that is . . .

“I am afraid your anxiety about youth is justified . . . Europe is in a bad way and humanity I am afraid is in for a rotten time unless we get a better leadership” . . . Sir Philip Gibbs, in a letter to the writer

“The old battles for freedom of thought and freedom of speech, which it was thought had been definitely won, will have to be fought all over again, since most men are only willing to accord freedom of opinions which happen to be popular. . . . In internal as in external affairs, the worst enemy of freedom is war”—Bertrand Russell

I RED, BLACK WHITE, BROWN TERROR RULES EUROPE

Continent still in the hands of dictators who maintain themselves by guns. Democracy and parliaments are weak

STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY CONTINUES

Violence cost 1,500,000 lives since Armistice; Siberian wastes and Italian desert islands filled with prisoners; Russian Chekah head defends terror. Kemal Pasha succeeds

JUSTICE having triumphed in 1918, all the troubles of this world having been settled in a conference of great statesmen, a series of internal wars began in almost all the nations of Continental Europe. Parties fought government, class fought class, dictator fought would-be dictators or the mass-majority, politicians and generals organized illegal armies and engaged in wars, suppressed people fought for liberty, men and women fought for bread and egomaniacs fought for power.

In Germany, Russia and Italy the greatest combats took place; in the Balkans and Turkey civil wars continued. From the day of the signature of the peace treaties in Paris up to the near present, according to a neutral historian, the number of men and women who have lost their lives fighting for some cause or other, exceeds a million and a half.

For the years 1925-1928, according to statistics gathered by many newspaper men from official sources, the effort to establish reactionary or radical dictatorships, the efforts of unhappy elements to gain freedom, or the actions of dictators in carrying out their terrors, cost the lives of 512,975 persons. A nice rate of interest on the millions killed in the main effort of democracy. In addition, there were 162,642 wounded and 416,743 arrested, of whom 35,770 were condemned to death.

Never before in history have the foul jails, the frozen Arctic wastes, the Siberian wildernesses and the waterless islands of Europe been so filled with political prisoners. Never before has there been so much unrest in so many countries at one time. Never before has political opposition, the standard bearers of

progress and civilization, been held so intolerable by rulers, and never has such rigid repression of movements for freedom or independence been the reply of those holding armed power.

In addition to the tens of thousands of political prisoners in Italy and Russia in this year of terror, there are some 40,000 actually in prison in other countries, and 80,000 in exile, or refugees abroad. Hungary, Poland, Roumania, Jugoslavia, Spain, Lithuania and Albania are the chief European scenes of imprisonment, next to Italy and Russia, while in Egypt, India, the Belgian Congo, some of the French colonies, and in many South and Central American countries there are other thousands in jails deprived of liberty because of political opposition, no other crime.

Investigating the terror situation in European countries is a thankless job for the American correspondents; their newspapers are not interested in the struggle for liberty—unless there is bloodshed. What the editor said to the cub reporter when he came in aflush with enthusiasm over a story, "How many dead?" that same question decides the value of European news. If you can show a thousand Christians massacred in some Mohammedan land, why, that is news, but to report the suppression of the beautiful Tyrol by the Fascists, why, that is hardly news because while it involves the filling of prisons and great human suffering, it does not include a first-class massacre, therefore it is not news.

Of the Central European press corps, only one has spoken in favor of a terror, and that is a colleague who has seen many, was sickened by them all, except the Turkish.

"My favorite dictator," said he, "is Kemal Pasha; he is the only one for whom I have a real sympathy. And yet, last time I was in Angora I watched them string up ten or twelve persons every day. Of course, that is the only way to impress the

orient: public hangings en masse. Several of the victims were fez wearers. At all the gates of Angora there are soldiers carrying long poles. When the peasants come from the hinterland, many of them still wearing the tarbouche because they have never heard that it has been prohibited, the soldiers knock the red hats off. When the peasant scrambles for his, he is told about the law and warned he will be severely punished if caught a second time, tried for treason the third. It is also explained that the tarbouche has nothing to do with Mohammed, but was a form of monkey hat forced upon the Turks when the Allies won a war. If the fanatical peasant persists in wearing the fez, he pays the penalty.

“But difficult as it has been for Kemal to reform and enlighten the country, he has yielded to public opinion and abolished the extraordinary tribunals which conducted Turkey’s crescent terror. Kemal’s job has been a bigger one comparatively than Lenin’s or Mussolini’s and, having succeeded better than these dictators, he has been the first to give up autocratic power and attempt liberalization of the government.”

Looking back over the era of dictatorships, which began during the war and which is definitely dying now, there is only one outstanding success, and that is Kemal’s. This is the exciting history of his regime:

March 1925: Law enacted for “Maintenance of Order”:
Dictatorship.

1925: European hat law promulgated.

1926: Swiss family code adopted, regulating marriage, divorce, abolishing polygamy and emancipating women.

1928: “Islam” abolished: separation of church from state.

1928: Latin alphabet introduced.

March 1929: Abolition of law for "Maintenance of Order."

Reestablishment of democratic rule.

In the time of the dictatorship there was terrorism. Freedom of the press was abolished. I happened to be in Turkey when two of my friends, Turkish editors and journalists, one with a Columbia School of Journalism training, were arrested, their presses confiscated; the representative of the London Times was deported; espionage prevailed; thousands were thrown into prison; civil liberties were denied.

In all other countries where such a system of terrorism prevailed, no great constructive act was performed behind it; but in Turkey amazing things were done. Take the hat law for instance. In a great part of the world this was regarded as a highhanded foolish business for a dictator. Actually it was the turning point in Turkish history; it marked the desertion of the East, the adhesion of Turkey to Western civilization and to world progress. The monkey caps were abolished one day and almost simultaneously the brains beneath were liberated from an age of suppressed mentality, from the national inferiority complex. These tarbouches had been forced on the Turks by European merchants and in due time had somehow got mixed up with the Mohammedan religion and the Arab nationalistic spirit, so that even today millions of them will fight to the death rather than wear anything else. The hat law was actually the bravest thing Kemal ever did; it was as dangerous a trick as marching against Smyrna.

Today the countries free or nearly free from national political terror are the United States, Britain (home only, not colonies) France, Austria, Scandinavia, Argentine and Brazil.

Where terror reigns: Italy, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Spain, Lithuania and Albania. In Germany it has begun with Hitler.

It is apparent that where democratic government exists there is freedom; where dictators deny human rights there is terrorism.

The case of France, however, is extremely interesting because this country to which all the refugees of thirty others come for political asylum is under Premier Tardieu and Police Chief Chiappe becoming less and less a haven for foreigners or even for Frenchmen whose views are not strictly orthodox. Paris, *la ville lumière*, not the gaily lighted city of the tourist, but the city of enlightenment of many ages, has groups from at least ten important nations planning liberating movements in their own countries. The richer and stronger France grows the more it curtails freedom of political agitation. On the first of last August a notice was printed warning foreigners, including tourists, that anyone caught around one of the political demonstrations planned that day would be expelled from the country without trial or hearing. Several innocent persons whom I know, including Camillo Bernieri, professor of philosophy in Italy, were awakened at 4 that morning, were stripped from their beds and at 6 o'clock given their choice of the Belgian or German borders, and deposited there without passports or money. All mention in the papers was suppressed.

It was Police Chief Chiappe who instituted the "preventative arrest" plan which has functioned so successfully. On the nights of April 30 the past two years, when some sort of political and labor demonstration has been announced for May Day, the Paris gendarmerie visited the homes of all leaders and took them to jail. Two or three thousand men were locked up on

each occasion. Without leaders the May Day events have been a flop and the leaders are released the same night without explanations.

Whenever Mussolini or his potential successor, Dino Grandi, rattle the sword a little too loudly, the French encourage the big Paris Italian colony which is anti-Fascist, to augment its activities in favor of parliamentary restoration in Italy. But should the French and Italians come to some friendly compromise, then the police begin suppressing the anti-Fascist movement.

When the Bessarabians hold a protest against the continued terrorism in that vast province which the Roumanians stole from Russia, the French police, acting on a wink from the Foreign Office, which has financed the Roumanian state and army for a future war on Russia, break up all Bessarabian meetings, suppress the newspapers, and act just like Roumanians.

Likewise with the Spanish exiles; their welcome and their activities in France depend no longer on the French idea of *laissez faire* which distinguished the Third Republic, but on certain trade and treaty negotiations between the French and Spanish governments. When German separatists plotted for an independent Rhineland, they met no interference from the French police. In short, a political refugee in France no longer knows how free he is to express an opinion or to work for his ideal.

In Hungary recently I saw a labor demonstration. It was just about ten years since the white terror replaced the red terror in Budapest. For all these years, as reaction to the Bela Kun regime, neither liberalism nor radicalism was allowed to show itself, and now, despite the continuation of the same regime, the opposition is allowed to come out and hold public meet-

ings. The press, of course, is still well censored, especially on the question of monarchy. The old trick, however, is still worked, and the articles concerning the Christ-child are known to refer to Prince Otto, the boy who would be king; Herod in some papers can be read to mean Horthy and other Biblical allusions are understood by readers.

In Soviet Russia the prisons are now filled with communists as well as anti-communists. The Trotsky opposition has been broken into small pieces, the human pieces distributed over a distance of thousands of miles. Most of Trotsky's followers were not permitted to go into foreign exile, they were sent to the Arctic islands and Siberia. There is a report that Trotsky's secretary went on hunger strike, objected to forcible feeding, and committed suicide. Other reports say he was executed by the Chekah. Among the prominent prisoners are leading officers of the red army of the northwest, all of whom stood for the Trotsky idea.

The Chekah works in exactly the way the Czarist Okhrana did. When I was in Russia I got to know all the leaders, Dzerdzinsky, Peters, Unschlicht. "That bloodthirsty Dzerdzinsky" as he was called, will probably go down in history as the arch-villain of the Russian revolution. He is said to have been worse than Robespierre and Marat, because history has somewhat rehabilitated these two. Dzerdzinsky was of course the Saint-Just of Russia. But to say he executed a million is a White Russian white lie, and to attack his personal bloodthirstiness is to show oneself a victim to propaganda.

I met him the year of his death. He appeared a sensitive, nervous, timid, cultivated, refined, gentle soul. I learned that in exile, in the days of the Czar, he was in prison with many others who fought for liberty against the Romanoff tyranny. In that prison the filth was unbearable. There was torture.

Dzerdzinsky took it upon himself to empty the slop pails. This same man who was later to head the dread Chekah, was the one who took all blame and the resultant torture. "Someone has to do the dirty job," he would say.

When the Bolshevik revolution succeeded, the timid, super-sensitive, gentle man said he would take the police job. He knew it meant the world would call him murderer. He knew he would be called upon to arrest and execute thousands, to take the blame for many innocent deaths, and to preserve by bloodshed the cause his colleagues and he had won by bloodshed. "Someone has to do the dirty job," he said.

He was an unusual man. So sure was he when he began his revolutionary activities against the Czar that he would one day be caught and tortured, that realizing his frailty and sensitiveness, he would torture himself to harden himself for the future ordeal.

I suppose the Viennese psychoanalysts would call him a sadist and a masochist. Or, like Mussolini, a man suppressed and inferior in his childhood, getting compensation by terrorizing others when the opportunity came. Perhaps that's true too, I am merely reporting what I could confirm about him. He did not look a terrorist. On the other hand his colleagues in the Chekah, especially Unschlicht and Peters, did look the part.

Peters interested me especially because I was told he was the old Peters the Painter of the Sydney Street affair, when Winston Churchill called out the troops to capture a few barricaded revolutionaries. After months I obtained a permit to call on him.

The Chekah building in Moscow was formerly the headquarters of a big insurance company. In the halls and on the walls there were still many old signs, "Insure your life now," "Pro-

tect your wife and children when you are gone," almost too ironically appropriate for this murder organization!

A new red pass had to be obtained at a little office, entered by a side door. My interpreter and I exchanged ours. The new ones had to be shown at the main door entering and leaving. No man or woman can leave the Chekah building without a pass. The pass is taken away from men brought to trial: many of them never leave by the main door again: their bodies are taken out from the adjoining prison and execution rooms.

While we were waiting for our pass a door flew open and a Red soldier appeared, followed, touching, by a prisoner, then another soldier wedged up against the prisoner, then two prisoners, then another soldier, and so on, seven prisoners sandwiched closely by five soldiers, with rifles and fixed bayonets. Somewhere a door opened. Mysteriously. "One! Two! Three! Four! Five!" The soldiers counted staccato. The prisoners were shoved into the door. The soldiers fell out of the sandwich.

As we started up the stairs an official asked for our passes, and kept them. We protested. He said they would be given back soon. We then entered Peters' room. He seemed a young man, in the early thirties, with Lett written all over his face. The upturned Irish-Russian peasant nose, spatulate, the moonish face, the coarse peasant features which one naturally takes to mean cruelty and ignorance. Plainly dressed in neutral grays and black. He smiled around his eyes and blinked as he signed documents as if he did not comprehend fully what he was doing.

He began the conversation with the same words I had heard from a hundred Bolshevik officials, from Chicherin and Litvinoff, Weinstein, Kagan, the big fish and the small fry: he said I would not dare print his side of the case.

I replied that if he would be fair with me I would be fair with him. I told him the Chekah had a reputation as the greatest murder organization that ever existed.

"Did you ever hear of General Mannerheim?" he countered.

"Do you mean the Finnish dictator?"

"Yes. The White Terrorist. Do you know how many communists he executed? Hundreds of thousands, maybe millions. Scores, hundreds for every spy and traitor we have executed." He spoke with great heat.

I pressed him to give me facts and figures for publication. He became suddenly reticent.

"Can't do that," he said. "Police Departments can't do that, you know. Scotland Yard, you know —" and he gave a wave of his hand in the vague direction of London.

I replied that that wasn't so. I had actually visited Scotland Yard in the war days and interviewed Sir Basil Thompson.

"Well," replied Peters, somewhat crestfallen, "England is an old country. Steady old government. Police well organized. Let them talk. We cannot. We are just beginners."

All in all it was quite a pleasant conversation, but I could not bring myself to mention what I had come to ask: the status of the red terror. Despite Peters' pleasantness I had too much fear of the Chekist in his den. But he brought out the subject.

"The red terror," he said, "which has so upset your bourgeois minds, was instituted in time of war. There was an enemy marching against us. We could cope with that in the usual legal manner: wholesale murder in the field which no European nation frowns upon when it is called war.

"The enemy within Russia was prepared to join the enemy marching against us. So we declared war against him. We called it the Terror. But in 1918 we executed only 580 persons.

Of course later on, when the enemy attacked in the North, in the Crimea, in Siberia, we had to arrest and execute many thousands. . . .”

“That’s an important point,” I said, “how many thousands?”

“Oh, well, several,” replied Peters. “Several thousand but not —” he dug among some papers he had evidently prepared for my arrival, and pulled out some clippings from the old Northcliffe press — the most rabid anti-Bolshevik press of its time — “not one million seven hundred thousand as Northcliffe says. Impossible. Look: he groups our victims by professions! For instance, six thousand college professors! Six thousand! How could we have executed six thousand professors of any kind when Russia never had near that many professors. So with the other professions and other figures. It’s all a foolish lie.”

“Mr. Peters, why don’t you tell me how many persons have been executed?” I insisted.

“Well, I said a few thousand.”

“Two thousand?”

“No. More than that.”

“A hundred thousand?”

“Much less than that.”

“Split the difference? Fifty thousand?”

“That’s about right. A few thousand more or less. In war time, mind you. Traitors, spies, enemies of the communist revolution.”

“Is it true, Mr. Peters,” I insisted, “that among the say fifty thousand there were a large number of radicals who had helped in the first Revolution, the March 1917 revolution which freed Russia from Czarist tyranny. Isn’t it true that many of these revolutionaries are among the victims — not spies and traitors

but revolutionaries whose ideas of even Marxian communism differed from the wing in power? ”

As I spoke I saw angry clouds gathering over the twinkling peasant's eyes. Peters grew angry.

“Everyone had a fair trial,” he burst out, “everyone a traitor.”

Then, unexpectedly, the door opened and a soldier brought us our exit passes. That was how he terminated the interview. We were so glad to see the red slips again we got up, said thank you and good-bye and got out of the building as quickly as possible.

In a score of countries, the American journalists find an active terror. Terror is the major weapon in dictatorships, all of which are minority rule. Terror has proven an unparalleled means for the maintenance of government against popular will and the universal struggle for liberty. The Bolsheviks established the red terror a long time after their revolution had become a fact; they did it to prevent a legal or illegal attempt of the opposition forces to regain power. It was of course a repetition of the French revolutionary terror.

By contrast all terrors that oppose the proletarian dictatorship idea are called white, and in that name the various Russian generals slew tens of thousands of persons. General Mannerheim in Finland killed probably more reds than the number of whites the former had previously murdered, and the followers of Admiral Horthy in Hungary took their revenge on the Bela Kun enthusiasts.

Most successful of all terrors next to the red, is the black of Mussolini. In fact it is sometimes considered superior to the red because in Russia there are no monarchists, no bourgeois elements left to cause trouble and the Chekah is now devoting almost all its work to keeping anti-Bolshevik but radical ele-

ments from gaining a foothold. In Italy, however, there are all sorts of big elements in addition to the communists, which must be suppressed if Fascism is to survive, and the task of the Fascist Chekah is much more complicated, especially as there is no death penalty. This, of course, causes the black terror to have recourse to torture, whipping and clubbing, just as in the old black ages of Italy.

The year 1930 saw the birth of the "brown" terror. That same Adolf Hitler who in 1923 started the ludicrous "beerhall revolution" in Bavaria, and who would have been laughed to a political death in a country with a greater sense of humor, appeared at the head of his brownshirted Fascists and with the aid of the 1,000,000 Stahlhelm organization of ex-service men won 107 seats in the Reichstag and went rioting down the streets of Berlin, terrorizing their enemies.

The brownshirts became the second largest party in Germany; their violent importance cannot be exaggerated; they are a threat of war to Poland and France and on the development of their policy depends much of the peace of Europe. The German Fascists have an origin which closely parallels that of the Italians. The methods of terrorism are the same, the "ownership" of the party is similar, and many fear that unless reason survives in Germany, as it has in other crises, there will be another Mussolini dictatorship with more terrorism and even less sane leadership.

Just before the Hitler victory there was a battle between the Berlin branch of the National Socialists and a group of Democrats who were holding a quiet meeting. The Berlin head of the Hitlerites, Herr Goebbels, led his men. It had been expected that the leaders of the opposing factions would meet on the platform and fight each other with propaganda, but the Fascists used their clubs. They declared they had no need of spiritual

weapons; they saw no point in propaganda to win a majority of voters when they could gain power by the action of a determined, armed minority. (It was Italy all over again.)

Hugenberg, successor to Stinnes as Germany's richest and most important industrialist, likewise owner of the largest string of newspapers and press agencies and like Stinnes also the owner of one political party, recently gave the order to the Hitlerites that there must be no element to the right of him. It means that the field to the left, to Fascist radicalism, was open; he himself would represent conservatism.

Immediately afterwards, the National Socialists duplicated the secret communist plans of campaign. The youth movement, the building of cells in factories and military establishments, the "organization of the streets," or management in time of street warfare, the districting of cities for propaganda work and the other methods which Moscow had developed in thirteen years, became suddenly the methods of German Fascism. On March 11, 1930 the official Hitler newspaper, *Voelkischen Beobachter*, was able to announce that Berlin led all the other groups with its 900 cells, its 280 high functionaries and its 1200 cell builders. These 900 cells were not factory organizations, but street fighting and city district propaganda groups.

In the building of industrial and political cells, the Hitlerites have been successful in the Berlin branch post office No. 68 and Charlottenburg 1; there is some evidence that cells exist in the national statistical bureau and in the national railroad directorate; evidence and documents furnished the Fascists from police headquarters are ground for the charge that a cell exists there. In the Siemens Werner works a vote of 1121 Nationalists against 0 showed the complete success of the cells there; cells exist in the *Deutschen Bank und Disconto-Gesellschaft*, Com-

merz-und Privatbank, the Scherl press (publishers of reactionary newspapers, magazines, and books, the very organization which fired Remarque for writing, "All Quiet on the Western Front"), the A. E. G. (German General Electric), the Pschorrbraeu (a big brewery) and a dozen other leading industries in Berlin. Recently a letter was sent to several thousand unemployed offering temporary jobs in the Hitler cells.

All the leaders of German Fascism met in Berlin, some time before the elections, and discussed the building of street cells; groups duplicating the communist idea but employed for the Mussolini idea of street fighting. The fastest way of gaining control of the streets, it was decided, was to win the youth of the public schools. There had always been a group known as the Hitler-Jugend, the Hitler Youth; they were now ordered to try to assume the leadership in the public and higher schools, and in each building a cell under a Fascist was formed. One of the first signs of success was the arrest and trial of a 17-year-old lad for a serious criminal offense.

What happened was typical of the Fascist youth movement in Germany and repeated in brown instead of black shirt the history of violence in Italy: a meeting of the Reichsbanner-lokal (national flag organization, republican) was being held; a telephone call was made to branch 29 of the "storm troops" of the Hitler Youth in the Roentgenthal; the Fascists appeared in the dark, fired rifles and revolvers into the Reichsbanner meeting, killed one youth, disappeared into the darkness.

Sixteen Hitlerites were arrested, the youngest 17, the oldest 24; the man tried for murder was 17, a member of the cell in the Heinrich Schliemann school.

A similar murder occurred at the Goerlitzer railroad station; the Fascists fired through windows into the meeting room of

a communist local, killed one, fled. In the first two months of 1930 there were 34 such acts of violence committed by the Hitlerites in Germany.

In the University of Berlin the Fascist cells are making enormous progress; their vote increased to 1377 in 1930 as against 749 the year before; they are the second largest party; in the Charlottenburg Technical School their increase was 130 per cent and in the Veterinary College they have three of ten seats. In short Hitler has become Mussolini's best pupil.

In Russia, Italy, and now in Germany, we can see the success of violence based on extremist ideas of philosophy, organized through the "cell" system. In France, where democracy, logic and good sense prevail, there has also been an attempt to add a color to the spectrum of terror. The blue. There are in fact two groups of wearers of the blue shirt, the French Fascists and the Camelots du Roi. The outside world has heard little of either. The former are just plain followers of Mussolini who, however, are too civilized to go clubbing their political adversaries; they are opposed to democracy because they think it works out too slowly; the latter are young royalist blades who want the old monarchy, not the upstart monarchy of the Three Napoleons, but the real blueblooded Bourbons. The Camelots du Roi have as their hero the Duc de Guise, pretender to the French throne, and their leader the novelist and journalist, Léon Daudet, for whom they have frequently rioted. The Camelots are effective in terroristic actions in the universities of France. The reason the "blue" terror has failed to develop is apparently the leniency of the French government towards it. Just as the British monarchy permits H. G. Wells to write in favor of a republic and others to speak in Hyde Park in favor of pensioning the king and electing a president, so the French republic permits anyone to spread propaganda for a monarchy.

This has knocked the stuffing out of the blueshirts. They are not persecuted, they gain no national sympathy.

The "green" terror has at times been as important as black, white and red. In four important revolutionary uprisings the green terror has played a great part, the Stambulinsky revolt in Bulgaria, the Kurt Eisner downfall in Bavaria, the Vienna revolution in 1927 and the Roumanian in 1929. Green stands for green fields—it is the symbol of the agrarian movement in many lands. Slow moving, slow witted, the peasantry of Europe eventually acts against every element which threatens the millions of little kingdoms which we call farms. It was the Russian peasant more than the red army which smashed the Kolchaks and the Wrangels, who foolishly tried to take their beloved soil and give it back to the Russian autocracy, and it is the Russian peasant today which makes the most trouble for the Soviet master who tries to communize the land. The red republic of Bavaria was defeated by reactionary officers leading an army of peasants; in the July 1927 revolt in Vienna the communist leaders had gained complete control of the working class and could have established a left government, had not the green-coated Heimwehr, the peasantry which centers in the Tyrol, organized everywhere and marched against Vienna, causing a restoration of the previous government fortunately without renewal of bloodshed. And when Maniu, at the head of the unarmed peasantry marched into Bucharest, the dictatorial Bratianu clique knew its white terroristic days were over. Unfortunately the peasant reforms of Maniu did not mark an end of dictatorship; today the Fascist movement is growing in Roumania and the regime becomes more and more a green terror; the prisons are filled; the press is suppressed, and the old Bratianu system seems to prevail, directed by his opponents.

The theory of social-philosophers that a suppressed people, slowly or suddenly regaining its liberty, begins almost immediately to persecute any small minority within its boundaries which also wants its liberty, is amply borne out in the case of Poland, which today faces charges of terrorism in Silesia and the Ukraine.

In defense, Poles have told me that it is always during the sessions of the League of Nations that the German and Ukrainian patriots start a hullabaloo about their wrongs, but while this may be true it does not answer the charge that wrongs exist. And in 1930 these charges came at a time when within the Polish frontier the terror still ruled, as witness Dictator Pilsudski's imprisoning some 80 opposition deputies just before the election which he won so handsomely by terror.

In the appeal to Secretary of State Stimson, the Ukrainian National Association complains of a "campaign of ruthless wholesale massacres instigated by the Government of Poland . . . a reign of terror unparalleled in Europe . . . a Polish military expedition punishing the Ukrainian peasantry" and concludes:

"In view of the failure of the League of Nations as well as in view of the fact that the Polish government arrests American correspondents who go to Galicia to investigate, we appeal to the Government of the United States to be instrumental in setting up an investigation to be conducted with proper guarantees for witnesses."

From Flanders, which is part of Belgium, also comes an appeal for aid and a charge of terrorism. Since the Middle Ages there has been a Flemish movement, and in 1917, with German support it actually declared an independent state which of course was suppressed in 1918. Numerically the Walloons are inferior to the Flemish, yet the language of the latter is sup-

pressed, and hundreds of persons are in prison. Prisoner number 310, S. J. Rijder, in his booklet, "Oppressed Flanders," points out that 85 per cent of the Belgian army has been Flemish and that it has been necessary to use interpreters to give them orders.

In Finland the newest terror, successor to the Bolshevik red and the reactionary white, is the Fascist. "Under the guise of stamping out Communism" declares the Liberal Party leader, Stahlberg, former president of Finland, "recourse has been had to illegal measures. Contrary to the laws, rights of property and of personal freedom, guaranteed by the constitution, have been violated . . . the right to vote has been arbitrarily denied."

From the island of Cuba, from that part of Samoa which is under New Zealand government, from in fact every part of the world where liberty and democracy have been curtailed by foreign rulers, come the charges of continued terrorism, in all colors, and the struggle of unhappy races and nations to regain their rights.

In some countries terrorist governments have been replaced without bloodshed. Witness: Pangalos fell in Greece and Primo in Spain, both without violence, both before a liberal movement. In many more countries the colors of terrorism are undergoing a change, they are being blended and shaded, and all these blendings and shadings tend to eliminate "color" entirely, so that the old varicolored flags of monarchies and republics can be seen in the ascendant.

II

**TWILIGHT OF DICTATORS
DOLLARS DESTROY
TERRORISTS**

**American loans to Mussolini stop, foreshadowing collapse;
de Rivera smashed by graft; South American presi-
dents made and broken by U.S. money**

II

IT is the Götterdämmerung of Dictators.

One by one they are passing away in the smaller countries; the stronger ones begin to tremble on their thrones. The hundredth anniversary of the beginnings of a libertarian movement which spread throughout the world, sees again the struggle for human rights progressing.

But now it is not popular uprising or a war or an assassin's bullet which is ending the history of dictators. More truly may it be said, it is the power of the Almighty Dollar.

I am not foolhardy enough to make predictions. For thirteen years I have heard men say, "Give the Bolsheviks six months more, and they are through" and "Mussolini will be finished in a year" and "De Rivera has about another three months." One thing I have always known: he who has the military power will remain dictator so long as he has the military power. Spain proved that amply.

But there is one force which affects even the military power: it is economics.

Everywhere the dictators have proven too costly. Everywhere they have wasted billions. And now the American bankers, who have invested more than \$15,000,000,000 abroad, are no longer sure they can sell the bonds of dictators and terrorists, and the latter, with no money coming in to waste on military forces which maintain them, are weakening.

The past decade has shown that the temporary disgust with democracy has passed. Democracies cannot wage war! Democracies cannot run their finances efficiently! The dictators' press-agents said so. In the war the democracies did well and the

autocracies fell; after the war the democracies put their budgets in order and the dictators faked theirs.

Santiago Alba has now proved conclusively that it was the economic ruin of Spain under de Rivera which was the force behind the fortunately quiet collapse of that dictator. The economists, not the journalists, now foresee the fall of Mussolini.

The myth that the strong man of any country has been able to save that country's economic situation, is at last being exposed. The reverse appears to be true. Dictators almost everywhere have led nations into economic ruin, they have thinned the stream of business, they have lowered the standard of living, brought the workers nearer to the hunger point, and raised hell with the budgets. Public debts have increased and there has been corruption and wastage unparalleled in democracies. Statesmen, economists, and journalists who mentioned these facts years ago were ignored; today results are more apparent.

There are important reasons why dictatorships are failing. To begin with, the inevitable suppression of a free press stopped public criticism and enabled the dictators to escape unpunished for every act of vandalism. But vandalism cannot continue forever.

The suppression of a free parliament prevented political pressure against faulty financial judgments.

The use of armed forces of dictatorships to create economic progress through terrorism, has proved a failure.

The effort to hide the situation by propaganda has broken down. For instance Italy spends 300,000,000 lire abroad annually for propaganda and prevents journalists from finding out any facts about the financial situation, even imprisoning bankers who talk to foreigners, but in five years the facts of the crisis have become known.

Dictatorships are the most wasteful of governments. Italy, for example, spends 2,000,000,000 lire a year for police, gendarmes, city espionage and its six Fascist militias, a huge sum, the greater part of which would be saved under a non-terrorist regime.

Power always brings corruption.

Uncontrolled by parliament, city council and press, the reign of graft reaches its zenith under dictatorships. In Milan, for instance, the \$30,000,000 raised in America, disappeared — and likewise numerous high Fascist officials.

Dictatorships, in addition to wasting billions on private armies, have engaged in unlimited war preparations which cost additional billions. The waste in Albania alone is estimated at a billion.

Italy has been looked upon as the most successful dictatorship. But from Fascist figures, despite all efforts at distortion, it is apparent that the state is in financial ruin. There is under-alimentation and over-population; the 1929 fall in the birth rate has been overcome by Mussolini's orders to increase it and his own "heroic" example. There is a mental impoverishment. There are 800,000 out of work. There are more failures than ever in history. There are revolutionary committees secretly working in thirty-two big cities. There is trouble with the Vatican despite the fact that Mussolini last year spent 825,000,000 lire for religious affairs (as compared to 91,000,000 in the pre-treaty year). And, what is most important, there is a flat NO from American bankers.

Great Britain, conservative banker of the world, has never issued a loan to the Italian dictatorship.

The unapparent sources of Italian finance, emigrant money orders, tourist expenditures and merchant marine profits, are

drying up. Dissatisfaction with Fascism caused emigrants to stop sending money. Estimated at from 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 gold lire annually before Fascism, this income has fallen to 200,000,000 gold lire. Of course by making the present income read in paper lire it has been possible for Fascism to show a larger number of lire flowing into Italy now than ever before, but this is a cheap trick because with the coming of paper lire the standard of living has changed and the index figures accordingly.

In the savings banks of Italy official statistics show

1925: deposits 787,000,000; withdrawals 548,000,000.

1927: deposits 178,000,000; withdrawals 822,000,000.

Since 1923 the total Italian loans floated abroad are estimated at about \$600,000,000 or 12,000,000,000, about 80 per cent of which has been floated in America. This vast amount has disappeared in the hopeless effort to give the world a picture of a flourishing Italy with a balanced budget and a successful terrorism.

Eight hundred banks and credit organizations have bankrupted or partially failed under the dictatorship; many of them are the old houses; in most cases the creditors got only ten to twenty per cent. In 1929 despite the crisis, the order was given to banks and great industries to distribute the same dividends as in 1928; in many instances these dividends were paid entirely out of reserves and frequently out of capital. When the catastrophe began the Fascist press blamed it on foreign jealousy, or on the freemasons alleged to be seeking revenge for their dissolution by Mussolini; or on the international Jewish bankers who are always blamed in all countries; or on the Italian political refugees abroad.

Count Sforza has exposed the Mussolini myth about great public works, the success of his regime. This myth has been swallowed whole by the American press, thanks to efficient Fascist propaganda and to censorship of the American journalists in Rome who did not dare write cables showing the government claims to be lies.

Count Sforza points out that the American press published large articles in which the Fascists claimed the aqueduct of Pouilles, the fine railroad from Naples to Rome, the large artificial lakes, such as Tirso in Sardinia, the great hydroelectric works of Sila in Calabria, etc. Count Sforza rightly points out that inasmuch as works like these take ten to fifteen years they cannot be the results of Fascist activity. The great aqueduct was begun in 1915 and well under way when Mussolini came in, while the Naples-Rome railroad was just about complete; all Mussolini did was to preside at the opening ceremony and take the credit. The lake at Tirso and the electrification of Sila were projects of ex-Premier Nitti, and date from before the war.

On March 21, 1930, the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* gave the official unemployment figures at 466,231, not only a greater number than existed under Nitti and other liberal premiers, but the largest figure in the history of Italy. But that is not all. Under the grand corporate state which Mussolini claims he founded to teach the world how to get along without Communism, there are regulations preventing factories from laying off men for whom it has no employment. A large number must be kept in the works even if they are idle. There are also many thousands who in desperation have offered to continue to work for almost nothing, that is to say, for just three meals, or even two, a day. These facts, taken with the undisputable fact that the official figures are juggled, make it possible to say without

exaggeration that the number of unemployed in Italy early in 1930 was more than 800,000.

America's heart and soul were won to Fascism by the report that "the trains run on time." The tourist was happier. Certainly if there was one person who should have been converted to Fascism by this report it was the newspaper reporter. I can remember my exasperation one day in Milan when I received a hot tip on an earthquake north of Pisa and faced delay after delay in the railroads getting there.

There were two reasons for bad time-tables: the ill-paid discontented workmen had no joy in their work and the roadbeds and rolling stock, neglected for years because of concentration upon the war.

In the course of years the roadbeds were repaired and new material bought. But do the trains run on time now? The big expresses, which carry the foreigners and upon which the regime has concentrated, run quite well but frequently they are not on time, while the neglected smaller routes are in pretty bad shape. There are numerous accidents, but under Fascism it is forbidden to report train wrecks or other railroad troubles. Under six years of Fascist administration the railroad debts are 4,809,000,000 lire, while despite the war the whole period from 1905 to 1923 the debts were 5,887,000,000. Fascists with rifles now ride on all trains so that the underpaid and discontented workmen cannot show their attitude. The tourists seem satisfied, however.

On the strength of the myth of the balanced budget, thanks to Fascist finance, the American people have been beguiled into pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into Italy, thanks to shrewd and reckless American bankers who have been able to make more profit in this dangerous country than in any other.

In 1925 James Murphy, the British journalist, Hiram Moderwell of the Chicago Daily News and myself wrote articles claiming that the Fascist budget was a fake. In that year and in 1926 the conservative American press, notably the New York Times and the Saturday Evening Post wrote articles praising Fascism and its financial success. In more recent times ex-Premier Nitti in the Manchester Guardian and the Nation (New York) and George Valois, French economist, proved by unquestioned figures taken only from the official Fascist documents, that Fascist finance was a fake. In 1930 the American bankers, who had unloaded the hundreds of millions on the American public, got cold feet. They realized that what had been said in 1925 was true. They refused new loans. In 1930 the Saturday Evening Post under the name of the same journalist who lauded Fascism in 1926 (at a time the fraud was already known to every honest and unbiased journalist) came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the economic structure of Fascism.

Today the Italian budget is one of the greatest pieces of jugglery in history.

How easily the lay mind can be deceived is apparent from the following figures (issued by the Fascist government, but not explained by Fascist propagandists in America). The budget shows a deficit of 17 billions in 1920-1921, 15 billions in 1921-1922 and only 3 billions in 1922-1923. In other words the non-Fascists had been tremendously successful in reducing the deficit and were well on the highroad to balancing. The Fascists glow with pride over the surplus from the years 1924 to 1927 but fail to mention the official figures which again show a deficit of half a billion in 1927-1928 and only their jugglers know how many billions deficit from that time on.

But that is only half the picture.

The truth lies in these figures (also official): in 1922-1923 the treasury payments show that 25 billions were paid out as war expenses, and that under the Fascist regime from 1925 to date the war expense amounted to one and one-half to three billions. In other words the non-Fascists spending 25 billions for war expenses showed a deficit of 15 or 17 billions whereas the Fascists spending one and one-half to three billions for war expenses showed either a small balance or a loss. These facts, it seems to me, show clearly that the liberal ministers, the old economists and treasurers did very well, while the Fascist state has gotten the country into the worst financial hole it ever was in.

Twice Finance Minister Volpi and his followers have done something no other modern state has succeeded in doing: they have shown the American bankers a balanced budget while they had to report to Mussolini an empty treasury. People ask how that is possible. The answer is: Fascist finance.

The year 1928-1929 shows officially a national income of 19,447,000,000; national expenses, 22,741,000,000, or a treasury deficit of 3,294,000,000. An official communiqué of April 30, 1930 shows a public debt of 88,000,000,000, and a deficit in current expenses in March of 398,000,000. But no foreign neutral economist studying every Fascist official publication has yet been able to come to the true figure of the Fascist deficit. The above figures tell a terrible story. But a worse one is hidden.

In 1930 even the Saturday Evening Post came to admit that the stabilization of the lire, about which Mussolini consulted Mr. Mellon and other financiers who advised against his action, has proven disastrous. For a few months Mussolini was able to show the French his money was better than theirs; Mr. Marcusson flew into a tantrum of delight and wrote urging France

to adopt a dictator and stabilize. France stabilized at 25 to the dollar and from that day on, without a dictator, France began getting richer and richer until today she has more gold than any nation in the world except the United States and more gold per capita than any nation in the world. Mussolini's action has been termed, not by American reporters, but by sane European economists, an insane act of megalomania in the field of finance, just as so many of his political actions have been termed folly of grandeur by psychologists.

Today I can have a lot of fun reading Marcusson articles and the Fascist press. The Tribuna, for instance, said when the lire was stabilized that "the lire proves the Fascist regime is a high moral dictatorship uniting policies, social collaboration and the coöperative hierarchy." The Tevere, Impero, etc., said that it was a lesson to democratic countries which should be commiserated on not having a dictator. Today the bluff has been called. The stabilization alone cost Italy 3,500,000,000 lire. It also helped lose foreign trade, caused internal economic disorder and hindered the flow of credit. It is another example of how dictatorships, refusing to listen to reason, to criticism of a free press, to the controlling force of a free parliament, cause economic ruin which in turn leads to political disaster.

The American people gave \$30,000,000 to the city of Milan. The city of Milan has wasted every cent of the \$30,000,000. In no democratic city administration has there been such a loss. In dictatorial Milan as well as in all other cities in Italy under the terrorist regime such disaster is possible.

Just as Mussolini rules Italy without the hampering control of parliament which he has denounced as gossipers, swine, etc., so the cities are ruled by small fry dictators appointed by the Duce. They are called *podestas*.

Who ruled Milan? Take the word of the Fascist senator, Frederico Ricci, that the annual expenses have risen from thirty millions to ninety millions per annum and that the debt of the city, which was 700,000,000 under the socialists in 1922, is 1,607,000,000 under the Fascists in 1929. Who ruined Milan? The rulers of this financial capital of Italy have been Signor Giampaoli, Signor Belloni and Signor Arnaldo Mussolini, the little brother and the big mouth of the Duce.

The records show: Giampaoli, once a clerk in the telegraph office, later militant Fascist, fighting side by side with Mussolini and therefore entitled to a rich job; on trial in Milan for attempted robbery of an old woman; participant in Fascist violence on many occasions. In the midst of the era of waste of Milan's millions, Giampaoli was replaced by Belloni.

Belloni: ran a small drugstore; now one of the richest men in Italy; as *podesta*, once represented Italy at the League of Nations; during his administration the \$30,000,000 American loan was made; waste in every municipal undertaking; in 1928 expenditure was 539 millions, income 413 millions and the American loan had disappeared.

Clever man, this Belloni, to form a partnership with Arnaldo Mussolini. Because the scandal could not be covered, Farinacci, former left hand of the Duce, denounced the American loan and its waste. The Duce was forced to name a commission of enquiry, but as Arnaldo was involved, the commission was soon disbanded. Belloni was relieved of his job. But the damage had been done.

More billions wasted. The Fascist regime cannot exist without terrorism, and terrorism must have agents. There are six branches:

National Fascist Militia.
 Railroad Militia.
 Post and Telegraph Militia.
 Ports and Harbors Militia.
 Forest Militia.
 Road Militia.

The national militia, larger than the army and paid privately, costs about 150,000,000 a year. This is all waste. In parliamentary governments the regular army and police force keep order. Italy's police force is four times that of France.

The espionage section, number unknown; expenses enormous.

Seven thousand, six hundred and twenty-three *podestas*, every little dictator entitled to spend the city money as he pleases, all burden the state.

Four thousand state employees to supervise the children's armament and Fascist workingmen's clubs. Five thousand extra employees for the coöperatives. The expenses for personnel are a billion more than in 1922; the pensions are double.

To prove to the world that there are some brains in the Fascist movement—at a time when every intelligent Italian has denounced Fascism, when Benedetto Croce and the historian Ferrero are under surveillance and other writers have fled the country or been sent to the islands, there has been created an academy like the Académie Française, and a bribe of 30,000 lire per annum offered minor writers. Pirandello, the only important name in the Fascist ranks, was brought around years ago when Mussolini subsidized a theater for him.

Some time ago the Wall Street Journal—there is less bunkum in the financial press than in the lay press in all countries—pointed out the fact that the stock exchange in

Italy was not free, that values were not real. Moreover the decree number 1943 which is a forced loan is considered by bankers as partial confiscation of property (incidentally the great unforgivable sin of the Bolsheviks). Summing up the Italian situation the Wall Street Journal said, "It is difficult to imagine a more complete case of financial suicide." (The date was January 26, 1929, when the pro-Fascist American newspapers were still pulling the financial victory bluff.) Another newspaper which has dared to tell the truth is La Prensa of Buenos Aires which published an interview in which Lloyd George, released from the strictures of diplomatic silence which accompany political office, comes out plainly with the prediction that it will be on account of the errors and absurdities of its economics that Fascism will reach its dissolution.

That event is what is worrying Europe today. Spain went to the economic dogs quietly. The dictatorship was liquidated without bloodshed. But Mussolini is not the same type as de Rivera. Mussolini is first and foremost an egocentric communist. Agent today of all the anti-communist forces in the world, he is nevertheless mixing up all the Marxian, Sorelian, Leninist theories he ever ate half-baked with his so-called "original" ideas. Ex-Premier Nitti told me one day he could change two or three small phrases in the Fascist program, charter and constitution, and produce a very good Russian Soviet state.

There are many shrewd observers who believe that when the economic pistol points more directly towards him that Mussolini, instead of essaying a foreign war, as the majority of people believe, will throw over the bankers and big business men who even now have all got cold Fascist feet, and establish himself openly as a communist dictator, shaking a bloody hand with the now partly bourgeoized Russian adventurers.

The Soviet situation is a very strange one. It is based upon economics and its life or death depends upon the working out of philosophic schemes which were intended primarily for an industrial, not an agricultural, nation. Russia alone has been unable to borrow money, and yet Russia seems to be making a saner progress than the dictatorships which live on American dollars.

Accused of "dumping" and wastage, the Russians reply they are not wasting money, because money really doesn't exist, the present currency being temporary, nominal, a compromise. As Soviet officials figure that everything they get in Russia costs practically nothing, everything they sell abroad is practically profit. They do not consider the great economic waste: material waste, waste of time, waste of men.

One of the greatest losses in the history of the world, outside of a war, occurred last year when in the attempt to collectivize the farms the Bolsheviks ordered the pooling of livestock. A peasant was told that if he owned two cows and another peasant owned two cows, under the new system the two would own four cows, but to the peasant way of thinking this meant the State would own four cows. In the week in which the collectivization was announced the peasants of Russia slaughtered 33 per cent of their horses, 50 per cent of their cows and 60 per cent of their pigs and hens. The nation was flooded with fresh meat. Then came the famine in meat. Altogether it was an unparalleled disaster.

The Bolshevik finance scandal threatens to surpass that of Germany (1919-1923) and Italy (1922-date). In Germany at least a billion dollars was stolen from the bona fide buyers of marks and from the government by the speculators and by the big industrialists, notably Hugo Stinnes. In Italy about a half billion in dollars has been wasted by graft and terror expenses.

Now the Russian dictatorship joins other dictatorships, Spain, Italy, Poland, in a marvelous piece of money jugglery.

Russia is trying to repeat. It is even going Poland one better. Poland, it will be remembered, stabilized, went on a "solid" money basis which should have been backed by gold and silver (as in parliamentary countries), but then inflated again. Now Russia is also trying to cheat the world twice.

The rouble was stabilized after it had reached some 30,000,000 to the dollar. The *cherwonitz* or new rouble was issued at the price of old Czarist money, and the Soviets bragged they had gone on a gold basis without the usual big loan from America.

Today the actual worth of the rouble is 10-15 cents.

That is, in Berlin, Riga and elsewhere. In Russia officially the price is 50 cents, par. But even in Russia there is graft and the wise boys can get six or seven and sometimes ten roubles for the dollar. And they need it too. The cost of living is higher there than anywhere else.

Caviar, for instance, costs 10 roubles a pound. I have a gustatory memory of several colleagues and myself, after we received our order of expulsion, cramming a lifetime of caviar into ourselves in a few days. It then cost \$1 a pound.

The customer eating caviar today, if he is a newcomer who does not know the financial ropes, must pay \$5 for the same enjoyment, whereas the wise one can get caviar at the old cost.

It is the same with everything.

But behind this is a plot. Although the rouble on the international but illegal market is worth ten cents, the great proletariat of Russia, the 140,000,000 for whom the Bolshevik revolution was made and for whom Utopia is planned, is being paid with roubles worth one-fifth their marked price, while they are forced to produce market value goods and labor in exchange. When money is paid a worker it is inflated but when

the Soviet sells the workers any goods, the prices are marked on a gold basis. In this paradise the proletariat is thus robbed of millions. Anyone importing roubles at their international value is arrested if caught. The people are forced to use artificial money and their earnings are eaten up by high prices and they themselves impoverished by a vast swindle which is deliberately made by the government to aid its Five-Year Plan.

In Spain the truth behind the collapse of de Rivera, namely the dictator's financial intrigue and graft, is dealt with in the chapter on "Bunkum."

Three notable dictatorships, Poland, Hungary and Persia, have employed American finance experts to run their affairs. In each instance where the American expert stopped graft, held up the illegal uses of funds for the dictator's illegal troops, etc., there has been a weakening of the dictatorship, a move towards the restoration of parliamentary or liberal government.

In South America there is again ample proof that dictatorships are falling and that dollars, which keep them going, eventually destroy them. Leguia, for example, was praised throughout America for his economic policies. We were told the country flourished under this dictator. Loan after loan was issued and spent. In the bloodless revolution which drove Leguia from office the war cry was "Down with graft." Peru then engaged upon economic house cleaning.

Argentina, Brazil, Chile, the major powers, and Dominica, Bolivia, Ecuador, Cuba and other South and Central American republics have had revolutions or outbreaks. Dictator after dictator has been overthrown. It is true that this has been a bad economic period for these countries, but it is also true that in almost every instance it was the stoppage in the flow of graft, or the wastage that accompanies all dictatorships, which led to the overthrow of each particular dictator.

In some countries the collapse of dictators has received little notice; a one-line item records the arrest of Waldemiras who at one time embroiled Lithuania and Poland, another tells of the imprisonment of Pangalos, once the terrorist of Greece.

The world seems to be recovering its sanity.

III

COMMUNIST PLOT CONCENTRATES UPON ARMIES AND YOUTH

Throughout the world the Third Internationale continues
its intrigue against bourgeois nations, conspiring
against all governments

INSIDE STORY OF INDO-CHINA REVOLT

Soviets undermine conscript armies; prepare youth
movement for future, stir up natives against
Britain, Italy, France, United States



THE most important developments that I have found of the international communist plot have been the undermining of nationalist armies in all parts of the world, the formation of youth movements for the red armies of the future, the participation in the civil wars in China, and the beginning of revolution in Indo-China.

There has been a concentration upon the conscript and regular armies of all nations. Claiming, as Soviet Russia always does, that the bourgeois countries, including the United States, still plan to finance and send an international army against her, she has replied by planning mutiny, rebellion, civil war in the armies of her potential enemies. When the general staffs plan the next mobilization, Soviet Russia hopes that there will be uprisings in the military establishment itself.

Propaganda seems better than high explosive; it reaches more men and its vibrations, unlike those caused by a shell, continue increasing. The Bolsheviks realized their strength when they got the sailors of the French fleet in the Black Sea to mutiny and attack their officers; when they got the German soldiers so full of Communism that the High Command, after the notorious Brest-Litovsk treaty, anxious to move the east front troops to the west (in violation of promises to Trotsky) to prevent the American army breaking the stalemate and ending the war, found it had to keep the soldiers a long time in Germany for a political morale prophylactic; and the Russians again saw their power when the Allies attacked them at Archangel and they caused a mutiny in all the regiments, including the American.

Today the purpose of red propaganda in all armies and navies is to cause a mutiny and then to turn the mutiny into civil war. This is exactly the program as prescribed by Lenin and the theorists of the Third Internationale, and used in all the propaganda among conscripts and in the military establishments.

Among the amazing pieces of propaganda I have discovered is a secret illegal booklet addressed, in many languages, to young men in countries where conscription still prevails. It is an out and out call to treason. It begins with a comparison between the red army and the bourgeois army. In the red army, claims this insinuating document, discipline is voluntary, soldiers and officers fraternize, they are comrades, Marxist education is dispensed, and the soldier is really "an instrument for peace and for defending the workers' revolution," whereas the soldier in the bourgeois army obeys blind discipline, is a slave to his officer on and off duty, receives a chauvinistic education, is not allowed to participate in politics and becomes "an instrument for the oppression of the working class and other people and for the conquest of colonies."

"The bourgeoisie," continues the army propaganda, "are preparing war against the Soviets. Their principal instrument of propaganda is the League of Nations . . . a mask of all the military alliances concluded against the Soviet Union . . . the Kellogg pact is an alliance for the secret war of the world's bourgeoisie against the Soviet Union . . . Fascism and social-Fascism are the principal auxiliaries of military education. Millions of workingmen in thousands of organizations are recruited but for one purpose, to prepare you for war against your own class . . . in the schools you are taught blind discipline for use in the bourgeois army. Through religion and through history instruction they prepare your spirit for what

they want you to do. You are nourished on lies about your fatherland. Your masters in the workshops and your priests are the chief enemies of your own class . . ." and so on.

And then the point of all the propaganda: "What shall we do to transform the war against the Soviets which is inevitable, into a war of workers and peasants of all the world against the middle class of all the world? . . . We must counteract the preparation for war by creating cells of young revolutionary workers in the war industries."

And finally an order from Moscow which is surprising because we have always heard that the communists opposed military service. "To refuse to serve in the (regular) army is treason towards your own class"; concludes the communist appeal, "every young worker who lets himself be seduced by pacifism in reality aids the bourgeoisie by permitting them to organize a faithful army; he denies himself the privilege of carrying on a revolutionary propaganda in the army and that of learning the use of army weapons which he can turn against the bourgeoisie."

"Therefore the order for young conscripts is: Enter into the bourgeois armies for the purpose of smashing them!"

While lamenting that "the work is especially difficult in Germany, the United States and England, in general in countries where military service is not general, where there is only a professional army," the red orders are to concentrate on the navies "because they have a large role to play in the future war." As for the American, British and German professional armies, "these soldiers are in the majority sons of workingmen and poor peasants. They must be won over to the side of the revolution, to the side of the workingmen. Take sides with them against their officers. Try to become friends with them, organize among them an illegal band of men of confidence,

and you, young workingmen who enter into the professional army, form secret cells and thereby create the conditions for internal breaking up of professional armies. Transform the imperialist war into civil war!"

Another leaflet addressed in English, French and German, to professional soldiers, says:

"The day will come when you, soldier of a bourgeois army, will find yourself face to face with a red soldier. Will you shoot him? Will you betray your own interests, the interests of hundreds of millions of workingmen of the whole world, by shooting against the Red Army? No! Your duty is to come over with your comrades to the side of the Red Army, to take your place in its ranks, to fight side by side with workers and peasants for the free republic of the Soviets. . . . The Red Army . . . allied with the colored peoples of suppressed countries, will become the International Army of October, throughout the world. It is in those ranks that you must march, young workingman, young peasant, you will turn your rifle against the bourgeoisie of your country and destroy it in a civil war."

That is the stuff they give the troops. But is it having any effect? In America perhaps none; in England there has been trouble on the ships and in some harbors, and certainly communists were the instigators, but in France and Germany there is undoubtedly a serious red revolutionary movement aimed to make red branches of the Moscow army out of the efficient 100,000 army of Germany and the conscripted French army of more than half a million.

So serious has the menace become in France that the government has had to institute a vast system of espionage in the ranks. When, every year, the many thousands of new conscripts are called to the colors those known to be proletarian leaders

are pointed out to detectives dressed as soldiers and watched throughout their year. Hundreds of conscripts, soldiers and sailors, are arrested and imprisoned, and many are put into "battalions of discipline." Noteworthy among the naval mutinies attributed to Bolshevik propaganda are those of Toulon, Clairvaux and Calvi.

The Paris newspapers, as a rule, omit all mention of communist plotting in the army, but in the provincial press I have found many tiny items which showed the development of the Moscow cell idea. These little paragraphs I have clipped. One reported that in the 12th Infantry, garrisoned at Haguenau, a communist cell was found. Numerous cannoniers were arrested. Two men, Beuche and L'Hote were arrested as the instigators. The investigating judge, M. Matter, found that the communist cells had been established throughout the 20th Army Corps, stationed in Alsace-Lorraine.

From Brest it was reported that search and seizure carried out by special police at the homes of Charles Tanguy, twenty years old, secretary of the "Jeunesses communistes" and Maurice Cointrel, twenty-five, treasurer of the arsenal syndicate, documents were found giving instructions to the communist members of the French marine on how to act the day the order for revolution is given by Moscow.

In Bourges the 95th Infantry regiment was moved to the Mailly camp. One newspaper reported that the reservists engaged in a communistic manifestation necessitating the intervention of the police, but that the war ministry declared it had no knowledge of the event.

While the 39th Infantry was returning to Dieppe from manoeuvres carried on at Janval an automobile passed ahead of them with several men who made speeches against the army and the officers.

At a meeting in Paris, the communist deputy, Cachin, introduced M. Doriot who had just returned from China and who declared that he was convinced that "if the French marines, now in China, receive the order to shoot, they will turn their rifles and their cannons against their officers." He added that certain incidents which had already taken place had more than convinced him that that would be the result.

Throughout Alsace-Lorraine the communists have joined with the discontented natives and the Separationists. A German language newspaper printed in Metz carried on a campaign in the army, resulting in five soldiers being arrested for distributing revolutionary tracts. All had been members of the Young Communists League before being called into service. Among documents found was one describing the faults of the workers in the Briey steel strike, a long list of soldiers belonging to communist cells and an appraisal of the trustworthiness of each and a complete plan for communist and anti-militarist organization in the Metz zone. Many of the border garrisons were found to contain communist cells.

In the Yen Bay mutiny, where two French officers, three non-commissioned officers and five native soldiers were killed, in the attack of 200 Tonkinese troops and sixty native civilians against the regular garrison, it was found that the uprising was plotted in Macao, Portuguese China. It took place twenty-four hours too soon, the French Deputy Rigaux declared on returning from Annam, otherwise it would have coincided with uprisings throughout the country. The French arrested 2,200 persons. The Ministry of Colonies in its official report said:

"It is reported that for several months secret revolutionary organizations have been discovered in Indo-China . . . the inspiration for the revolutionary movement comes from a foreign country."

The leading political parties of French China are: New Annam Revolutionary Party, Nationalist Annamite Party, Young Revolutionary Party, Annam Independence Party and the Indo-China Communist Party, the last alone possessing funds and gradually absorbing the others. This is a branch of the Third Internationale, prepared by Moscow to fight for "Asiatic Nationalism against European Imperialism."

The troubles began with the distribution of communist revolutionary literature. Last May a tract was distributed by the thousands. It said:

"You are not eating. Your wages are not enough for food.
You are crushed by taxation. In honor of the first of May,
arise and revolt!"

"Revolt against those who have issued death sentences!"

But inasmuch as the price of rice had been lowered at the employers' canteens, the workingmen were actually paying less than under free trade, and there was no apparent economic reason for the sudden uprising.

Barefoot, the 1500 men of Ben-Thuy met in the ricefields at midnight, on a night which had no moon. The police and militia, warned, searched the town and the forests, but no one went into the vast open fields where the revolutionaries were gathering. At daybreak men sprang from the soil; with naked feet and in silence they began to march. They sang no revolutionary songs, as their European contemporaries do, they carried no red flag, no placards with their protestations, they wore no distinguishing insignia over their torn cotton clothes, they moved silently. Two thousand others, like so many deaf-mutes, were also marching along another road.

Inspector Petit accompanied by a mandarin-administrator as

interpreter, and fifty militia armed with rifles came out to bar the road.

“Order them to disperse or I will open fire,” said Inspector Petit.

The mandarin advanced. The column halted. The mandarin spoke. The column wavered a moment. Then, without a reply, without a word, without a cry, the unarmed column moved forward.

Five hundred yards nearer the factories the same scene.

Just outside the factory a third repetition.

And then, according to the French journalist who investigated the massacre, there was a scuffle between several of the mob and the militiamen, a bayonet was lost by a soldier, taken by an Annamite.

Inspector Petit drew his revolver and fired. The militiamen then put their guns to their shoulders and fired a volley into the unarmed men. And then only was the silence broken: by wounded and dying men with their agonized cries who fell with their faces to the ground and by others who staggered away and died. In a minute it was over. The road was cleared, except for the five who lay dead and the sixteen wounded who could not run. On the next road, where the same scene was repeated, there were sixteen dead and twenty-five wounded. Among the dead and wounded not a single pistol was found, not even a knife.

The first notable uprising was that of Yen Bay. In this the native soldiers aided the revolutionaries against the French in the capture of the barracks. The red leader was N’Guyen Tai Hoc.

Condemned to death and awaiting execution, N’Guyen Tai Hoc timidly consented to be interviewed by the French jour-

nalist Louis Roubaud, the only journalist, by the way, who ever wrote a report on the affair inasmuch as all the French newspapers with the exception of the *Petit Parisien* were content with the official explanations. The man awaiting execution and the reporter held a long conversation.

“To what party do you belong?”

“To the Quoc-Dan-Dang (Nationalists).”

“What is your rank?”

“Liaison officer with the interior.”

“Who gave you orders for the attack?”

“The delegate of the Central Committee.”

“What were they?”

“Bring the native garrison over to our side; kill the officers and French non-coms; occupy the military establishments; spare the women and priests; respect private property and the Catholic churches.”

“And then?”

“I had no further orders.”

“And if you had succeeded, then what?”

“I do not know.”

“But Yen Bay is not all Indo-China. Its possession would not give the Nationalist Party possession of the country.”

“But there were other agents who were supposed to act like me the same day.”

“Then you expected that on February 11, 1930 all of Annam would be captured by the revolutionaries?”

“I believe so.”

“Did you yourself kill the sergeant who came to open the doors of the barracks?”

The condemned man hung his head.

“Yes, I did.”

“Do you regret?”

“I regret very much.”

“Have you anything else to say?”

“I was a fool. Have pity on me.”

The Quoc-Dan-Dang translated means Nation-People-Party; it is the same as the Chinese Kouo-Min-Tang. French Indo-China has three branches, for Tonkin, Annam and Cochin-China. The Sun Yat Sen program has been adopted: “The principle of race equality applies not only to China but to all nations. Likewise to races under the yoke of foreign imperialism. Annam is a French colony and the Annamites are slaves of the French people. The oppressed people must unite against the oppressors.” The Annamite joining the revolutionary party signed a pledge:

“To aid in a racial revolution.

“Form a republican government.

“Aid other oppressed people.”

Headquarters of the revolution are at Hanoi; branches exist in workshops, villages and barracks; there are at least twenty-one military “cells” notably among the natives in the French air bases.

The Cong-San-Dang is the Communist Party. Under orders of the Third Internationale it claims to be the most nationalistic of all the movements and its program includes:

Annamite parliament

Liberty of the Press

Reduction of Taxation.

The Communist Party headquarters is not in the land itself but in Canton, where it gets its orders from Moscow. True to the principle of suiting the word to the action, the Cong-San-Dang besides being ultra-nationalist is also willing to try the

oriental idea of passive resistance. Before engaging in a bloody revolution it has in its program the same plan that Ghandi is trying in India.

Under Moscow's plan its members join every workmen's syndicate, every agricultural syndicate, the students' organizations and the feminist groups. Between the two parties, or Dangs, all the various minor societies, secret and otherwise, are disappearing by absorption, and in 1930 there has come about a partial affiliation of the leaders.

On one point they have now fully agreed: they will coöperate in the movement to drive the French from China. Other points are still under negotiation.

As a result of the reprisals which followed, nineteen revolutionaries were decapitated, fifty-nine others were condemned to death, six hundred were imprisoned, 164 soldiers were placed in disciplinary companies, 94 sent to Africa, 42 natives deported and nineteen students in Paris repatriated.

The three major uprisings received but single paragraph notices in all the French press with the exception of the *Petit Parisien*. But the *Humanité*, the communist journal, flew to the defense of the reds, and when the French national holiday was celebrated with a military display unequalled since the first armistice celebration, this journal said:

"We are in the presence of an imperialist manifestation without precedent, a hateful demonstration of militarism.

"The Fourteenth of July shows the French bourgeoisie it has enchained large masses of workingmen and peasants to its chariot of slavery.

"The Fourteenth of July is utilized by French imperialism to give a tremendous publicity to its despoiling, exploiting, colonialism of massacre and assassination."

To which the *Ami du Peuple* of M. Coty, the perfume man

and leading anti-communist, replied blaming the preceding minister of colonies, Perrier, for permitting the red movement to gain. "At the beginning of 1925 we sent the superior military authorities the first tract in the Annamite language, found in the Fifty-second Battalion, Indo-Chinese army." The journal claims that nothing was done about it.

There had also been a change in the communist policy regarding the labor unions. Instead of maintaining their own, the reds were ordered by the Third Internationale, to penetrate into the so-called "bourgeois" unions, such as the American Federation of Labor, or form cells within the unions, to work from within and, whenever the opportunity presented itself, to seize power. The joining was to be secret so that the undermining would not be discovered until too late. The order was "to take over the operations of the unions, and to take over the operations of government when revolutions came. The slogan which every agitator must repeat is 'back to the unions.'"

In the attack on the General Motors German branch plant at Russelsheim journalists had a practical demonstration of how the new communist policy is working. As there was an anti-American element in the disturbances, the Berlin correspondents, upon a tip from Frankfort, went to the scene.

When the Opel automobiles were made by Germans there had been the usual strife between communists and trade unionists in the works; now that American capital had bought them and an American director, who had raised wages, was demanding that the workmen produce the same amount in the same time and with the same speed as American workmen, the communist secret agents, who had insinuated themselves not only into the unions, but had succeeded in gaining three seats in the factory council, began an active campaign

against the owners. The American manager accordingly fired three.

These men went to all the nearby towns where their co-conspirators were employed; two hundred of them arriving in trucks and on bicycles, besieged the factories, which had closed iron gates. Of the thirteen thousand men at work just half joined in the strike, while the other, unable to continue work, stood by to await the outcome of the siege. The managers called the reserves from the big cities. Meanwhile sabotage was general. An attempt to explode the boiler, however, failed. When armed forces arrived the uprising was liquidated.

Interviewing both communist and labor union leaders, reporters found that an order had been received from Moscow, "the women must form Amazon battalions and become efficient in the use of rifles and hand grenades in preparation for the civil war which is to create a Soviet Germany." Russian instructors had arrived for the purpose of organizing the militant women.

In Germany there already existed a Communist Army. It was called the Frontkämpferbund. With the League of Communist Youth, the newly ordered women's battalions, and the Frontkämpferbund, the Soviets were preparing a civil war in the most favorable terrain; eventually, it was no secret, the same thing would be tried everywhere, even in the United States. In Germany there had been red manoeuvres, marches, drills. The communist party members in the Reichstag were under the direction of the Soviet Embassy at 7, Unter den Linden. In Germany a communist deputy could arise and yell "*Hoch*" for the Soviets; in France he could cry "*Vive*" and in London he could make a speech defending Russia. But it was only in Germany that the red army had been openly organized. True, they drilled with walking-sticks, but they had

been promised guns, rifles, artillery, even airplanes, by those who had hidden stocks, and by regular soldiers.

In one of the secret reports of the "Westeuropäischen Sekretariats" of the Third Internationale, found by the German secret service, they learned of the working of communist cells in the professional German army. "In (here there was a list of the twenty largest cities in North and Northwestern Germany) the work will soon be finished" read the report "and the leaders are ready. The confidential agents in the Reichswehr report that although we can only count on thirty per cent of the men, we may expect neutrality from another thirty per cent. We will be able to obtain heavy artillery. . . . In Saxony and Thuringia, as reported from Chemnitz and Weimar, the Fascists, coming from Bavaria, plan to use the police and Reichswehr to butcher the workingmen. On War Minister Gessler's order the Saxon regiments have been transferred, Bavarian troops have arrived, the monarchist flag has been hoisted on the barracks."

Among the orders of the Frontkämpferbund, the secret red army, was one to "smash Fascists wherever you find them." In Vienna and Munich there were battles. They predicated an international war.

The "oil war," which American newspaper readers thought dealt with price cutting and trade rivalry, in Europe meant the danger of armed conflicts. When the Soviets seized the British, Dutch and American oil lands and began selling oil in the world markets in competition, a very real menace presented itself.

When the Berlin police arrested two Georgians, Satieraschwili and Karumidze, accused of forging the Soviet paper *tchervonetz*, it was testified that European oil interests have never stopped fomenting rebellion in the Batum-Baku zone.

While it was true that patriots were conspiring for a free Georgian republic, it was also true that oil interests were sending money into the oil lands, first at the suggestion of General Hoffmann. After two or three changes of government, the money forgery plot was evolved. Millions and millions of paper bills were ordered made in Berlin, and with these the Georgians planned to cause such chaos that it would be possible to pull off a successful revolution in its midst. And then the oil men would be paid. They would get back their Czarist concessions and the pipe line from Bakum across the isthmus to Baku.

Then Otto Lehmann-Russbuedt made his famous exposure of the munitions interests of all European nations, saying they sold to each other, that not even in war time did they stop exporting to their enemies, and that they were a union working for bigger and bloodier wars. It was Lehmann-Russbuedt who declared that "Sir Henri Deterding (Royal Dutch Oil) time and again incited uprisings against the Soviet government; in 1919 British banknotes were used to provoke tribes so that the interests could take over the Transcaucasian routes; in 1923 the Caucasian rebellion was provoked. . . . Sir Henri has been waging a private war against Russia."

There is also the paradox of internationalism teaching nationalism: in India, Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia and Afghanistan the Soviet agents are doing exactly what they did in China for years, they arouse the people against their European masters and "protectors," they preach patriotism, independence, supernationalism, all in the hope that when revolts break out it will be easier to preach Bolshevik internationalism.

At the Swerdloff University in Moscow thousands of men from all the Oriental countries are being taught to go home to

assume leadership in the coming wars against the European powers. And while these men are taught to be national leaders they are filled to the brim with communist ideology. For India alone two hundred men a year passed through the Khyber Pass. And all this at a time when various British premiers, including the Labor prime minister, are making no deals with Russia except on the basis that there must be no propaganda.

The Soviets tried to get Gandhi. But Gandhi was wise enough not to let himself be ruined by being classed with the reds. Nevertheless Gandhi did preach "Europe's God is Mammon," and he did declare himself anti-Capitalist, but he never accepted Moscow's suggestion that India prepare itself militarily for freedom. He stuck to the cannons of passive resistance.

In Japan, Korea, and even in the little Philippines the red propaganda preaches nationalism, freedom, independence. In Korea a huge secret society has been formed, headed by students in the University of Tokio; in Seoul about a thousand students were arrested, their number bringing to about 25,000 the political prisoners in the jails, all of whom are fighting to free the country from Japan and many of whom are decidedly under the influence of Moscow.

Communism, although illegal, is spreading in Japan as industrialism spreads. The government in schools and factories has its spies and is spending millions to curb Moscow. In all the large cities there is a counter-plot, the inevitable Fascist organization which, like its original in Italy, engages in blackmail, murder for political reasons, beating up of socialists, wrecking socialist clubs and coöperative stores, in just the manner officially approved by Mussolini in 1920.

Curiously enough it was a Japanese, Katayama, delegate to the Third Internationale, who first announced publicly that

the Russian red army was being made into the world's first internationalist army, to fight in all lands and to spread the communist state idea everywhere.

The Chekah, or G. P. U., being an integral part of the Bolshevik government, has established itself in every country where the Soviet Government has embassies and consulates. The promises of Moscow that political intrigue would not be carried on are as ridiculous as the Fascist denials that it had a Chekah or that its consulates, especially those in New York, Chicago and Washington, are not engaging in intrigue. When a shooting, kidnapping or assassination occurs, when conspiracies are discovered involving communist or Fascist consuls and embassies, as has happened frequently in Europe and Mexico, the consuls are disowned and recalled, but the system continues.

The organization of the Russian Chekah in Paris is typical of its activities in all countries where there are consulates. Its main office is in the Soviet Embassy, and a member of the central committee, Rozowski, is the head. There are twelve departments. One watches the Whites, the monarchist *émigrés*, and this is the department accused of the kidnapping of General Kutepoff. Another department spies on all employees of the embassy and consulates, and a third reports on military matters, much after the fashion of regular military *attachés*, only the Chekah men obtain secret information from communist workingmen in powder mills, cannon factories, airplane works, etc., and also military troops movements and railroad transportation. Several departments work in the big provincial cities, one in the French colonies, and the twelfth is "for special occasions," when it carries out orders from Moscow. It was this department, in the Athens Soviet Legation, which was accused of the murder of at least one of the five victims found

buried in the legation garden after the removal of Minister Ustinoff.

The legal and illegal communist parties in all countries are directed from the diplomatic officials of Soviet Russia. The liaison between Moscow and communist labor leaders and communist political leaders, members of parliaments, and editors of communist newspapers financed by the Third Internationale, is absolutely complete. In this manner (which the Fascists are copying with more or less success everywhere) the Third Internationale plot to rule the world insinuates itself into the military and political life of all countries.

In 1930 there were organized in all big cities of Europe and the United States special communist groups known as the Anti-Fascist Young Guards. This was Moscow's recognition that the time was coming when Fascism would unite all anti-red elements throughout the world under its black banner and when the world would witness the battle between the two camps.

In Berlin the office of the Anti-Fascist Young Guard was raided and its archives confiscated. In France the organization was winked at, especially after the Italians had vitiated the London naval conference by demanding a fleet big enough to whip France. In Vienna the new group clashed with the Austrian Fascist Heimwehr. The police got in between the adherents of Mussolini and Moscow and the two united to beat up the police. Reserves arrived. Ten arrests were made. It was a minor news item. But it reflected on the future of Europe.

The red side is getting ready. It is undermining every national army and navy in the world, and it has already undermined the political structure of every country except the United States. It has turned class against class. It has taught hatred to the youth of all lands. It is with the Alsatians and

Lorrainers against France, with the Poles against Germany, with the Germans against Poland, with the Bessarabians against Roumanians, with the Slavs against the Czechs, with the Croats against the Slavs, with the Philipinos and the Mexican peons against the United States, with soldiers against officers, with workmen against employers, with Black Africans against Europe, with the colored races against the White.

It is an idea. It is not a race or a people. It is an idea which makes converts everywhere it goes. It is like the Catholic Church in its internationalism. If the Holy Roman Empire had continued to expand it would have accomplished one end Bolshevism has set itself.

Once in France a revolution produced commune-ism. The monarchs of Europe united to crush it, and did so. Fire was fought with fire, but the idea could not be killed. The Russians know that there will be a union against the new commune. Will it be led by international Fascism? Or by the Catholic Church? Armies have not conquered them, the Russians said, but where is the idea to do battle with theirs? Is it American individualism? Time will show.

IV FASCISM BECOMES WORLD-WIDE PLOT OF REACTIONARIES

**“Black” international movement uniting some enemies,
preparing for war with others**

“ITALIANITY” REPLACES PAN-GERMANISM

**Guns and money from Rome aid plans for domination in
Germany, Austria, Albania, Bulgaria, etc.**

IV

I

FOR years I have been finding Fascist plans for aggression and war, hopes of world domination, in league perhaps with other dictatorships. Pan-Islamism, Pan-Slavism, Russian Communism and Pan-Germanism each has tried or is trying to impose its ideas and its culture upon the rest of the world. Now comes a new movement of similar nature which Mussolini has named "Italianity."

For years I have been making the claim that Mussolini being by birth, breeding, background and impulses an internationalist, is imitating the Bolsheviks in making Fascism an international force, or "plot" as many would now call it. In Europe one can see the intrigue everywhere, the liaison between the Chigi Palace and the Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Albanian, Austrian, German, Polish, Spanish and Fascist dictators, terrorists, and reactionary leaders.

But Rome always issued denials. Fascism was not an article of export, said the Duce.

As late as March 2, 1930 Mussolini himself wrote a review of seven years of "achievements" (pardon my quotation marks) of his reign, in which he said:

"Fascism is a typically Italian product, as Bolshevism is a typically Russian product. Neither one nor the other can be transplanted and live outside its country of origin."

And that should have settled the matter. It did for those who still believe in the probity of Benito Mussolini. But along came

the German elections with a smashing victory for the Hitler Fascists — I use the word smashing advisedly, as witness the hundreds of windows of non-Fascists destroyed in the delirium of the brownshirts. Immediately thereafter, October 27, 1930, the Duce made the following proclamation:

“Today I affirm that the idea, doctrine and spirit of Fascismo are universal. . . . It is therefore possible to foresee a Fascist Europe which will model its institutions on Fascist doctrine and practice. . . . Fascism is an army on the march . . . we fight a decadent world. . . . A state of moral war against us already exists, but side by side with moral war, preparations for material war are being hastened on our frontiers.”

The delusions of grandeur which every psychiatrist has seen in Mussolini's utterances now include the hope to make Rome the center of the world, the Vatican to control its religion, the Chigi to rule its politics. A grandiose idea. But nothing is too grand for the little ex-socialist who has tasted power more fully than any man since Napoleon.

There are already two infallibilities in Rome, the Pope and the Duce. The oath to the latter is now being sworn as one takes church vows.

In Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Poland, and some of the Balkan States I have found the priesthood and the Fascist leaders so closely coöperating it is evident that in a great encounter they would work together as they have in the small inconsequential political storms which have passed almost unnoticed in various parts of the world.

II

While Fascist leaders are selling the corporate state plan to other countries, preaching the universal force of Fascism, Mussolini himself is preparing for the preliminary wars by which Fascism hopes to add other nations to his idea. The Fascist party has been made into an army. Although the party's militia is about a third of a million, the plan to make every member a soldier will eventually provide more than a million. The party preamble states "The Fascist party is an army on a war footing; Fascisti must consider themselves soldiers, ready to obey and follow either against the internal enemy, or the enemy abroad."

Morally, Fascism prepares for a great war through the organization of a propaganda campaign rivalled only by that of the Allies against Germany in 1914. Children in the public and from the Catholic schools are prepared for war and in the universities the truth of history is likewise perverted for the purpose of making Italian super-patriots.

The Fascist militia, larger than the royal army, is prepared to lead in the war; they are the storm troops of Fascism.

Industries are subsidized as war preparation. The dye and chemical companies from 1927 on have been producing masses of war materials and so reorganizing their plants that they can, at short notice, do exactly what the German chemical industry can do; go on a war basis. The steel industry is reorganized for war. The production of balisite, cheddite, trituol, rose from 652 tons in 1923, the first Fascist year, to 2653 tons in 1928. Automobile and truck production have increased. The companies are subsidized and a large part of their products taken by the state.

Increasingly, year by year, Fascism has begun mixing itself into the affairs of other states, in the Bolshevik manner. It has given money to the German Fascists, sent munitions to the Hungarian Fascists, taken over Albania and made almost a complete Fascist war base out of the so-called independent country, expressed its solidarity with Primo de Rivera and sought immediately after his death to obtain the same understanding with Primo's successor; made a treaty with Schoeber, former police chief, then premier of Austria, and used its embassies, legations and consulates throughout the world to organize Italians, terrorize non-Fascists, collect money for the Fascist cause, employ spies, organize plots through *agents provocateurs* for the purpose of forcing friendly governments to deny the right of asylum to non-Fascists; bought war materials, war secrets, and generally engaged in all necessary activities for a quick outbreak of war.

Despite the fact that Britain, France, Italy and Japan guaranteed the independence of Albania in 1919, the Italian Fascists are building their military and naval bases throughout that country, in preparation for war in the Balkans, where Italy means to play the most important role. General Pariani and 200 Italian officers are in control.

The harbor of Durazzo is being reconstructed by Italians so that it will dock the largest Italian war craft. Colonel Guiseppe Ferrari and thirty men are conducting a topographical survey and preparing military plans. All reports of the preparations in Albania agree that there is a speed which indicates the imminence of war.

To encircle Jugoslavia, all the big cities of Albania have become Fascist centers, and under the pretext of economic penetration the Italians are building military roads leading to the Jugoslav frontier. The following military supplies have

been collected from 1925 to 1928: 104,000 repeating rifles; 2000 machine guns and machine rifles; 12 mountain batteries; complete supplies of ammunition for foregoing, the total costing \$10,000,000.

III

To make Fascists or Fascist soldiers of the millions resident abroad, the Grand Council deliberately passed a law encouraging terrorism, murder and battles in all the big cities of France, the United States, Switzerland and Tunis. In 1925 there was a law made giving financial aid to Fascists hurt in any kind of civil strife anywhere in Italy, in encounters with non-Fascists. At that time the black terror was in its infancy, there were still five opposition political parties, still free newspapers and liberal organizations and people still had some vestiges of personal and public liberty. The 1925 law subsidized the Fascist gangsters. It was also one of the means of counteracting the so-called blackhands, the Mafia, because all the knife wielders and bomb throwers could find employment in the Fascist Chekah, and when they got into any trouble with non-Fascists or were hurt or disabled, the government pensioned them.

So on the tenth of August 1927 law No. 1519 (official gazette, August 30) extended this subsidy to Fascists in foreign countries "in case of conflicts or aggressions, bodily wounds, etc., provided received in the nationalist cause." This law said to the Fascists in America to go ahead and break up anti-Fascist meetings, beat up or stab individual anti-Fascists, shoot anti-Fascists in Paris, riot against the police in San Carlos (Brazil); the Mussolini government would pay handsomely for any "war wounds" received.

The Italian blacklist of nationals not allowed to reënter Italy

because of sentiments unfriendly to the party, has reached 14,000 names.

Italy has been made a prison for millions. Not a single non-Fascist is allowed to leave the country.

In 1925 and 1926 the Fascists arrested 35,000 anti-Fascists. In some years there were fewer political arrests, in one year, however, the number approached 25,000.

Alessandro Melchiorri, vice-secretary-general of the Fascist party, declared concerning Italians abroad who refuse to become Fascists, "they must be hunted like human beasts, like lepers; we must persecute them without pity to make their lives impossible, no matter where they live. I think it is necessary to oblige all municipalities to post at the city hall the names of all emigrants and the addresses of their families in Italy. It is furthermore required, under menace of severe punishment, for these families to force the emigrants to return. The danger of punishment and reprisals on the part of the resident Citizens against the families of emigrants will force the bastard sons to desist from all utilitarian enterprise."

This plan was adopted by the government. Families of refugees are held as hostages and persecuted.

In January 1927, in a trial in France, the court records show an organization of spies and *agents provocateurs* exists, paid for by the Fascist government.

Acts of violence committed against Fascists in France are instigated by Fascist agents.

The Garibaldi brothers played an important part in espionage and provocation.

The Italian chief of police Lapolla, in accord with Ricciotti Garibaldi, engaged in anti-Fascist plottings in France for the purpose of trapping innocent Italians and for serving as a

basis for the Fascist government's protest to France against the liberal policy of the latter in permitting political refuge.

Fascists in foreign countries do not hesitate to kidnap persons, steal documents and commit assassinations.

The Italian consuls and embassy have a part in these actions.

These revelations in France can be duplicated in all countries where Italians live in great numbers.

To mask their own international espionage system, the Fascists spread the reports that a vast anti-Fascist plot exists in all countries, and to bring it to the attention of authorities, the Fascist agents place revolvers, letters, false passports and incriminating documents in the homes and pockets of their enemies. Professor Berneri and several other Italians were accordingly arrested in Brussels, a number in Paris and others in Switzerland. But the Fascist work was done so crudely that instead of harming Berneri it proved a boomerang by revealing an international Fascist plot, with espionage agents and *agents provocateurs* attached to the embassies, legations and consulates everywhere. So flagrant was this plot that even the pro-Fascist newspapers of Switzerland, notably *Suisse* demanded the withdrawal of the Italian consul in St. Gall. The Swiss government immediately expelled eight Fascist spies but had to negotiate with the ambassador before the consul could be removed.

IV

Fascists, in preparing for a world war in 1935 or 1940, have encouraged two things on the peninsula: the raising of grain and children: fodder and cannon-fodder. Despite a surplus population of several millions, the Machiavellian powers, with the assent of the church which needs more saved souls, have prohibited all teaching and discussion of birth control. Italy

is producing 500,000 too many each year. By 1950 there will be 60,000,000 Italians on the peninsula, and almost half that number cannot be fed. Expand or burst! Italy will expand.

Italy would like to expand into Southern France, Austria, Albania, Jugoslavia, Tunis, Morocco, Syria — anywhere. There will be wars. With a population of almost sixty millions, Italy will be better prepared to fight her neighbors.

The 10,000,000 Italians living abroad, Fascism has refused to consider as Americans, or French or Brazilians. Those in America must serve Italy. Those in France too: they could be a menace to France when war came: a million could not be interned; they are mostly in the South and at the cry "*Savoia irredenta*," this million, mostly able-bodied males, are to seize the coast, from Ventimiglia to Marseilles, and the French war harbors, Villefranche and Toulon.

The Fascist program is simple: increase the birth rate until overpopulation and hunger cause aggression and annexation; control emigration so those who go abroad are sure to remain Fascist workers; prevent assimilation of 5,000,000 in America, 1,000,000 in France and 4,000,000 elsewhere, as well as the 200,000 who go abroad each year; intensify the organization of the Fascist Party (*Fasci all' Estero*) abroad.

For the last trick four agencies are used, the "General Direction of Italians Abroad," the Consular Service, the Secretariat of the *Fasci Abroad*, and the Committee for the Diffusion of Italian Culture.

"Italianity" as an international Fascist movement, was thus created. Mussolini's injunctions to Italians to obey the laws of countries in which they reside, was purely opportunistic. While the statement was being broadcast by the Associated Press office in Rome, the Fascists were threatening with arrest, con-

fiscation of property and torture, the relatives of any Italians abroad who gave up Fascism to become good Americans or good Frenchmen.

Fascism has leagued itself with similar "black" terroristic movements abroad notably in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, the terroristic "Blue Shirts" of France, the Camelots du Roi, who, led by Léon Daudet, have been engaging in scuffles with the Paris *gendarmerie* because they want to restore a king and make their titles of nobility worth more. With Primo de Rivera of Spain Fascism had its first great success and its first stumble. Almost the very day of Primo's disgrace, however, Mussolini signed a treaty with Schoeber, premier of Austria, ex-policeman most responsible for the July 1927 massacre of 100 Viennese, and successor to Chancellor Seipel, creator of the Heimwehr, or Austrian Fascists.

Mussolini early realized there is no great human appeal in Fascism as there is in Bolshevism: the Bolsheviks are singing, "Arise ye victims of starvation, Arise ye wretched of the earth," calling all the have-nots to arms against the have-alls. Fascism, as the military weapon of the manufacturers, the bankers, the auto makers of Milan, can get all the money it needs for propaganda, it can sing songs, "*Giovenezza, giovenezza,*" it is a movement of youth perhaps, but what youth! and moving where? Sons of rich industrials, landowners, bankers, army officers out of a job, and going nowhere in particular now that there are no workers' clubs to raid and union labor groups to assault and pillage.

Mussolini has of course realized all that. To make his movement international, like the Bolshevik, he has had to inspire ultra-national leaders. They in their turn have had to finance the movement by holding up the merchants' and manufacturers' associations. Much more difficult than enraging

underpaid and underfed workers, Mussolini, who has tried both systems, knows very well. Still he has hoped the treaties with other reactionary leaders will give him support in a new world war.

In Tunis, Mussolini's Fascists have already grown so strong he can threaten France with the seizure of that country the day war is declared. In French mandated territory Italians wearing the blackshirt insignia swagger about like conquerors. The Island of Rhodes is being completed as a naval base against France in the Near East and Britain in the Mediterranean — should these nations be on the enemy side in the next war.

For that event, however, the main necessity is population. Give Italy enough excess population and expansion will take care of itself. The millions abroad are so many added soldiers. "Fascist Italy," said Dino Grandi, "cannot accept the theory that millions of its citizens are lost if they emigrate. Italy intends to keep her sons for herself. Wars have increased the nationalist spirit in every country; but conditions for emigrants have become more difficult, they are under more pressure to change their nationality. Italian mothers are not going to bear sons for the benefit of other races."

And Mussolini, instigating surplus population by prizes of thousands of lire for the largest families, reduced railroad rates, severe penalties for birth control and intimidation through taxation of unmarried or unproducing men and women, has declared in one of his more violent and truthful moments:

"We are obliged to extract from our soil, too limited for our overpopulation, the last ounce of nutritive force. In spite of all scientific efforts, Italy cannot nourish her people. *We must expand or burst.* I do not feel I am authorized to believe in humanitarian and pacifist ideals."

“Breed children, produce armies, go to war,” that is what it amounts to.

Under the guise of spreading culture — another idea taken from the Bolsheviks — the General Direction of Italians Abroad (*Direzione Generale degli Italiani all' Esteri*) has been propagating international Fascism in the United States, Algeria, Argentina, Bulgaria, Brazil, Chili, Egypt, France, Germany, England, Morocco, Peru, Poland, Roumania, Switzerland and Uruguay.

Two hundred and eighty Italian newspapers are being published outside Italy. Fascism has control of all but a handful. More than half the Fascist propaganda sheets are now issued in the United States.

Of the 10,000 Fascist units, almost 500 are in the United States. In Italy, and in several instances in Asian and African countries, these units are organized militarily; in America fear of the law has kept the Fascists from forming a secret militia, but members are kept fit for military service and weapons have been passed out when it has become necessary to murder an opponent, a backslider, or to terrorize the Italian neighborhoods.

The foreign units of Fascism are controlled by the Palazzo Chigi. Mussolini has men reporting directly to him, in the same building, who send out the orders and propaganda. But at the same time the Italian Embassy at Washington and the big consulates, especially Chicago and New York, have immediate jurisdiction. In other words, the Fascists do exactly what the Bolsheviks do, make their diplomatically immune offices abroad centers of propaganda and secret nationalistic and party intrigue.

Mussolini himself issued the ten commandments of the Fascists abroad: they were to respect the institutions and laws of

the countries where they exist, they must set an example of discipline and obedience and other idealistic ballyhoo. In fact the Fascists in America were organized for and became part of the consular and embassy system for keeping Italians Fascists, preventing them by terrorism if necessary from becoming Americans, terrorizing non-Fascist Italians in America, and in some respects supplanting the old Black Hand and Mafia organizations, but for super-nationalistic purposes.

In 1928 Italy doubled its consular service so that there would be officials enough to run the non-official Fascists or propaganda and intimidation branches of the Government. Most all the old-time Italian consuls, men of education, culture, breeding, decency, are being gradually replaced and young Fascists, gangsters, fanatics, Chekists and roughnecks generally are being given good consular positions. Said Dino Grandi, ex-gangster and Chekist himself (also Secretary of State):

“The consul is the necessary and fundamental element of Italian expansion in the political, economic and cultural field. The consul is the pioneer in the new civilization which Fascism has established.”

In cities like Marseilles and Metz, France, with their tens of thousands of Italian laborers, the consuls work openly, organizing locals, holding meetings and parades, celebrating mass, and spreading propaganda to counteract the French attempt to naturalize those who intend to spend their lives in France, and raise generations of Italians on French soil. In America, owing to the peculiar American idea about naturalization, the consuls have had to work indirectly, covertly, carefully. Like the Bolsheviks. The consuls particularly resent another peculiar American idea: that persons born on American soil are Americans. The consuls want the old Czarist idea of nationality honored. The Fascist League of North America,

therefore, has a constitution different from Fascists elsewhere; it permits naturalized and American born Italians membership and attempts to make them more Italian than American.

V

Mussolini has made public declarations urging other countries to adopt the Corporate State idea as the successor (instead of the socialistic or communistic system) of the present capitalistic state. This has been proclaimed Mussolini's one great constructive idea (and so far it is still a failure, more so than Communism in Moscow).

Just as Lenin preached the internationalism of Communism as its great necessity for success so the Mussolini propagandists have urged Spain and other countries to adopt the Corporate State. It would gratify the believers in a universal Fascism to see the Italian brand copied elsewhere.

In Italy it was established in April 1926, almost four years after the so-called "march" on Rome, and was to be an answer to the critics who had seen no big (whether good or evil) idea in Fascism to equal Bolshevism. The Labor Charter came first. This abolished the individual in Italy. The state, not the man, counted. The individual had no longer any rights. He was told to join a corporation. The corporation had some rights. A workman, say a mason, could do nothing. But the masons' syndicate could present the claims. The employer, on the other hand, also had to belong to a corporation. These two, the workers and the employers in the same branch, could do business. If they failed to agree, then the Fascist state decided for them.

This idea, mostly borrowed from the radicals, is Mussolini's gift to this blundering world.

But somehow, even in Italy where the blackshirts have had enough revolvers to enforce almost anything, this denial of individual liberty is not working out. Only one and one-quarter of the ten million agricultural laborers have joined. About four millions work in the industrial and commercial undertakings and less than a million and one-quarter are members; in other words some ten per cent agricultural, thirty per cent industrial and fifteen per cent commercial employees are in the syndicates despite the obvious advantages of joining so long as Fascist despotism rules. Toilers are estimated at twelve to fifteen million; Fascists claim that only a little more than twenty-five per cent are in the syndicates while non-Fascists say less than twenty per cent.

VI

Throughout Italy the growing war spirit is encouraged, especially among the young. Bloodthirstiness is apparent. Bertrand Russell has written, "At present young people have a divided loyalty, on the one hand to their parents, on the other to the State. If it should happen that their sole loyalty were to the State, there is grave reason to fear that the world would become even more bloodthirsty than it is at present," and here is absolute proof of it in one of the two countries which has decided to dedicate the child entirely to the State.

In Italy it is impossible to divide patriotism from militarism. Again, Russell has said that patriotism is a willingness "to indulge in mutual extermination without a moment's hesitation, whenever the government feels so inclined. Undoubtedly patriotism, so called, is the greatest danger to which civilization is at present exposed and anything that increases its virulence is more to be dreaded than plague, pestilence and famine," and here in Italy the children are taught to sing:

*Contro Parigi noi marceremo
E vittoriosi ritorneremo
Al nostro Duce riporteremo
La mozza testa della Marianna.*

or "We will march against Paris, return victoriously, bringing back to Mussolini the bloody severed head of France"; and again there is a verse added to "Giovenezza":

Within the Italian boundaries
The people are invigorated
And it was done by Mussolini
FOR THE WAR THAT IS COMING.

Banners are carried by children: "To whom does Nice belong? To us." "To whom does Corsica belong? To us." "To whom does Tunis belong? To us."

The violent Fascist paper L'Impero, writing of the education of youth, has said, "the Fascist state must prepare for conquest because it is the legal incarnation of the foremost people of the earth, the Italians, to whom God confided a priority which cannot be contested. The Pope cannot deny that all the people of the earth are bringing up their youth for conquest, and it would be criminal to disarm the chosen people in the midst of an imperialism of inferior peoples."

As in Russia, fanatical, bloodthirsty, militaristic patriotism is being taught the youth of Italy to prepare them for war.

The last stronghold of free opinion, the universities, were attacked and crushed by the Grand Fascist Council, with its two orders, one forcing students to join Fascist groups and providing for none but Fascist politicians as teachers, the other providing for the arming of the student groups.

In this way Mussolini has answered the charge that not a single intellectual of any prominence and of his own free will or non office holder had allied himself to the new order. The intellectuals of Italy are mostly on the side of Croce and Ferrero, and both are opponents to the regime.

In America pacific persons have been suspicious of the Boy Scouts because they sniffed a little militarism in that organization. In England Tom Shaw has been demilitarizing the cadet corps. But in that bondholders' and tourists' Utopia not a word of protest was heard when rifles were ordered to be placed in the hands of the students' Fascist societies.

To make the universities 100 per cent adherents of the ruling political party it was ordered that rectors in the future are to be chosen from directors of Fascist professorial and tutorial associations. The heads of the universities, the professors and the teachers in grade schools must be members of the party, preference being given to those of five years' standing, and an official boycott is placed on all men of learning who are not active in Fascist politics.

Fearful of losing the children of the ten million Italians resident abroad and "poisoned by liberal ideas" the Fascist propaganda bureau through the Italian consulates has organized expeditions of these children to Rome and to the colonies. A concentrated course of Mussolinian philosophy and militarism is forced upon the children's pilgrimage annually, they are made familiar with rifles and revolvers, wear the black shirt, and sing songs about the Fascist enemies, "one by one we will massacre them." Children living in France have been taken by the thousand. Sometimes, the parents have crossed the border, when they have been arrested.

VII

The Fascist movement in France began in 1923 when the Camelots du Roi, the blue bloods who favor restoration of monarchy, became militant, destroyed the print shops of two newspapers and beat up or forced castor oil down the throats of three members of parliament.

In September 1924 in celebration of the anniversary of Jean Juarez, the socialist-pacifist assassinated the day war was declared, one hundred thousand workingmen marched at Courbevoie. On the 11th November the associations of wounded war veterans, a super-patriotic organization, held a counter demonstration in the Place de la Concorde. In the same month the Ligue Républicaine Nationale was formed and Les Jeunesses Patriotes, the young patriots, who were destined to become an important French Fascist organization (and another attempt to pervert the youth of a nation — these boys receiving just as corrupt militaristic training as their counterpart, the Young Communists, were receiving Bolshevistic training).

Among the peasants of France the Fédération Nationale Catholique was organized which aroused the farmers against the Left Bloc. The leaders of this Catholic organization which became the reservoir of French Fascism are General de Castelnau (Generals and Field-m Marshals are frequently playing politics in France, as witness the whole controversy concerning the replacement of Joffre, the elevation of Foch to supreme command, the anti-clerical behavior of General Sarrail in Syria and his disgrace, and numerous religious-military scandals in the French army, in war and out), Father Doncoeur, the Abbé Bergey, who was also a deputy to Parliament.

In the country towns every priest came to the meetings with

the men of his parish and the leaders endeavored to give the league a military significance by having as many officers as possible present. In the orations delivered by priests and army officers and politicians the peasants were told to prepare to defend their property and their churches, and of the possibility of the peasantry having to fight against the cities, the cities where industrialism had gained the day and the workingmen were going red.

In Marseilles in a battle between Catholic Fascists and communist workingmen two of the former were killed and there were many wounded on both sides.

The National Catholic Federation concerned itself at first with Premier Herriot and his policies, such as the suppression of the embassy at the Vatican, the establishment of public schools, the separation of church and state in Alsace-Lorraine as in the rest of France. The organization was based on parishes, under the direction of the local curé, in the villages under a vicar, published millions of sheets of propaganda, engaged in hundreds of parades which millions attended and had a press service which supplied 630 publications.

Bourgeoisie and peasantry through this union were united against the politicians of the Left and the industrial workingmen; Fascist ideas were promulgated and the Young Patriots recruited their troops from the Catholic circles.

A questionnaire was sent to all French university students: "Are you armed? Were you a soldier during the war? Do you have an automobile? Where can you be reached day and night?" Pierre Tattinger was the founder of the Jeunesses Patriotes. He said:

"Dictatorial policy, under Clemenceau, saved the country during the war. At the present hour we want to establish the stability of public power. What has Mussolini done? In the

midst of impotent political parties he hoisted the national emblem. France must be inspired by his example."

The "Faisceau" is actual Italian Fascism in France. Its membership is almost entirely war veteran. Its program: "Suppress parliament; rule the country in a manner which gave us the victory, that is to say, dictatorship."

All these organizations, comprising millions of men, spend millions of money, all of which, as in the case in Italy, comes from the big landed proprietors and the rich industrial barons. Men like François Marsal, banker of the Parisienne Union, Andre Poncet, recently chief of an important service of the Comité des Forges (French branch of the Steel and Armament Kartel), Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, head of a wine syndicate, Serge André, representative of the big oil corporations, and of the Antwerp munitions company with which Sir Basil Zaharoff is affiliated, August Cazeneuve, steel master, and other notable manufacturers are the supporters of the various organizations completely Fascist or with Fascist tendencies.

Everywhere in Bavaria there are Fascist meetings. Everywhere there are threats against the German republic, and especially against the liberal and socialist parties. Catholic clubs stand by the Fascists and priests are prominent at the meetings which are open to all, including tourists. At the end of the war there was a big French plan of separating Catholic Bavaria and the Catholic Rhineland from Protestant Germany and forming at least a buffer state. A lot of French money went into that. Now there is talk of a union of Catholic Bavaria and Catholic Austria (that is, all Austria except Vienna) with the Fascists of both nations in control.

VIII

The smaller the nation, the bigger the international Fascist plot. In every country of the Balkans, I have seen Italian Fascism at work and especially in Bulgaria, the breeding ground of many wars. Here Mussolini's diplomatic representatives and agents can carry out in the open the same work they are doing in secret in other countries, and more closely parallel the communistic international plans.

As in most countries, Bulgarian Fascism is a post-bellum movement fostered by large commercial interests and jobless officers preaching nationalism and "revindication." As in most countries the peasantry, the industrial workingmen and almost the entire class of society which might be called intellectual, refrains from or opposes the movement.

Before Italian Fascism stepped into Bulgarian affairs there were various reactionary organizations, notably Narodn Zgovor, which prepared the campaign against the agrarian party and with the Military League organized the *coup d'état* of June 1923. It was the present minister of foreign affairs, Bouroff, who then launched the slogan, "Let us become Fascisti," at a congress of young bourgeois and bankers. Macedonian, Thracian and other patriotic nationalistic revolutionary organizations were affiliated with the first Fascist movement. The Macedonian league, known as the ORIM, participated in the battle with the communists in September 1923. It was at this period that the "Green Terror," the "Red Terror" and finally the "White Terror" each had their reign in Bulgaria, the green being the peasant dictatorship. The Macedonian ORIM was the first to come under direct influence of Mussolini.

Then in 1925 the Rodna Zachtita or national defense society was organized for the purpose of combining all reactionary organizations into a uniformed (black shirts again and the Italian lictor's emblem) military movement. General Chkoinoff is the leader.

The Bulgarian Fascist movement exerts a powerful influence in the political life of the country. In the army it counts a large part of the officers and subalterns. It has the younger bourgeoisie and all the bankers. At present the entire policy of the government is Fascist, while in parliament three quarters of the membership are military officers who favor Fascism.

The Bulgarian Fascist movement, like the Italian, uses its influence in the schools to prepare youth for membership, it controls the church to a great extent, exercises a press censorship against public opinion, uses terroristic methods, represses the opposition parties, passes exceptional laws against the liberty of the masses and has prepared the army to fight for the governmental party's plans.

In Bulgaria there is no secret that a large part of the subsidy for the Fascist movement comes from Italy. Of course the Bulgarian bankers also contribute. The Italian government, according to evidence publicly known, sent to the Macedonian ORIM and the Sofia Fascists more than two million lire. The Rodna Zachtita and the two aforementioned organizations now receive 500,000 lire annually from Italy.

The liaison between Fascist Italy and Fascist Bulgaria is complete. Minister Bouroff is considered the first Fascist although he has hesitated to assume full infallible dictatorship, like his patron saint. The two countries, however, are closely allied, and the two leaders have pledged coöperation.

In the Bulgarian Fascist party a notable part is played by the Italian delegate who travels from one part of the country to the

other, investigating the local branches, giving aid and advice. In addition the Italians have established schools to teach the young Bulgarians, they have clubs for Italian and Bulgarian merchants, they have arranged trips for Bulgarian students to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fascist movement, and frequently invite college professors and members of parliament to Rome.

Recently the Italian Fascists in Sofia built a magnificent club house, *Opera pro Oriente*, where the Fascists of both countries hold their reunions, and from where the entire Balkan propaganda of Rome is disseminated. General Volkoff is the spokesman for Italian Fascism in Bulgaria. Numerous daily and periodical publications receive money from Rome for publishing propaganda.

IX

Mussolini has made a double-edged sword out of press censorship: he could fool the world (especially his banker, America) not all the time but for many years, by controlling the news that went out, and he could fool all the Italian people all the time by making censorship the useful sister of his terrorism.

In the Chicago Tribune (Chicago edition, not the Paris edition which was licking the hand that fed it tourist advertising) I found one day in going through the files:

“The zeal of the manacled press and news agency keeps Italian opinion isolated from foreign international opinion. The official Stephani agency acts as a faithful Friday in sending out news favorable to Fascism, and seeing that news from abroad is properly doctored up to suit the purposes of Italy’s present masters.”

This interested me particularly because this same Fascist

news agency is one of the chief if not the chief source of news of the Rome bureau of the Associated Press of America. They have a working agreement.

Of course the American journalists in Rome can frequently discount Stephani's Fascist propaganda, but often it is too cleverly woven into the truth. Moreover, if the head of the Associated Press should be an American who for some reason had sold out to Fascism, or an Italian friend of Mussolini, would it not be likely that the entire American press would be receiving news with a decided Fascist color instead of honest news?

That this same Stephani agency, which is helping pervert world opinion to favor Mussolini and his tyranny, is perverting Italian opinion can be seen every day. One has only to buy the foreign papers and compare them with the lies in the Italian papers. When one day The Times (London) saw a certain Fascist bill was the, "perfect efflorescence of Mussolini's doctrine," that "it meant no political liberty whatever in Italy," and that "no political liberty is possible under the Fascist Corporate State," this article of The Times appeared in Rome as in praise of the political reforms (*sic*). Every Italian reader thought the Thunderer was suddenly backing Mussolini. When Albert Thomas, head of the International Labor Bureau at Geneva made a public speech about labor in which the serfdom in Italy naturally was not praised, so many perverted versions were issued by the Italian press that Thomas was forced to give out an explanatory statement.

The police keep a complete dossier on the history and activities of every American reporter. Should he once dare to speak to a politician who belonged to one of the five non-Fascist parties, he is immediately listed as dangerous. The police pay the porters at hotels and apartment houses to report

on the mail received by journalists, to whom sent, from whom received, the names of visitors, the persons he dines with and the itineraries of the reporter's trips.

In almost every American newspaper office in Rome there is a Fascist spy-journalist at work. If such a man is found out and fired, and a non-spy engaged, the Fascist Foreign Office, through a special Chekav department presided over by Dino Grandi, pays or terrorizes the new Italian assistant to spy on the American journalist. Every interpreter and even the Italian office boys in American offices are visited by the secret service of the Foreign Office, and made to report to Grandi, and eventually the ex-journalist Mussolini.

There is not a single non-Fascist newspaper allowed in Italy. No one can therefore make propaganda for non-Fascist ideas, foolish things like liberty, democracy and freedom. Yet at the same time Fascism has a fund of 5,000,000 lire to use for buying up papers abroad. It is exactly what the Bolsheviks are doing.

With the complete party control of the nation's press, the Fascists went a step further and passed a law making it impossible for a non-Fascist to hold a newspaper job. The deputy Amicucci, head of the newspaper syndicate said: "There no longer exists any official liberal organ: but there are several so-called liberal papers owned by bankers and industrial leaders. They must change their color or disappear. We spare the lives of those who have consented to join the regime."

After the Italian journalists' register was made, the Foreign Office attempted to force all foreign journalists to declare themselves Fascists or leave the country. The Government did establish a register for Anglo-American and other foreign journalists, chiefly for Anglo-Americans. Some from other countries can be bribed. Some of course represent enemy countries, like

the French for instance, and cannot be trusted even if they profess Fascism. The Anglo-American ones are the big game. They cannot be bribed and they represent the most important part of the world public opinion. The register has to be revised every six months. Any name can be stricken off by request. The syndicate committee or a public minister, or Mussolini or Grandi or the unofficial Chekah, can say, "suspend this man six months, or put him off the list entirely." The American or British journalist is therefore kept continually in fear, continually in line, otherwise he will lose his right to work in Italy — a more subtle blow than expulsion, which the Fascists found reacted very unfavorably against them in 1925.

Mussolini is doing everything to bring his dictatorship into favor. Every British and American newspaper editor or owner of importance gets a good handshake and from a minute to an hour in the Chigi. Politicians, especially the loud blathering ones, likewise. For the resident journalist repeated doses of propaganda on the one hand, careful Chekah surveillance on the other; the censorship; discouragement for those who do not sympathize with Fascism; encouragement for the Fascist lovers. Americans and British who get to know some hidden opposition politicians somehow do not remain long in Rome. When a new arrival is honest enough to say he came to do honest work, to report both sides of things, he is put under a special surveillance immediately. He certainly is given to understand objectively he is not desired.

The activities of foreign journalists can only run smoothly if they avoid altogether any political subject wherein credit is not implied to Fascism, implicitly or explicitly, and confine themselves to recounting the archaeological discoveries in Herculaneum, or Lake Nemi, and the activities of visiting American firemen. If they give both sides of a question involving

anything of a political nature, the task is complicated by the necessity of devising ruses to elude the censorship, and this means adding to the police dossier. All despatches sent out by foreign correspondents go to the Foreign Office to be copied. One function of the Foreign Office, called the "Revisions," reads everything carefully. If anything displeasing is found the cable is held up till next day so that its value is lessened, more often destroyed. Sometimes the censor garbles up a despatch so it arrives unintelligible. When merely held up, the message is sent back to the telegraph offices sometimes, and the telegraph official telephones the correspondent to know if he still wants his item sent. When journalists protest against the censor, the censor blandly denies he had anything to do with the delay and says it was due to an error in the telegraphic service; which the telegraph director dares not refute, though he knows it to be a lie. Whereas several suppressions of a newspaper led to extinction, so several conflicts with the censor would to expulsion.

V

ALL EUROPE

PREPARING FOR

BIGGEST WAR

France encircling Russia with treaties and guns—Germans have Anti-Soviet plans—Italians building Big Navy

TO SEIZE MEDITERRANEAN

Continent dividing into radical and reactionary groups; conflicts impend despite treaties

V

I

THE year 1930 was the one hundredth anniversary of the most important development in Europe affecting the modern world. Eighteen-thirty proclaimed the definite collapse of military power and the birth of intellectual and economic power in national leadership; the one marked by the growth of public opinion and a free press, the other by liberty of finance which was in a hundred years to produce the rule of money.

Nineteen-thirty presented to the world two important systems of government, two great ideas so completely opposite that only violence could intervene between them. The one was the proletarian dictatorship idea which completely ruled Russia, experimented in many lands, from Hungary to China, was approved by millions in Germany and had millions of converts in all European countries. The other was American culture based on the machine. Whether man would become a slave of the machine or whether the machine would liberate man from the centuries of toil which began in the Garden of Eden, was still the unanswered question in America, but certain it was that civilization and the machine, the fury of production, egotism as opposed to collectivism, comfort (which has been called the only real visible proof of progress) such as had never before been known by kings and plutocrats, had become the religion of the new power and was fighting everywhere against both the old idea and ideals and especially those of which Russia was the protagonist. For a few years, from 1922 to 1930, there was a little while when some intelligent men saw a third

great idea in the world, that of Fascism and the corporate state, but by 1930 its failure to do more than please tourists was apparent. In 1930 its ideas at least were bankrupt, and its economic plans, buoyed up by American international bankers, declined seriously, so much so that the very same bankers who financed the idea began shivering for their investment.

The world faces a choice: Russian or American culture. There will of course be sufficient time to make it, a decade, perhaps half a century, but sooner or later the choice will have to be made and sooner or later, wise men predict, the two cultures must meet on a battlefield.

European nations, close to Bolshevism, facing Russia and meeting the communist problem in their own land, have their own plans for war. In Germany it is the monarchist, nationalist, Fascist group which clamored for war at a time when the enemy was still weak and before it was too late to be cocksure of victory; in France the policy is to build a league of surrounding nations.

II

All the dictators of Europe are united in spirit against the Russian dictatorship. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland and Hungary are opposed to the Soviets, in the Balkans there are Albania, Jugoslavia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece ready to drop their plans for war among themselves to unite against the radicals, and the Baltic states, Esthonia, Finland, Lithuania and Lettland, the majority under French influence, can be counted on to follow. For the greater part of the past ten years all these states have been dictatorships, the majority persisting, thanks to armed force, and they all wait for someone like Mussolini to call for a union of dictators to fight a final war to end democracy!

The Union of Dictators idea was apparently Primo de Rivera's. More by insinuation than by quotation, we got the idea in interviewing the Spanish dictator just a little while before the 1930 collapse — perhaps it was the feeling of weakness which made Primo think of alliances with other absolutists. He had spoken or written of his colleagues:

“Look at Italy, where much material progress has been made, the money stabilized, strikes of workmen outlawed, train system improved, unhealthy regions cleaned up, also the Mafia, and the colonies exploited.

“Look at Portugal: the dictatorship is progressing there.

“Look at Poland: Poland's dictator may not like to admit that title openly, but no one can deny that May 1926, the Pilsudski coup, marks a month from which great progress dates.

“As for my own country: dare anyone deny that the dictatorship has made considerable material progress, manifest in every branch of our economic life?

“Democracy is a luxury for rich countries only, as Mussolini has declared rightly, because in rich nations there are always cultured peoples' representatives who know their duty, which is not endless talk, but constructive labor. Parliaments are good for rich and cultured peoples. But for those lands which are poorer, defective in education and in national spirit, and which are facing, from time to time, economic or political crises, further hampering progress, I advocate a paternal dictatorship. The nations I have mentioned have made progress under such a system. Certainly if you consider Europe from the materialistic viewpoint, you must admit the benefit of dictatorships.

“Congresses, parliaments, national assemblies have their uses. I am not their enemy. I am opposed to noisy, sterile parliamentarism. That sort of politics is passing out almost every-

where in Europe, even in some South American countries. In some of the war-created nations, just as among some primitive peoples, we have seen that democratic regimes caused much harm and that paternal dictatorship, on the other hand, was the salvation. Materially dictatorships have been beneficial everywhere, and that is after all the most important aspect in national existence."

Mussolini, of course, is the father of the idea that liberty is a delusion and democracy a "rotting carcass." "I do also affirm," Mussolini said, "that there are undeniably elements of life in Fascism of a universal kind." Fascism is plotting throughout the world and, like the communists, has an illegal as well as a legal party in all neutral countries. A war of the united dictators against the Moscow dictatorship is not only thinkable, it was among those foreseen by astute European statesmen.

III

Never has the world seen such an apparent striving for peace as in the years which followed the useless murder of the ten millions. The Versailles treaty is merely an arrangement; there have followed Bryan pacts, Kellogg pacts, Briand pacts, Locarnos, a dozen Genevas, one Washington pact, peace conferences in all the swell Swiss, Italian and French watering and eating resorts, and while the whole world yells hallelujahs and cries hosannas, all the important nations of Continental Europe prepare, as best they can, for the next war.

France has never forgiven Russia her debts (as she was forgiven by her debtors), and while doing her best not to pay the United States a red sou of the small amount settled for (the French people were completely flimflammed by the corrupt French press, and the truth, the fact that the United States

settlement amount is actually no more than the post-war debts, probably less, is kept from the public), France prepares to fight Russia for the money due her.

It was a Frenchman who during the war invented the *cordon sanitaire* by which the Allied armies encircled Russia when Russia became red, and it was France which from 1918 until the present day has continued to encircle the Soviets by building up barriers of subsidized nations, ready to follow her into Moscow when the day comes for one western nation to lead the others against the red idea.

French political and economic hegemony in Continental Europe is hardly contested after the war. What the Germans took fifty years to build, in Alsace, Lorraine and the Saar basin, became hers by treaty. Steel, nitrates, chemicals, all the raw materials for a great war, are in abundance. France has raised and keeps the largest army. Her fleet is second only to Britain's. The Central Empires are destroyed. Germany is powerless for a time. (It has cost France 1,700,000 dead and 3,000,000 wounded or sick.)

In the industrialization program which followed the war France surpassed Britain as a producer of steel and, between 1925 and 1929, the years of all the hallelujah treaties, doubled her military budget. To Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugoslavia, France has sent field marshals and generals as her diplomatic representatives. Military missions were sent to many countries. War supplies were sold. In Lettland, Esthonia and Finland diplomatic missions worked for coöperation with France against the future enemy, Germany or Russia. In the military convention with Poland (which followed the 1920 treaty), Poland agreed to maintain a large army, France to support Poland financially and to send sufficient staff officers. A new military convention, later, pledged French help against

Russia and Polish help against Germany. Still another accord between the nations deals with French supervision of Polish war preparations, so that today it can be said that the two countries can be relied upon to work as one in the future war. Likewise, Roumania came to understandings with Poland and France, so that it can be called a triple alliance against the Soviets.

Poland in addition to constructing a port at Dantzig larger than the original German one, is engaged in the creation of military plants and militarized steel, chemical and other works, which can easily be turned to war purposes. About thirty large factories are making war materials of which three produce powder, four airplanes, two airplane motors, two rifles, one artillery and the rest bullets and shells; several hundred factories are ready when war begins, to supplement these works. In Roumania the military airplane works are presided over by the French and the new cannon factory by the Vickers company of England, but in war time the big Allies are still sure of having Roumania as a good customer.

The anti-Soviet bloc counts upon employing 3,000,000 men in the grand war; Poland would supply 300,000, Roumania 200,000, Lettland 20,000, Esthonia 20,000, Finland 33,000 and Lithuania 20,000, or in round numbers 600,000 men could easily be placed at the call of France, a force just a bit larger than the red army which is about five hundred and fifty thousand.

To overcome the terrible misfortune (from the Franco-Allied viewpoint) which Nature caused when she provided the (godless) Soviets with about four or five times the natural resources (useful for war purposes) of the *cordon sanitaire* states, the Anti-Soviet leaders, chiefly France, are willing to sell the Polish-Roumanian bloc about seventy-five per cent of the

additional materials necessary for the war. From 1924 to date the French have sold Poland and Roumania fifteen hundred war planes, twenty-five hundred motors, five hundred tanks and armored cars, five thousand machine guns, three torpedo boats, four submarines, hundreds of pieces of artillery, millions of projectiles, millions of gas masks, scores of millions of bullets. Big loans were made by France for this purpose, and at a nice rate of interest, too.

Private companies have not suffered and will not suffer in having to make war supplies at cheap prices, and there will be enough orders to go round. Schneider furnished the artillery, the Puteaux works likewise cannon for Roumania, Renault the tanks and armored cars, the Hotchkiss company the machine guns, the Brandt company the Stokes mortars and the Lafitte firm sold the hand grenades. Aviation companies profiting from the war preparations are Breguet, Farman, Bleriot, Potez, Latham, Liore-Olivier, and others. Airplane motors are supplied by Lorraine, Gnome, Hispano and Renault. So much war material has been shipped that the Polish government has established a base at Cherbourg, and the Roumanian at Lorient.

In the French national war works fifty thousand men are being employed and production is estimated at close to a billion francs a year; the private corporations employ 90,000 in war material manufacture, their business is estimated at 2,500,000,000 francs a year, a total of 140,000 men and 4,000,000,000 francs devoted to war preparations in France alone.

IV

In Europe the steel interests are coöperating with the aviation interests. (In America, William Mitchell, former brigadier-

general of the army in charge of aviation, has charged that the steel interests, "financing an army and navy lobby in Washington, were responsible for the slow development of aviation." Mitchell claimed that forts were no longer good, and ships not much good, and that the big lobby went into action in 1921 "when we sank their ships; then the steel interests realized that the building of airships instead of warships would cut their sales to the government.") In Europe the steel interests had their lobby in Geneva; the Shearer exposé in America was no surprise to Europe, since not only America, but British, French, Belgian and other steel interests have had agents at all the peace conferences, working to make them impotent and to continue the sales of steel for wastage on battlefields and on the seas.

In 1930 the European steel trust has become the most powerful factor in European political life and is the instrument, incidentally, by which the war-makers are planning to hold one of the members, Germany, in check while the business of finishing off the red forces is going on.

One year before the Young plan was thought of, one of Germany's leading industrialists, Arnold Rechberg, in an interview with me made this prediction: "The Dawes plan will be revised shortly," he said, "and many of its teeth will be taken out. The terms for Germany will be easier. Why? Because of the Steel Kartel. The big steel men of Germany and France have got together, and they will dictate the politics of Europe in the future.

"Within a few years there will be a new development, a military treaty between France and Germany. That, too, is wished by the steel trust leaders. Such a military union might be used against Russia.

"The politics of Europe are in the hands of the steel industry.

“As England remains outside the Kartel I feel certain that one of the results will be that the steel trust will work to hasten the destruction of the British Empire.

“The Steel Kartel controls politics, military, economic conditions and a large part of the press of Continental Europe.

“Let me give you a typical example of the men who are going to rule Europe: Hugenberg. This German industrialist has replaced Stinnes as the big man of our time. Like Stinnes, he has set out to buy up a large part of the press to make it subservient to his plans.

“He is one of the main backers of the Stahlhelm. (The Stahlhelm is the big reactionary semi-military organization of Germany, several hundred thousand, mostly ex-soldiers, and while not as completely Fascist as Hitler’s organization, could be counted upon to join the international Fascist movement.) In addition, Hugenberg controls one large political party in Germany and is supposed to have a heavy interest in another. And there are men just like that in France and Belgium, the other two important members of the trust. And now France, Belgium and Germany unite in controlling the one thing that armies depend upon, the *forges d’armes, der Waffenschmied*, the armorer, as you say in English, or the new Steel Kartel. It puts Europe in the hands of these men.”

Other members of the Kartel are Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Luxembourg. When the trust was formed there was great talk of trouble with England, then there came a period of rivalry with the American steel interests which at first seemed destined for serious consequences, but sometime in 1930 there was an international meeting and American representatives appeared. The world markets were again allocated, and although nothing was announced officially it became evident that the international steel war was off because the

European steel trust and the American steel interests had reached friendly agreements.

Such facts as these will have to be faced by any government which may listen to the plan of Edward N. Hurley to bring vital industries to a standstill the moment war breaks out. It will certainly give the steel-makers an international laugh.

In the political field the nations preparing for the war of the reds versus the blacks, can call upon Steel Kartel members either to behave themselves by assuming neutrality, or to aid under threat of expulsion from the super-league. Certainly Germany can be held in place, and even Hungary (which seems to most neutral journalists to have every justifiable reason for reclaiming its stolen lands from Roumania), will have to keep neutral. Knowing Admiral Horthy's threat of war to the death on the red idea it is more than likely that he will join the Hungarian whites in the anti-red war.

V

One difficulty France has, and that is her blood neighbor, Italy. Very few people knew how close France and Italy were to war in 1926, and that one of the reasons for the great French military establishment is the threat Mussolini and his boys make almost daily.

In 1926 the Fascist press was getting very nasty to its Latin sister, and the same inspiration caused some trouble at Ventimiglia and along the winter resort border. Many new thousands of Italian troops suddenly appeared. In Rome political circles buzzed with the words "*Savoia Irredenta*" — some day they would take all the French coast up to Nice at least and restore it to the Crown of Savoy.

Several American and British newspaper correspondents,

lucky ones on vacation, or the representatives sent to collect social gossip at Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo, heard about the Italian movements. Soon all the barracks along the Azure coast filled up too, because the French were quick to move. One day a small incident occurred on the frontier. The next day the police at Nice called on the correspondents of the Associated Press and London Daily News and on order from the Ministry of the Interior, warned the men they would be expelled from France if ever again they were caught sending "erroneous and tendentious news." All they had said of what looked like the beginning of a war was that 150 Fascists had crossed the border near Mentone and cut telegraph communications.

All foreign correspondents afterwards were kept quiet, while the French military increased daily until, it was estimated by the natives, 150,000 men had been concentrated with full equipment. Then one day the French decided to hold naval manoeuvres also. Just a little game in the Mediterranean. The French have a grand sense of humor. The manoeuvres were held at sea, but the inhabitants of Genoa could hear an awful cannonading day and night.

Then by a strange coincidence all the rampant militarist newspapers in Italy suddenly discovered that blood was thicker than water. They said so. Almost all the editorials were alike. Could they have come from the brain of the journalist occupying the Palazzo Chigi? Some day that may be known. But just as the papers began to say, well blood after all is thicker than water, and we Latin nations ought to stick together, dwell in harmony and all that sort of bunkum, the Fascist troops were recalled from the frontier, the French stopped shooting big blank shots audible in Genoa, and the war scare died.

But the loud boys continued to bluster. Thus Italo Balbo, the air minister, addressing a gathering at Genoa, delivered himself:

“We have not sacrificed a half million heroes in order to replace the hegemony of Germany by that of France. . . . Who made the war yesterday? The army. Who will make the war tomorrow? The nation. Therefore it will be the will-power of a nation that we must break. . . . It is proven that a modest aerial army of 300 planes carrying two tons of toxic bombs each, in a single flight can kill 50,000 inhabitants in ten different villages; that means in eight days they could put *hors de jeu* four million persons in eighty places. Imagine the public services disorganized, the terrible anxiety to find out what gas the enemy is using, the anguish of violent lung troubles and the panic! No anti-aircraft defense can prevent such an invasion. . . . We must give the enemy the precise sensation of our mastery of the air and the possibility of our aviation striking, without pity, the population of the country.”

VI

Meanwhile in Germany, in 1930, another complete plan for the war of the West versus the Soviets, has been prepared.

German and white Russian officers are behind the international movement. Emissaries arrived from Moscow and the Ukraine, saying that the time had come. They went to all the old Czarist groups, found the colony in Berlin in disagreement with that in France and tried to make peace in the ranks before preparing for war. The leader in France was General Koutepoff, who was ordained by the dying Grand Duke Nicholas as his successor. The kidnapping of General Koutepoff by Soviet Chekah agents disguised as royalists was the

first blow in the war: in a way it resembled the Sarajevo assassinations.

To prepare public opinion for war, in place of the Belgium atrocities hoax, the leaders realize they have legitimate ammunition in the atheistic campaign in Moscow and Petersburg — they never can call the ancient capital Leningrad. What is happening in Russia is no different from events of 1920 or 1925 or the year preceding: the leagues of communist youth and atheistic organizations, mostly boys and girls of an irresponsible Soviet training, are parading with lewd or satiric banners, burning crucifixes they make or gather from closed churches, and effigies of Jehovah, Moses, Christ, Buddha, Mohammed. The government has closed about ten to fifteen per cent of the churches, converted some into useful buildings, workmen's clubs or children's asylums, some into propaganda centers. To test the religious fervor of the people or perhaps to enrage the devout, the authorities have destroyed the shrine of the Iberian Virgin, the little blue and red and gold building, most sacred in Russia, at the entrance of the Red Square. But nothing has happened.

First the European, later the American press, discovered the anti-religious situation in Russia. It was old news. Any reporter could see that. (Yet when it serves someone's purpose it is amazing how much stale news can be re-hashed and reserved to the world.) And the world became angrier at Russia.

The Pope led the protest. The Archbishop of Canterbury followed immediately, just as in 1922. The American Episcopal church joined. The Methodists denounced and the American Jewish Congress echoed. The Lutherans called for organized protest and the New York State Legislature passed a resolution. Mr. Borah thundered. Hamilton Fish, Jr. addressed the House.

In Germany there was not so much talking; plotting action began. *Kulturkampf*, or the belief in the divine right of a nation feeling its superiority, to force its culture down the bread-hungry throats of nations it deemed not so good, was again invoked, as it had been in 1914. It was to be a crusade.

The Mongols, the Huns, the Arabs, the Turks, each in turn had tried to storm the culture of Europe and failed. They had overrun lands killing and burning. Perhaps they too thought they had a culture — at least a religion — worth the killing of millions. But somehow old Europe had defeated them, one on the field north of Spain, one in the center of civilization, Vienna itself. Now the new danger from the East, the danger that marched on words and spread fire and sword in the mass mind, was overtaking Europe. Germany, Kultur-Germany should save mankind! Did not the Kaiser himself first see the Yellow Peril? Now it was the Red Peril.

Under the banners "Culture and Christianity" the war would be fought. America was to join Europe; Europe was to become a union of states, Pan-Europa. In time of common danger such things were possible: was not the Boxer Rebellion proof of how Europe and America could unite to suppress the awakening of a people of 400,000,000 and to crush self-determination of an inferior people? Against Bolshevism America was sure to join; the German officers who originated the plot, were sure that when the drums beat again, this time mingled with the church bells, America would respond; again in the name of Humanity.

Pan-Europa would become an actuality. Napoleon, the first European, had tried to establish the league but found a league of European nations against him. That did not matter now; what mattered was that there was historical evidence of leagues. The Russians burning up the Kremlin threw one Pan-Europa

into ashes, and forced, a hundred years later, a world war which the league would have made impossible. The German Kaiser had realized that. It was Wilhelm who proposed the new league and now, in a *Kulturkampf*, a crusade against Russia, it had a better chance of being made.

There was no doubt of it, the communist danger was growing instead of diminishing. Moreover the Bolshevik revolution was not taking the historic course expected. True, Moscow had had its Ninth of Thermidor, its Robespierre had fallen, but where was the Eighteenth Brumaire? Vacationing in the island of Prinkipo perhaps. Poor poetical Napoleon-Trotsky who created an army and never had a chance to use it. He had started his work after the disaster in Poland. It was useless to fight with ignorant soldiers. . . .

Half a million men have been made into good soldiers in Russia and every year the draft levies bring their hundreds of thousands more. Again Russia will have many millions. This time intelligent. This time no German spies in the palaces, no Rasputins, no German generals to betray the Czar, no regiments of fine young beating hearts sent against machine-made fire, armed with clubs and branches picked up in the woods — no more fields with bodies tumbled over each other three deep, and parts of bodies mingled with the dead and wounded or hanging horror in trees. This time there will be a real army, the first in world history fighting for an international idea.

The Germans saw and understood. Fight fire with fire, internationalism with internationalism, that is their plan, and against the Soviet preparations they are plotting in Berlin the world's anti-Bolshevik war.

“The common crusade of all the Great Powers,” so said Otto von Mülbach, lieutenant-general *ausser Dienst*, addressing the old group which once centered about General von

Hoffmann, "uprooting Bolshevism before it sets the whole world on fire, will be the best way of founding, peacefully, our Pan-Europa. To prevent the *Götterdämmerung* of culture we must strike now for the time is dangerously short. Out of the blood and iron of Pan-Europa versus Bolshevism, will be born the New Union."

All the remnants are being united, the men who stood with von Hoffmann at the peace of Brest-Litovsk, the men of the brigade of the notorious Captain Ehrhardt, the Colonel Bermond-Avaloff officers, the Stahlhelm with its 1,000,000 German reactionary-monarchists, all the Russian emigrés. The plan they have shown to the military and naval attachés of all the nations is simple as all great elemental things:

Britain is to move its fleet, blockading the Neva and landing troops, which are to move slowly at first, towards Petersburg, while the European Allies occupy, in a friendly manner, the sympathetic Baltic States, so as to prevent any flank movement of the Reds.

The Pan-European army, composed mainly of Germans from the Fascist Stahlhelm, French, and a peppering of all the nations, is to march through Germany, the clouds blackened by swarms of airplanes, the roads heaving with tanks, while the trains run unceasingly carrying men and cannon forever Eastward.

On the approach to her frontier Poland, which already has large undigested parts of Russia in her greedy mouth and which always fears the Bolshevik revenge, is to proclaim the war. The now strengthened and united army is to move into the heart of Russia.

In the Mediterranean the British, French and Italians are to forget their hatred and jealousies which at the London Conference in 1930 behind all the sweet handshakes and dip-

lomatic bunkum were ever present. The united fleet is to cross the undefended Dardanelles without consulting Kemal Pasha, enter the Black Sea, attack and capture Odessa, blockade the Caucasus.

The Roumanians (who are holding the Russian province of Bessarabia despite the fact that the majority of inhabitants are non-Roumanians) have the job of making a diversion through Kicheneff to Odessa.

In the Far East both China and Japan have their tasks assigned, the Japanese to occupy the port of Vladivostok and occupy Manchuria, the Chinese to retake Mongolia, where a communist republic has been instigated by Moscow.

The *cordon sanitaire* is to be complete. The Pan-European army, according to the estimate of members of the old German General Staff, would be able to enter Petrograd, Odessa and Moscow within three months, providing it has to fight a decisive battle with the red army, sooner if the enemy, overwhelmed in morale by the strength of the enemy and by the fact of a Pan-European movement, refuses to accept battle.

If any nation joins Russia it is to be declared a deserter—the penalty for desertion is execution, and that is to be the fate of the offending country also. It will cease to exist as a country. Pan-Europa will occupy it as so much common land.

Just before the declaration of war an important step will be taken to ensure victory: the Communist Party in every country will be declared illegal and every man sabotaging in the war industries will be treated as a spy. All the notable communist leaders will have to be held as hostages, inasmuch as it will be quite impossible to impress the followers without such an act of terrorism.

It is planned to utilize the several hundred thousand Russian émigrés in Europe as officers and soldiers, but understood that

the great mistake of the Wrangel adventure will not be repeated. Russian dukes and other holders and exploiters of the peasants will not be allowed (at least not until peace has been well established) to regain their property and make serfs of the peasants again. The Pan-European army must be guarded against agrarian revolution in the rear such as cost the success of other attempts to "liberate" the peasants.

Instead it is planned to instigate both peasant and proletarian uprisings throughout Russia simultaneous with the first move of the British fleet at the Neva. For this purpose no émigré nobility, but non-communist radical agents are to be employed, guaranteeing the people the freedom the Soviets have promised and failed to give, freedom of religion, property, speech, assembly, the vote for parliament, popular justice, all the usual liberties of the civilized European nations.

The possibility of inspired counter-revolution is held so great that the necessity of wasting many thousand lives in battle may be obviated. In fact the German military leaders think the chances very good for an almost bloodless war. Yet they do not want that! It will be necessary to spill some blood to seal the Pan-European pact.

If the revolt does not materialize, then Europe will behold something unparalleled. The infantry on the march will not be so great a sight as France has seen, but armies surrounded by quick-moving tanks, thousands upon thousands, in every road and in all the fields, and the tanks and men led from the air, the directing officers overlooking the field of battle, as they did from a little hill in the old days—in this manner will the Pan-European forces go from Warsaw to Moscow while Poland, Roumania, China and Japan complete the circle of blockade and isolation.

VII

The underlying cause of the World War, says Lord Grey in his memoirs, was the race for armaments which terminated in the tragedy of 1914.

The budgets of the European nations show clearly that not only is there an armament race at present, but that it exceeds anything in the past. In the last report to the Secretary of War, the retiring chief of staff of the United States Army, General Summerall says:

“The past decade has seen no reduction in the mobilization forces of foreign nations in trained troops; the number of men under arms throughout the world is greater than at any previous epoch in the peacetime history of mankind.”

A reliable estimate has 5,500,000 active soldiers in Europe.

The ability to turn chemical factories into poison gas plants in a few days and to convert commercial airplanes into bombers, two of the newest and most terrible instruments of human destruction, complicates every effort to limit the armaments race because they cannot be limited by treaty or League of Nations. France's alarm over Germany's progress in poison and aviation is of course justified. The French delegate to Geneva described one of the new German airplanes as capable of carrying four small cannon as well as numerous machine guns. These planes can carry five tons of bombs, keep an altitude of about 20,000 feet, which is beyond anti-aircraft range, and make the circuit Madrid, Rome, Paris, Brussels and back without a landing.

Italy has joined Germany as a poison gas producer. A report of the *Agencia Economica* describing the paint and varnish plant of Turin states, “This plant will in time of war

be called upon to prepare the most deadly gases for both defense and attack. It is therefore a good idea that foreigners do not know anything of the workings of this group of producing units."

Of the naval armament race between France and Italy, the naval expert of the London Daily Telegraph says:

"A survey of current work shows that France now has well over 50 warships under construction, including four cruisers (one a mine layer).

"The Italian statistics are even more impressive. There are now on the stocks in Italy no fewer than 10 cruisers, aggregating 71,500 tons, and nearly 1,000,000 horsepower. Fourteen destroyers and 20 submarines are also in hand.

"It will be recalled that the 1930 program, introduced on the morrow of the London Naval Conference, provides for 29 vessels (one 10,000 ton and two 5,000 ton cruisers, four destroyers, 22 submarines), and Signor Mussolini has given emphatic assurance that all these craft will be duly completed.

"In all, therefore, Italy has, building and projected, 73 ships of war, with a total displacement of approximately 160,000 tons. This runs the French program very close. The figures leave no doubt as to Italy's determination to implement her claim to absolute equality of naval power in the Mediterranean."

Of military preparation under the Russian Five-Year Plan my Berlin colleague, H. R. Knickerbocker, writes from Cheliabinsk that Lenin's proposal to move Moscow to the Urals in time of danger would mean, tomorrow, "retirement to the stronghold of a military industrial complex capable of supplying an army of millions with all the munitions of war from the raw ore to the finished steel, the tanks and guns and chemicals of the future conflict."

VIII

In our daily ration of German propaganda at the front one day a little silk parachute brought us a handful of printed matter which made us laugh. "Americans!" said the German staff to our soldiers, "What are you fighting for? To protect the international loans?" We laughed and grew angry at the stupid enemy. We knew what we were fighting for. Democracy. Belgium. Lusitania. Liberty. And a lot of other things we now wonder about.

In the past ten years I have heard many intelligent Germans argue that had the Fatherland taken several billions in American loans in 1914, we would not have taken sides in 1917.

Now comes the Yale University Press, which publishes for the Council on Foreign Relations a scholarly and trustworthy volume, "Europe, the World Banker, 1870-1914" by Herbert Feis, which proves unquestionably that the World War was largely the result of the international finance and intrigue which accompanied it, in France, Germany, England and Russia.

Britain and France played a tremendous political game with their foreign loans of \$20,000,000,000 and \$9,000,000,000 respectively, and Germany with a smaller amount also used it in the making and breaking of the balance of power on the Continent and elsewhere. France invested mostly in Russia, and so Russian diplomats in Paris could help dictate foreign policies for peace and war. All the intrigue of the Berlin-Bagdad railroad, the Afghanistan affairs which threatened England in India, the exploitation of Morocco and Turkey and China, and many Balkan adventures, and all the re-

sultant bloodshed between 1870 and 1914, are connected with the rivalry of the foreign loan interests and their supporting governments.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that there is a financial preparation for the impending wars. The Germans claim that France, having accumulated the second largest gold reserve in the world, is now the only European nation in a position to do large international financing and is mixing the power of money with the power of arms. France is at last in a position to aid England as well as Italy, say the Germans, and will do so, as long as it improves her political schemes of European domination. Anyone can see French finance at work building up the walls against Russia and Germany, walls of gold pieces as well as cannon and treaties. France may claim they are for defense, for the preservation of the *status quo*, but while she may sincerely believe all this, how can the statements be reconciled with the admission that the armament race was the cause of the Great War and the proof that the intrigue of international loans is a cause in all modern wars?

France is spending 27 per cent of its budget in war preparation, and her satellite Poland, 29 per cent. (While the Germans are spending only 4 per cent, the amount, \$178,000,000 for the support of 100,000 men, is almost as much as the Kaiser spent for his army of millions; this is explained by General Groener as the difference between a conscripted and a highly paid volunteer force, but the explanation is not quite satisfactory to France, which believes that a large sum is spent on private ventures, such as aiding the Stahlhelm and other semi-military organizations.) A peaceful country, Sweden, which hasn't been in bloodshed for a century, is forced to spend 20 per cent of its budget, and Switzerland, owing to its geographi-

cal position and its preparedness policy, 30 per cent of the budget for militarism. The Soviets in 1929 had a military budget of \$459,000,000 and Italy \$241,771,850 but this does not include the Fascist army, which costs, according to one estimate, a billion lire, or \$50,000,000 more.

In 1926 according to official figures from Geneva, \$3,180,000,000 was spent for armaments by the United States, Britain, France, Japan, Italy, Russia and Spain, as compared to \$2,430,000,000 in the fiscal year before the 1914 war. The official yearbook of the League of Nations shows the following military expenditures of the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy and Russia:

1909	\$1,602,200,000
1913	2,032,080,000
1926	2,157,400,000
1928	2,641,000,000

and Director Shotwell of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, division of economics and history, estimates that the whole world this fiscal year is spending between \$4,000,000,000 and \$5,000,000,000 in preparing for the next wars, an amount that does not include paying for past wars or industrial warfare mobilization, or war pensions. It is just a dead loss (unless we have wars) and equals one-half the value of the world's food products. If paying for past wars, debts, pensions, etc. is included, the British 1929 budget, for example, becomes 70 per cent for old and new wars, and a similar figure is probably correct for many other countries.

It is apparent that the past wars and the present armament race are gradually eating up the financial resources of the

world. The figures become more overwhelming. From that very fact springs one of the important movements for world peace.

Italy is at her financial end. When Mr. Mussolini in a recent speech admitted that "the situation has grown considerably worse" he fooled no one but the whole Italian people when he blamed that on the American crisis. Every banker and every honest journalist knew that from 1925 on the Fascists were playing a *commedia dell'arte* with their budgets, that billions of lire had been wasted in militarism and graft, that the British had consistently and prudently refused to lend a single penny to Fascism and that the American financiers became scared and stopped their loans a considerable time before November 1929.

Italy is desperate. Her last appeal is to France. But how can Fascism ask for a loan from France and continue the war threats in Tunis, the Riviera, Corsica and the Mediterranean, and can she take France's money and use it to attack France's Balkan ally, Jugoslavia? Not unless the French have forgotten the lessons of the 1870-1914 policy of combining political intrigue with financial exploitation, and everything that has happened since the Armistice shows that France has improved upon, not forgotten the lessons.

In Germany, while the Hitlerites are yelling war and smashing liberal newspapers, the bankers are talking a moratorium under the Young Plan.

Russia may fight the world by dumping grain or intriguing in armies, but financially she is weak and whatever strength she has goes into the Five-Year Plan. World conquest, the aim of the Third Internationale, is merely an item on the agenda of the annual congress.

Roumania reports a serious agricultural and financial crisis.

Unemployment has reached an unprecedented census in Europe.

Times are bad everywhere.

France and America alone are capable of making the new loans, and if it is true that money makes the war-horses go, all depends on these two countries.

IX

The alignment for war or peace includes persons and ideas, concrete facts (and trenches) and vague movements. On the side of war we have: psychological preparation almost complete; the greatest armament race in history; new financial intrigues; two *cordons sanitaires* built for war; preparation of the young generation for war; dictators, especially the Red and Black whose existence depends to an extent on war threats; the evils of Versailles; the failure of international movements; the upsetting of the new *status quo* by the Revisionists; and many minor elements.

On the side of peace I find, with the exception of the potential power of money, very little to write about. Naturally one thinks first of the League of Nations. At least Americans and Englishmen do. But political idealism among the big powers exists only for these two peoples. A Frenchman can write:

“It is true that the Society of Nations is nothing but a body without a soul and that all the proposed texts of Geneva to organize security by arbitration fall into a vacuum.

“No one has illusions about Locarno, that vaunted chef-d’oeuvre of M. Briand. We need not mention the Kellogg pact. No one, not even in America, has ever taken it seriously.”

This may be too strong, but it is the realist opinion. On the side of the idealists, there is H. G. Wells with his plan of

“cosmopolitanism” to supplant the bankrupted internationalism, there is Cudenhove-Kalergi with his plan of a Pan-Europa which Briand has swiped from him, there is the Pope in Rome, who, according to reports in 1928, was about to issue an encyclical against reactionism in Europe. We were told the Pope would speak for Democracy, Liberalism, Social Humanitarianism and Pacifism; it would be as direct an attack on Fascism as Bolshevism. But in 1928 for reasons we were never told, but which probably traced back to the Chigi Palace, this encyclical was not issued, and nothing was heard of such a peace move again until it was reported that the very same letter was being prepared by the Pope for Christmas 1930. The Rev. Daniel A. Poling, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, returning from the congress in Berlin, believes that “the youth of Europe want peace. That meeting . . . clearly demonstrated that international peace and accord are possible.” Berne announces that the World Conference for International Peace will convene in Washington in 1932 with “eleven major religions” represented. For every column of war news in the papers nowadays, one can find a “stick” of peace reports similar to the above.

But every scheme for peace is dubbed “fantastic” by the realists, who even now cannot see that there has never been anything more fantastic in history than the great World War.

The organization for war today is stupendous, progressive, apparent; the organization for peace, where it exists at all, is feeble, haphazard — it seems to be suffering in its every beginning from a sense of futility and tragic despair.

The most decisive factor for war or peace is the American dollar. The dollar is pure realism. The adjective, however, remains idealistic despite all that has happened from 1914 to

the Armistice, and the twelve disillusionist years which have followed.

Our foreign loans have been estimated at more than \$15,000,000,000. Dr. George W. Edwards, economist, says the \$7,000,000,000 invested from 1923 to 1928 give that total; Dr. Max Winkler figures \$14,500,000,000 to the end of 1927; John F. Dulles, banker, secretary of the Hague Peace Conference, gives \$11,000,000,000 as the total to March 1928; Marcel Pays in the Paris Excelsior figures \$2,000,000,000 additional in 1928 and \$1,000,000,000 in 1929; James Speyer told the Foreign Policy Association of New York that he expected many more billions increase shortly, and Morris Hillquit followed with the statement that within the next ten years the total will be \$50,000,000,000.

There is only one big banker outside the United States — that is, France — and few will want to take the risk of accusing France of political idealism. Up to now there has been nothing but opportunism, sometimes recklessness in the issuing of the \$15,000,000,000 and more of American international loans. We have consistently refused loans to Russia, because we have no treaty with the Bolsheviks, because we disapproved of terrorism, or were afraid the government might not last long enough to repay. We have according to ex-Premier Nitti sunk \$600,000,000 in Italy (the embassy in Washington somehow figures it at \$349,463,100 but I have seen a list of a larger amount) — a large part of which has been wasted (notably in Milan) in graft, the upkeep of the dictatorship, and vast military preparations. We have handed out billions which have been used to prepare for coming wars.

American idealism in the past has been perverted by propaganda, tricked by weak leaders, sent roaring patriotically into a criminal adventure from which it took a long time to re-

cover. But it survives. If only a small part of that idealism which was once aroused for war can be employed in the distribution of its future dollars there will be a greater assurance of peace than all the treaties and conferences and encyclicals and Boy Scout congresses and the plans which European politicians can produce.

VI

PEACE WEARY

BLOODY BALKANS

INTRIGUE FOR WAR

Italy replaces Austro-Hungarian monarchy as menace to
peace—plots in Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary,
Jugoslavia

LEAGUE OF NATIONS FLOUTED

VI

THE peace-weary Balkans are being prepared for war. The roots, causes, scenes of almost all the armed conflicts since Napoleon's days, the bloodstained Balkans, have come under new influences, and here the preparations for war are more evident and the political intrigue more free.

It is in the Balkans and not on the French frontier that the war Fascism must fight to save itself when its last desperate economic ditch is reached, will take place, say the shrewdest observers. All the sword-rattling is stage-play, so far as France is concerned, they claim, because the real objective is Jugoslavia, annexation of Albania, more islands of Greece and domination of everything from the Alps to Stamboul. France is strong, France would probably win the war. But the Balkans are inviting prey.

Ludovic Naudeau writes, "In my soul and conscience, I must say that everything that is actually taking place points to Italy's engaging in war in 1932." It is rash to predict dates. At the moment of writing Fascism is facing so grave a crisis it may not survive — or it may be driven into foreign adventure even earlier.

The Italian preparations in Albania leave no doubt that this state, which Mussolini now dominates militarily, is to be the jumping-off place of the Italian army and navy. In Albania more than in Jugoslavia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece, the Italian intrigue has penetrated deeply and succeeded.

The policies of the Machiavellian Mussolini have been at various times peace with Jugoslavia and intrigue with all Jugoslavia's enemies against her; complete militarization of Al-

bania; intrigue with Hungary and Austria; overtures of friendship to the Little Entente and a deep-laid plot to smash the Little Entente.

Tunis, Syria and Abyssinia were tried by Mussolini in turn without success. The French and British checkmated him and so did Kemal Pasha's effort in establishing a strong Turkish government; Mussolini could grab no land in these zones. In 1924 the policy of Balkan penetration and domination was inaugurated. The principal aim was domination of the Adriatic and expansion into Yugoslav territory. The Albanian harbors are now almost completely Italian naval bases and the army is under Italian command. The Fascist general Camiccio was entrusted with the Albanian army and the national bank of Albania was delivered to the Italians also. Ahmed Zogu, dictator of Albania, who rose to presidency and emperorship under Fascist plotting, was in turn made a royal prisoner in the palace, surrounded by Fascist spies and watchers, Fascist functionaries of state and Fascist cooks and valets. He has become the docile servant of Mussolini.

There seems to be some secret behind this Italian success. Because the treaties between European nations guaranty the integrity of Albania, the League of Nations is supposed to do likewise, and now we have Albania made a military base for the Italian war in the Balkans. Why haven't the European powers done something? One plausible explanation is that Mussolini came to a secret agreement with the British before the complete Fascization of Albania was undertaken. It will be remembered that in 1926 the British and the Turks were on the point of war. In fact the frontiers north of Mosul (ancient Nineveh) had been cleared and the Turks (without the knowledge of Kemal Pasha, I am sure) had massacred several hundred Christians in preparation for the war. The British

air base at Hinaidi, near Bagdad, was ready with its 200 bombing planes. The Turks claimed all the north of Iraq, including the town of Mosul and the alleged oil fields.

Diplomacy saved the nations from a war then. On September 30, 1926 Mussolini and Sir Austen Chamberlain met in Livorno. The reports are that the Italian premier promised the British an expedition to the coasts of Anatolia. Italy had always wanted to seize territory there but had been checked by the British. Now she could achieve a double object, gain land and the friendship of England. Furthermore, should the expedition not be needed (as turned out to be the case), Mussolini could have a free hand in Albania in return for the gesture which intimidated the Turks and kept the peace of Asia Minor. At least so the reports read. The facts are evident: after the conversation between Chamberlain and Mussolini the invasion of Albania began in earnest and the European powers have looked aside.

Two months after this famous conference Zogu faced a tribal revolt in the north of Albania. The Fascist press was instructed by the Palazzo Chigi to blame Jugoslavia for the trouble, whereas evidence exists that there was more Fascist than Serbian intrigue among the tribesmen and that the revolt led to the profit of Italy. Baron Akoisi appeared on the scene with a pact for Zogu to sign; if he did, Italy would save him his job, otherwise the tribesmen would overrun the country. Zogu signed. Albania lost its sovereignty. Italy became the new troublemaker of the Balkans.

The next step was a campaign against Jugoslavia in the Fascist press. The Serbs were again accused of planning a new revolution against the Albanian dictator. In March 1927 Mussolini addressed to the British and French governments a note giving his accusations. Jugoslavia replied by demanding an

international commission of neutrals to determine the truth. Under Mussolini's influence this request was rejected. Minor discords between Yugoslavia and Italy followed. Yugoslavia demanded that the League of Nations intervene, but the League, which had been kicked in every part of the pants for many years by Mussolini, did not take action. Yugoslavia said the Treaty of Tirana and the League of Nations were incompatible. The League was kept silent.

In Bulgaria before the ninth of June 1923, the government was in the hands of the peasant leader, Stambulinsky. The peasants and their prime minister have been accused of creating a green terror. There is no doubt it was a dictatorship and its rule was severe. One day in June a revolt broke out. The militarists stabbed Stambulinsky to death and established a new terrorism. It was remarked that on the day of the revolution the militarists held a procession led by General Lazaroff, which stopped before the Italian legation and shouted hurrahs for Mussolini and Italy and that the *coup d'état* was hailed with joy by the instructed Fascist press. Mussolini intervened to obtain the recognition of the new terror regime, and since that time every point raised by Bulgaria at the League has had the support of Mussolini. The peace treaty which was signed in Sofia later was so worded that it looked harmless and could be registered with the League, but behind it was the beginning of a plot which Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay had to counteract a year later.

In Budapest Mussolini called the Hungarians to join him in facing the danger of Pan-slavism. The intrigue against Yugoslavia continued. A Fascist organization called Levente, and claiming to be an officers' physical culture club, is in close correspondence with Italian Fascism. The movement to restore the lost provinces to Hungary gained considerable support in

foreign countries, thanks to the machinations of Mussolini and the press campaign of Lord Rothermere. The Hungarian newspaper *Pesti Hirlap* then published what is claimed was a document signed by the French Ambassador, Maurice Paléologue, stating that the territories would be restored if Hungary offered 100,000 soldiers for a war against Soviet Russia and placed its railroads under French control. This document was proved a forgery but the Hungarian nationalists continued their intrigue. In 1928 a trainload of Italian machine guns and cannon, coming from Verona and destined for the Hungarian Fascists, was stopped by the Austrians. The French press considered the affair the most serious since the Armistice. This time the League of Nations listened to the request for a committee of investigation, but again the Fascists were able to shunt the result. The Little Entente, mortal enemy of the Hapsburgs, clamored for action but failed, and many believe that its importance began to wane from this date. At the same time Mussolini, who had been dealing with the two bitterest enemies in Europe, Hungary and Roumania, made an invitation to Roumania to quit the Little Entente and join him in forming a new league, that of Italy, Hungary and Roumania. General Averescu in Roumania, who had in 1926 signed a peace treaty in Rome, was Mussolini's standard bearer in Bucharest. But the Bratianu boys were no novices in Balkan intrigue and when they caused the fall of Averescu, Mussolini suffered one of his many setbacks.

Beneš has succeeded in combating Mussolini in Czechoslovakia and in Roumania there has been a failure, but in Hungary and in Bulgaria Fascism has been most successful, while in Albania there is almost a Fascist sovereignty. The purpose of all this intrigue has been the encirclement of Jugoslavia. This last country in defense has signed a peace and

arbitration treaty with another of Mussolini's victims, Greece, which, weak and disarmed, had once been assaulted by Mussolini. Kemal Pasha has been too wise to deal with Fascism, knowing that the sole purpose was Italian lust for rich lands in the Near East. But thanks to Mussolini all attempts to unite the Balkans, to cure their war wounds, to solve the Macedonian question and to restore peace have failed; instead of the Austro-Hungarian menace to peace in the Balkans there is now the Italian menace.

Reviewing the writings of the Yugoslav patriot Chantitch, Senator Henry de Jouvenal, former French delegate to the League of Nations, concludes:

“There can be no doubt that Italian policies (in the Balkans) presuppose war.”

VII

GERMANY'S

PREPARATION

FOR NEXT WAR

Chemical Industry places defeated nation in remarkable position

GAS WILL DECIDE CONFLICTS

Professor Haber, inventor of chemical warfare, in exclusive interview tells correspondent how Ludendorff spoiled plans for German victory in 191- and foretells future

FULL DESCRIPTION OF GERMAN POWER

VII

WHAT will be the position of Germany in the scheme of red versus black? On which side will Germany fight? Can Germany be the decisive factor in the next war?

After many years' work and travel in all parts of Germany I had a vague feeling that Germany was arming for the coming conflict — but arming without arms.

In the old days, General von Hoffmann — the dictator of the disgraceful peace of Brest-Litovsk, and in a way the stepfather of Bolshevism — had said to me:

“The civilised world must crush this Bolshevism. If you can see President Coolidge, I wish you would give him my ideas on this subject. Europe is in danger — and America too. There is something in this Bolshevism which sweeps over people. I know how strongly America feels about this new danger; I read the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times regularly.

“I know also that the American people are a bit disgusted with the outcome of the last war, *nicht wahr?* They would not go to a new war at present. But we Germans would fight again — even now. We would fight the Bolsheviks — look at the Riga affair — the Bermond-Avalow War. Yes, we would fight.

“Good! Do you want to get rid of Bolshevism, now, before it overcomes Europe, then America? Then finance us. American dollars, French cannon, British ships, and most important of all — American dollars.

“I will lead the army. I will have a staff of the flower of the old German army. We will march into Russia and succeed where Napoleon failed. It will be simple. With railroads and

airplanes Moscow is no longer months away and the victors in danger of being cut off from communications. German soldiers, American dollars: I promise you an end to Bolshevism in a short time and with little loss."

Now General von Hoffmann is dead, Bolshevism has consolidated its positions, its Ambassador is sitting pretty at the palace, Unter den Linden, and millions of dollars of American trade are being earned by German business men because America alone refuses to recognize Russia *de jure* or *de facto*. Germany has been plundered by Poland and is on good terms with the Kremlin. German airplane factories are busy creating a Bolshevik air service and although the monarchists still howl against Russia whenever the German communists revolt, they continue to take Russian money for everything they can export.

Certainly it looks to me as if Germany's choice will be on the red side.

I had been present at the Genoa conference and reported the amazing treaty of Santa Marghareta—incorrectly called the Rappallo Treaty. Walter Rathenau, the German foreign minister, had been my personal friend. He had always said "*Mein lieber Seldes*" to me and in a confidential interview I asked that day:

"How did you have the courage to affront the Allies, here at Genoa, by signing a treaty in secret with the Allies' enemies?"

And Rathenau replied:

"*Mein lieber Seldes*, because although defeated, Germany is not yet a colony of Great Britain—but please don't print that!"

He assured me there were no secret military clauses in the treaty—but the suspicion persisted. Of course there were no military clauses. But there was the beginning of a friendship among the two "outcast" nations of the world that

day, and that friendship might some day blossom with bayonets.

In the Upper Silesian plebiscite again I saw a cause for a future war with right and justice on Germany's side. British, Italian and French troops were in control of the zone, a vast area, red at night with the flames of iron furnaces and black by day with the smoke. Another Essen. Another Pittsburgh.

Terrorism tried vainly to gain the upper hand. Only the British stood out for fairness. The French, and under their influence the Italian military, were on the side of the Poles. Korfanty created an illegal armed militia which the Allies did not suppress. Once there was a pitched battle. The British troops fought the Poles and French. It was a nasty scandal, and everyone tried to hush it up. After all, America was no longer blind to injustice, and everything had to be done to keep the American sympathy from rising on behalf of the plundered Germans.

Despite this terrorism, despite the fact that the bulk of the troops were on the side of the Poles and despite every election chicanery, I saw the populace go to the polls and vote sixty per cent or more for remaining Germans. It looked as if right had triumphed.

And then the politicians set to work. France had created and saved the new Polish Republic. Her policy was obvious: a buffer state against Bolshevism; a new foe on Germany's east to replace the fallen Czar; a part of the vast encircling movement France was making by issuing loans and giving political spoils to many nations, the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Hungary, even Catholic Bavaria which France once urged to secede.

And so despite the vote for Germany, the politicians produced their maps and, laughing derisively at Woodrow Wil-

son's honest naïve American idea of the rights of self-determination, awarded the wealth of Upper Silesia to Poland.

To this day the Germans call Upper Silesia "our Ireland." Never since the Armistice have I heard any German except the most die-hard Junker, refer to Alsace-Lorraine. In those redeemed French territories, I did find considerable talk for reunion with Germany and really a vast movement for complete independence—this of course rarely reported by the Paris correspondent of American papers, for obvious reasons. But in Germany there is no Alsace-Lorraine irredentism. That question is dead. But Silesia is in flame.

The years have restored the German flag to the air and sea. Her Zeppelins circle the globe and her shipping gains world trade while her liners take the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. Her army is small but of unrivalled efficiency. Although her sea power is limited to a few cruisers, inconsequential in a battle at sea, their speed, armament, modernity astound the Allies. The Saar basin question is near a satisfactory settlement. There is even talk of giving her back a colony or two. The Allies quit the Rhine ahead of time. The Dawes Plan has been replaced by the Young Plan. The French are saying, "We won the war; Germany is winning the peace," and denouncing America for refusing to join an Allied consortium which would guarantee French frontiers in the future.

But Germany is not content with her progress. She is again a great nation, true, but on all her frontiers other nations are in arms against her, ready to strike. And, there is the Silesian crime to avenge, Danzig to restore as truly German, and the odious Polish corridor; colonies are needed for her surplus exports and for her ships, war craft to defend her place on the seven seas.

The German army had been limited to 100,000 men—less

than four American divisions at full war strength. The French thought they were very wise when they insisted that enlistment must be for a term of twelve years. In that way, they believed, they would keep the German military strength down. Otherwise the enemy could change its 100,000 every year or two, and even after the veterans of the World War had grown too old for active service, always be able to call a million to arms.

But the twelve-year idea is an advantage to the Germans. What a fuss the Allies made in 1922 with their cry of alarm. "A skeleton army — dummy divisions — the organisation for an army of millions." Partly true. With 100,000 men enlisted for twelve years, the German staffs and the German military schools set out to make super-soldiers. Each man of this 100,000 could be made into a sergeant, a lieutenant in non-com. uniform. In war time a million or more civilians could be trained quickly and each man of the old army put in a command.

But just as the development of civilian air communications broke the Allied attempt to oust Germany from the air, so other civilian progress gives Germany new weapons for the next war. In 1930 I found Germany in better condition for a new type of warfare than she had been in August 1914.

And no League of Nations, Young Plan, International Court, Disarmament Commission, London Conference or any Pacifist plot can prevent Germany from growing more powerful. Her science is winning. The need for self-preservation, the primary call of the hungry stomach for enough food, has resulted in scientific methods for agricultural production. Yet the materials of construction, employed differently, will furnish her with the most powerful destructive instruments.

By 1930 the manufacture of nitrates and dyestuffs, which no League of Nations or Disarmament Commission could check,

has made Germany potentially the most powerful nation in the world. Nitrogen, the life of plant growth, is the heart and body of war. Because Germany had the poorest soil of any great nation in the world, and because she could not rely on Chili nitrates, she has solved her food problem by artificial production, and incidentally made possible unlimited production of explosives when the need arises.

Germany surprised the world with poison gas. She could have won the war easily if the old-fashioned military leaders had been able to grasp a new idea; if instead of merely experimenting they had waited, attacked everywhere with gas, and broken the whole Allied line. Now, in 1931, the titanic German dye trust, eight huge mass producers and many small plants devoted to colors and drugs, can prepare for a gas war in actually a few days. Tear gas made from brominated substances, phosgene, complicated mustard gas, and at least three new secret gases (two of which I know something about, namely — one which kills, and one which deadens — puts the enemy *hors de combat* but leaves little physical after effects) can be made out of the very materials peaceably producing headache and malaria cures, and all the colors for the world's clothes, and even the new sweet perfumes which, put up in Paris bottles, are sold to Americans at exorbitant prices. Practically inexhaustible, the raw materials for commerce can quickly be turned into the greatest terror of war.

The greatest chemical engineering feat in the world — that was the phrase of the American assistant trade Commissioner in telling me of the nitrogen industry. Up to now the world has been dependent on Chili saltpeter. British and German battleships fought in the Pacific off the coast of Chili and Peru — for Germany, early in the war, realized she could get no nitrate deposits, yet hoped to keep England away. The battle

was for the control of the "nitrogen route," and England won. But Germany won, too, because she created a new industry.

Every year before the conflict Germany had been importing 756,000 tons of Chili saltpeter, almost every bit of it to sweeten the mean soil of the Fatherland. About 120,000 tons was pure nitrogen.

Our very common air is just four-fifths nitrogen. Any chemist can separate it easily. And inexpensively. But this most inert of gases known to science when not in composition is useless. Once combined with oxygen chemically, then released, its force can rock fields and mountains. "Modern warfare," a scientist once said, "consists of the liberation of nitrogen from its compounds." The nation with the greatest reserve of nitrogen or the means of large production, has half won the future war.

In 1931, Germany can "fix" more than twenty times the amount of nitrogen that all the rest of the world combined could fix.

Another important fact is the shift in Germany's processes. For there are two very successful ones. Yet one is better than the other, and gradually Germany is abandoning its first for its second. (I am told the United States is adopting the one Germany discarded for its plant at Muscle Shoals.)

In a new war Germany would expect an immediate blockade. Perhaps she would have freedom of the air, a real place in the sun, but she could not hope to import necessities that way. But with all her ports sealed, and the enemy on every frontier, she can produce considerably over 500,000 tons of nitrogen each year. Of this, one-fifth would be the by-product of her coke and gas plants, another fifth from the Frank-Caro air fixation plants, and the rest from the Haber-Bosch air fixation works. Since the last war the Frank-Caro plants had

been decreasing and the Haber-Bosch factories increasing production. (Muscle Shoals is a Frank-Caro process plant.)

Mystery guards the processes and statistics. The German nitrogen syndicate is most secretive. Spies of the Allied countries come and go daily. Workmen and officials are bribed daily. Occasionally there is a terrific explosion. Workmen lose their lives. Military Attachés in all embassies in Berlin try to get a little information. Rumors of new experiments with gases and explosives, a hundred, a thousand times as deadly as any known, come to journalists' ears. The German press, with the exception of the communist organ, hushes up the matter. The mystery remains.

Germany continues to manufacture much more than peace demands. This American representatives have found out and wondered at. They have tried to find out costs of production. They have suspected that it costs more to make artificial fertilizers from nitrogen than to import from Chili—and they have found German agents actually selling their products abroad at less than Chili prices. This would indicate that the 500,000-ton annual production of nitrogen is being maintained so that the plants can give Germany that amount when such an amount would be vital, namely, in the next war.

But even if cost of production is somewhat cheaper than Chili, the effort to sell abroad, as in India, shows clearly a desire to keep the homeland nitrogen plants going at capacity always.

By the Frank-Caro process the end product is calcium cyanamide. The Haber-Bosch process, depending on cheap coal for its power, was handicapped a long time because of the expense of combining nitrogen with hydrogen to form ammonia. These gases are peculiar. They must be introduced by a "third person," or what chemists call a catalyser. Unless

uranium or platinum did the introducing, nitrogen refused to behave. And the introducer after a while would become the prisoner of the meeting elements.

Then Dr. Haber discovered that iron oxide would act as a catalyser. It is cheap. Since that discovery the Haber-Bosch method has been conquering.

From ammonia to nitric acid is a short step; the combination with gun cotton or other base for explosives is still shorter. With the half-million ton capacity a war as big as the last would not drain Germany, since only a quarter-million was expended in any one year from 1914 to 1918.

The fixation of nitrogen from the air by the Haber-Bosch process was called explosion proof. Yet when I investigated it I found that the greatest catastrophe in German industrial history was that at Oppau, where the Baden Aniline plant was destroyed with a loss of six hundred lives.

I went to see Professor Fritz Haber, the inventor of the process.

"If," said Professor Haber, "we can discover the cause of the explosion, we shall find a new and most terrible force hitherto unknown to man."

On the scientist's table stood a framed picture clipped from the Illustrated London News of 1915 showing the first gas attack, in April of that year, against the Canadians, at Ypres. It was this picture which led me to ask Haber if he was the father of gas warfare.

The pleasant-faced, blond-bald, blue-eyed, large-featured youngish man, who was still giving his services to the Fatherland as chief of the chemical research laboratories of the University of Berlin, admitted he might be called the father of gas warfare, but the actual first use of gas as a weapon was before the war.

“Poison gas,” explained Professor Haber, “is really a development, as Major Clarence West of the American Chemical Warfare Department has shown. In 1912 there is the first record of its use. At Choicy-le-Roi, the French police attacked some Apaches known as the Bonnet gang. Some sort of gas was employed.

“In the very first days of the war the British and French press was filled with claims of a Frenchman named Turpin, who said he would win the war by using a new explosive ‘which killed without touching, but left an odor.’

“It may have been an Allied hoax. If so, it cost the Allies dearly. Because the German general staff read these reports and was puzzled. In self-defense we began gas experiments.

“Early in 1915 small quantities of gas were employed on the French and German sides with no result. I then began intensive experimentation with liquids, commonly called gases, because they are effective only when vaporized.

“Soon I was in a position to go before the German general staff with a plan for massed gas attacks which would break war’s stalemate and bring an easy and quick victory to Germany, incidentally saving millions of lives on both sides.

“But I was only a college professor! The older men, whose business it was to make war, never would listen to such a radical idea as mine. Some called it nonsense. Some said I was a dreamer. All they would do was agree to a limited use as an experiment. This they did.

“What was the result? The great surprise of the new weapon was soon dissipated. The smallness of the attack made it ineffective. Quickly the opposition was able to produce counter measures, gas masks, and eventually to produce gas in large quantities to use against us.

“Later our great war leaders admitted to me, and to the world, that a massed attack, such as I recommended, instead of the experiment at Ypres, would have won the war for Germany.

“Every new weapon is capable of winning a war. Every war is a war against the soul of the soldier, not his body. A new weapon breaks his morale just because it is new — something he hasn’t experienced, therefore fears most. We were used to shell fire. Artillery thunder didn’t harm the morale of men from London or New York used to living in terrific noise. But the smell of gas upset everybody.

“Towards the end of the war Germany was using twenty-seven per cent gas shell and our new ‘penetrating gas’ which caused blisters and inflammations, putting men out of action for about three weeks. All gas shell is more humane than blood-letting weapons. Gas is relatively harmless yet superior to high explosive because it puts more men out of action over a larger area temporarily. And that is all that is necessary to win a war. You do not need to kill. Put them out of action, enough of them, and the road is open.

“Still it is wrong to say the Germans started gas warfare, or to call it an atrocity. French, British and Japanese high officers who sat in the very chair you are in now, in talking gas warfare with me, made no such accusation and I notice gas remains an accepted weapon of their armies as well as of the American army. Is there any move to abolish gas in the future?”

I returned to the possibility of the discovery of a new and greater explosive force than any known, as the result of the Oppau disaster investigation.

“There has never been an explosion before,” continued the professor, “and by my process, all scientists will agree, none seems possible. Yet we face a tragic fact. There are even seismo-

graphic records. I am certain we are on the threshold of a great discovery, invaluable in the future.”

· That was all he would say.

As the creator of chemicals, Germany may still be the deciding power in the coming war: on the red side she could provide the material force necessary for victory; against the reds she could be invincible; as a neutral, “selling to both sides” she would regain her economic sovereignty.

VIII EXILE

TORTURE

TERRORISM

Mussolini outdoes Czar and equals Bolsheviki in revenging himself upon liberal leaders who oppose dictatorship

MANY DIE UNDER TORTURE

Islands filled with deportees—thousands under arrest on mainland—inquisition methods revived

VIII

WITH the resurrection of the spirit of freedom in Italy, embodied in the "Justice and Liberty" party movement, there has followed a series of arrests and persecutions in the past year; thousands have been thrown into filthy jails without a trial, scores have been shot or shot at, fleeing into France or Switzerland, and "Les isles du Diable," the Devil Islands of Mussolini, off the Italian coast, crowded with new prisoners.

New methods of torture have been found; the horror of existence intensified. But the press of the world has kept silent, except on rare occasions, the last of which was the New York Times report from its Rome correspondent, Arnaldo Cortesi, with the headline: "Writes of exiles on Italian Islands: lawyer released after three years calls life on Lipari and Ponza not unpleasant."

Only three non-Italian journalists have ever visited the hells of the deportees. They are:

Henri Beraud, of the *Petit Parisien* (Paris)

Thomas Morgan, of the *United Press* (New York)

Harry Greenwall, of the *Daily Express* (London)

but the trips of the two former were approved and arranged by Mussolini, while Greenwall can boast he is the only neutral alive who ever visited the islands secretly.

M. Beraud writes a long *feuilleton* in French hinting slyly that he was not allowed to see anything real and that everything was "planted"; Mr. Morgan, who is Rome correspondent and who had to return to Rome to live there under Fascism, writes a long article more or less neutral in tone, say-

ing life is fairly tolerable. Mr. Greenwall, who came and went secretly, achieving one of the greatest (although still unappreciated) journalistic scoops of the century, writes and says that life in Mussolini's Siberia is terrible.

When M. Beraud asked to speak to one of the prisoners the latter looked at the police and spies, then at the picture of the Duce and said: "It's a nice day. It looks as if it will be a warm summer." That is all M. Beraud got.

Mr. Morgan's visit was arranged several days in advance by the Fascists who wished to counteract the sensational exposures in Fausto Nitti's book "Escape." Nitti and his friends Lussu and Rosselli have addressed a joint letter to the United Press, saying that the inspector general of police takes ten days to prepare the ground for the visit of a journalist; that in addition to the daily suffering on the islands there have been: closing of schools; dissolution of the food coöperative; suppression of the library; arrests and sentences of months and years in prison on the false information of the Fascist militiamen; certain colleagues were whipped in the street; at one time 200 persons were hauled before the tribunal; on December 25, 26 and 27, 1929, blood was spilled again in Lipari, the militiamen fired volleys wildly, 25 deportees were shot and 30 inhabitants whipped and scores arrested. This is part of the "tolerable" life of political victims.

Greenwall writes, "My lips are sealed regarding the manner in which I succeeded in reaching Lipari although I can say I traveled in a non-Italian vessel, from a non-Italian port, that for the purposes of my visit I used papers that were not my own, and that I traveled as a steward. I waited at table.

"Prisoners are arrested in Italy on 'information received.' Often . . . because of personal vendettas, acts of commercial rivalry or acts of jealousy. The arrested man is seized without

warning, taken away and cross-examined for long periods. Then he is handcuffed, placed in a sealed car, a sort of black hole, horribly hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter . . . the journey . . . lasts anything from 20 to 40 days . . . the prisoner is handcuffed from 50 to 150 hours.

“The mental torture of the prisoners is appalling. Most of them are intellectuals, writers, lawyers and students . . . there is a great shortage of water . . . life on the island is grey and sad. None of the prisoners has ever been tried before a properly constituted court . . . they all have to drag out this life of living death because of offences, real or imaginary, against the dictatorship.”

Such is the testimony of the only man who ever visited the islands without Fascist knowledge and intimidation. I consider it the most honest and the most important that has ever come out of Italy. Through arrangements I have been able to make recently, I have obtained more information direct from the islands. A letter smuggled out of Lipari states:

“Following the escape of Nitti, Lusso and Rosselli, the militia determined to make life still more unbearable for the prisoners. The militia general arrived for an inspection, at the end of which he told the local commanding officer: ‘If there is another escape some of your officers might just as well commit suicide.’

“The prisoners are beaten, spat on, denied all the little rights they had before. Many who had obtained employment were forced to quit. The militiamen began rounds of prisoners’ sleeping quarters five times the night. When the women begged that rooms where children slept be exempt, the militia replied by making ten inspection rounds every night so that sleep and rest became impossible. When the militiamen have had too much to drink they yell that the day is

coming soon when there will be a general massacre of the prisoners.

“Every day someone is beaten up by the Fascists. A sick man, Cerani, was taken to court charged with not answering roll call. Accused of singing a hostile song, Capotosti was locked up. Because he went to the police to file a complaint against a militiaman, a certain Vanni was beaten up by the Captain of militia and carried to the infirmary. Dante Romani while walking in the public street was attacked by the chief of a militia squad. With his arms pinioned, he was taken to the police station and again beaten. The lieutenant hit him on the head so severely the man lay as if dead. In the infirmary the doctors said it would take fifteen days for recovery.

“On January 20, 1930, there died in the Lipari hospital the ‘irredentist’ patriot Joseph Filipic of Nlovac, Istria. Officially the cause of death was given as pneumonia.

“At the end of December there had been a massacre of prisoners followed by many arrests. Previous to that prisoners had reported to the militia that Fascist agents were plotting a revolt in order to trap prisoners. This so angered Captain Quaglia that he ordered flogging en masse. One of the victims flogged was Filipic. He never recovered. A public funeral was prohibited.

“Following the escape of Nitti and his companions the police are so nervous that false alarms are sounded frequently. On one occasion the militiamen ran amuck wounding twenty-five men, women and children. Among the wounded was one man who was not a prisoner, a Chevalier Paino, director of the local savings bank, whose protest to Rome made a considerable scandal.

“The colony doctor, Fenech, refused to visit the wounded.”

Another smuggled note says:

“The situation is unbearable. The new director is powerless in the face of the militia. Acts of violence pass all limits; every day there are arrests without motives. All the arrested are bludgeoned. Some are seriously wounded. Insults and threats are continued. At a recent evening summons, acts of violence provoked a reaction on the part of the deportees. The militia rushed to arms. On the 30 December, the Fascists fired wildly in the streets upon the population and deportees. There were 30 wounded, some of them seriously. The excitement is extreme. From Rome they are egging them on so as to create a pretext for ferocious reprisals. We foresee that they will invent a plot as they did on Ustica to justify a butchery.”

A smuggled note from the island of Ponza:

“In a fight between the armed Fascists and the unarmed deportees, two of the latter, Prili and Pallottino, were severely wounded by bayonets, several others slightly wounded, and seventeen arrested.”

In Ustica, one of the prisoners' barracks is a large room with twenty-five or thirty bags of straw in two irregular lines. Pieces of clothes, shoes, bandages, rags, papers and quantities of dirt filled the floor. The stench was terrible. In one corner of this dormitory there was a hole in the floor—the prisoners' lavatory.

Those who have money hire rooms in town. The Fascists mix them up, lawyers, murderers, editors, politicians who have committed no other crime than pleading for freedom, and common criminals, many of them depraved.

The place is sickening. When one visitor asked for a glass of water, a prisoner replied: “Let us get a glass of wine in our café. You must not drink this water. There is no water on the island. We get our supply—scarcely enough for drinking,

cooking and washing once a week, from Palermo. It is poured into filthy tanks. When we asked covers for the tanks, the blackshirt officers refused. The wind blows all the dirt of the island into the water.

“But that is not the worst. Recently one of the murderers disappeared. For days we did not find him. Life had gotten too hard even for him, and he had committed suicide by jumping into the water tank. He could not commit suicide by jumping into the sea, because we are watched. While the body rotted, we drank the water. Then another person committed suicide the same way. You see how it is, one is affected by the acts of another.

“Well, we refused at first to continue drinking from those tanks. We demanded new ones. They were refused. We demanded the old ones be cleaned. This was refused also. We demanded covers, but they are still uncovered.

“When a prisoner becomes seriously ill there is little chance of saving his life. The doctor does not live here, he comes only when he wishes, and recently this Fascist Samaritan has said he will answer only calls which pay.”

A letter smuggled out of Ustica by the famous “underground” communication system, gives more news from that island:

“The government has sent among us many trouble-makers and spies disguised as radicals or as dissentient Fascists. Three of them deserve mention. Newton Canovi, Fedel and Bollo. Canovi is an old and famous Fascist agent, once of the editorial staff of *Il Popolo d'Italia*. He is famed for his extradition from France. He was deported by order of the French authorities after they had succeeded in getting proofs and confession that he had been sent to Nice by the Fascist government to instigate plots against Mussolini's life, in order to give the world the

impression that France was the center of all terroristic plots against Mussolini. On the island he posed as an anti-Fascist, in order to accomplish the sinister plan of his chiefs. To him is due the *mise en scène* of a plot which ended with the arrest of thirty of our companions, belonging to different political parties. They have been charged, before a special tribunal, with the following: stealing weapons, plotting an armed insurrection, proclamation of the Soviet on the Island of Ustica, attempt to poison the water in the tanks for the use of the militiamen, etc.

“Piccone of Palermo, a militiaman, was arrested on the charge of having furnished weapons to the political exiles. After his arrest, all political exiles were searched. Search was directed by Captain Memm, who had as principal helpers first lieutenant Languasco (called ‘Cocaina’ because of his love for that drug) and Giardino. The search was brutally conducted, without any regard to the wives of the political exiles.

“On the same night thirty-nine companions were arrested; among them Massarenti, Bentivoglio, Villani from Molinella, Romito, Bordizo, Schiavello, Berti, Angeloni, and others. The charges against them are without foundation; it is known by all that the weapons were stolen by ‘very faithful’ militiamen and sold to the peasants of the island in order to make money. An inspection was due which would have revealed the graft. Hence the arrests.”

Of the mental torture endured on the Italian mainland by the families of men who have fled to freedom, no case is more noteworthy than that of the Gianninis.

Alberto Giannini was editor of the *Becco Giallo*, the Roman satiric paper which one day published two photographs, one of a fine thoroughbred English bulldog, another of the Duce in one of his characteristic fiery poses so beloved of American

democrats. The resemblance was so striking it caused a laugh which went around the world. Mussolini, like the animal in the English picture, never forgave Giannini.

Like all monomaniacs he has no sense of humor. Giannini was really hounded out of Italy. The *Becco Giallo* is still published — in France — and its humorous barbs still rile Mussolini more than all other published attacks on him. How the Fascists revenged themselves Giannini tells in the following statement:

“I am in my fourth year of exile. My house was entered twice by Fascists; what they did not destroy they stole. They stole stocks and bonds worth many thousands, in fact my entire life savings, and when Mussolini suppressed my newspaper and sentenced me to five years ‘enforced domicile,’ I was left penniless.

“Former officer of a mountain battery, I had little difficulty in crossing the Alps and finding refuge in France. My aged mother, my wife and three children remained behind. It is against them that Mussolini takes his vengeance. In fear they may try to escape, he has them followed and watched day and night. My wife fell ill. In the hospital, during the long months of her illness, two agents stood by her bedside until she died; I am told that they expected that in her last agony she would reveal some information useful to Fascism.

“My children remain in Rome. One would think that Mussolini had had enough revenge. But no. Fascist agents follow even the smallest of my children to school and back, sit near them when they go to lunch, stand by them when they play with other children, never letting them escape their eye when they go for a walk.

“Meanwhile Mussolini sends me emissaries to persuade me to give up my activity as journalist in opposition to his regime

which is one of violence and which has made of my family imprisoned hostages. Cruelty against my family will be continued until I cease my work. These are the methods of Fascism, ferocious and barbaric, and its worthy Duce."

In Reggio Emilia — where Antonio Piccinini was executed and twenty-five anti-Fascist workingmen were massacred — the Fascist torture barracks are in the former convent on Sessi Street. In addition to blows, clubbing, kicks, and spitting in the face, the Chekah and the regular blackshirt militiamen use sandbags, irons and an instrument they jokingly call "nutcracker." It is made of two wooden sticks, fastened at one end by a piece of leather. The pain of the men tortured in this "nutcracker" is beyond human imagination.

A chauffeur, member of the old Republican party, was brought to "Fascist Barracks" and beaten with clubs until blood flowed. The torturers then went into the next room where several leading members of the Reggio Emilia Fascist Council were listening to the shrieks. "Is he spitting blood yet?" one asked. "No, not yet," was the reply. "Then continue," the official ordered, and the torture was continued until the Republican spat blood. The official who ordered the torture was the Honorable Fabbri, member of the Fascist Parliament, according to information published in Paris by the League of the Rights of Man, Italian section.

The world press had a big sensation in the Milan bombing case. By the time investigation showed that the whole thing was most likely a "plant" which miscarried and that no anti-Fascists had anything to do with it, the story had been forgotten. Even if American journalists dared to send that story, or could have gotten it through the censorship, it had become "stale news."

Therefore no journalist wrote anything about the torture in

San Fedele Square prison which the authorities called "interrogation" of suspects. Three thousand innocent persons were arrested in Milan. No American journalist has reported that a certain Amedei, held in Section 5, San Vittore prison, went insane under torture. The director of this political prison had to return to police headquarters several men sent him as suspects, because on account of torture they were so weak they might die at any moment. This torturing has resulted in any amount of false confession, so that the Fascists were able to find six to charge with the bombing.

After the bomb explosion in the office of the Popolo di Trieste scores were arrested including a young man named Milosh, native of Sussak (the Yugoslav part of Fiume). At the police station in Trieste, Milosh was submitted to several days' torture which included the sticking of pins under his fingernails. Claiming innocence, Milosh failed to involve "accomplices." He was transferred to Rome.

Here, among the new methods of torture is one called crucifixion. The victim is placed on the ground, his arms stretched horizontally, and Fascist militiamen in unison engage in an apparent attempt to pull the arms out of the body.

As a rule this does not lead to death, but in the case of Milosh the aorta broke, the victim became covered with blood and, when a doctor arrived, was dead. The Italian newspapers of course said nothing. Only the Yugoslav newspapers made a protest, but not loud enough to cause any international difficulty in times sufficiently critical.

One form of violence and terror which Fascism claims no longer exists, is the revolutionary strike in Italy. Capital and labor now coöperate. (Official statement.)

Actually going on strike, the chief right of workingmen in civilized and even semi-civilized countries, is a punishable crime

in Italy and this is the only reason why few strikes are called; those that are, show extreme desperation.

In Piacenza in the province of Emilia in June 1930 the 2000 button workers who had been getting fifty cents a day were informed their wages would be cut in half. The working men and women were furious. An engineer named Galetto struck a workman. Rioting began. The militia mobilized. The town was put in a state of siege. The workmen went on strike and barricaded themselves. Fighting took place and twenty of them were wounded. From the barricades women shouted at the Fascists: "Go and emasculate yourselves, you'll never have a woman in this town." Finally troops with artillery arrived and the "collaboration of the classes" was restored: but without the 50 per cent wage cut.

On the twenty-third of July of this year the *Petit Nicois*, which has its news from northern Italy smuggled to it and which guarantees the authenticity of its sources, reports serious strikes in Turin: "the men quit working but remained beside their machines. They barricaded themselves."

This occurred July 19 at the Fiat works which attempted to lay off 600 men. (It employs about 30,000 to 40,000.) The prefect called for cavalry and machine guns. The Fiat works were surrounded.

At Faenza a peasant named Riccardo Donati quarreled with and killed the Fascist Bruno Silvagni. He fled to a village near Santa Lucia where the peasants hid him. When the militia arrived the peasants gathered from all the countryside and received the Fascists with a fusillade which wounded nine and sent the column in flight. Donati later surrendered and was given the maximum penalty, hard labor for life.

Exactly the same sort of terrorism that used to accompany the triumphal visits of the late lamented Czar of Russia, now

accompany Mussolini. At the big enthusiastic meeting at Milan in the spring the Duce denounced the calumny that the city had been placed in a state of siege. But the arrests, of which no American journalist accompanying Mussolini dared cable, are estimated between 2000 and 8000. If the Fascists care to deny that there were wholesale arrests accompanying the trip I can refer them to the New York Evening World correspondent, Pierre van Passen, who happened to be on a train en route to Paris. He thought he would walk into the city and take a look. He saw other foreigners arrested and was himself arrested. He at least got a story out of it.

At Grosseto, in preparation for the ducal visit there was a clean up of all not in the odor of sanctity: in one day 300 were in jail. In Livorno 600. In Pistoja 200. In Florence 800. At Lecca after 350 were arrested, the four gates of the city were closed and every house on both sides of the street through which the Duce had to pass was searched and orders given that not a window must be opened without special authority. The roofs were searched and guarded. Correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted for three days.

Twice as chairman of the Fascist Victims Defense Committee, Henri Barbusse addressed the Italian ambassador in Paris asking that in view of the repeated reports of torture and actual murder of anti-Fascists the envoy ask Mussolini "that an impartial and neutral investigation committee composed of unprejudiced men appointed by international public opinion visit the Italian prisons."

The Fascists refused to reply. Meanwhile the mass of evidence against the Fascist Inquisition continued to accumulate at the defense committee's headquarters, and Henri Barbusse wrote the Ambassador again:

"Still more tragic news reaches us from Italian prisons, facts

which increase the despair as to the fate of 6000 anti-Fascist prisoners whom we know from varied and trustworthy sources are locked in prisons in Italy or exiled on the Islands. Information coming to us from all parts of Italy establishes beyond doubt the fact that torture has become a part of Mussolini's prison system. These tortures frequently cause the death of the political prisoner. Here are a few of the latest episodes which international public opinion, whose interpreter we are, demands to have exposed.

"In Milan, the police discovered in an apartment at 19 Via Cappuvvio a supply of the Marxist magazine, *Stato Operaio*. The editors had decided to publish this journal secretly because of Mussolini's suppression of all anti-Fascist newspapers. The discovery led to the arrest of Francesco Leone, newspaperman, and Boselli, a workman, both held guilty of circulating the magazine. The janitor of the apartment house, Antonio Sanvito, and his wife were arrested also. According to the police we know that a janitor cannot be employed unless he is *persona grata* with the authorities. He is under orders to spy upon and discover the political ideas of all the occupants of his building, and give his information to the police. If he is careless and anything escapes him, he is held as an accomplice.

"In conformity with the rule, the janitor Sanvito and his wife and the other two prisoners were put under torture. The police wanted to get the names of others involved. The janitor could tell nothing because he knew nothing. While Leone and Boselli were young and strong and could endure the torture, Sanvito was weak and old. Later his death was announced. When did it occur? Under what circumstances? Why the order for secret burial without allowing his family to ask an autopsy? We know that at the news of his death, Sanvito's wife, who was

still in prison, went insane. Is it possible that facts like these have no foundation?

“Another example of unbelievable cruelty has been sent to us from Milan. The stationmaster at Sondrio, Signor Pirola, was arrested because he was connected with anti-Fascist groups in Milan and Brescia. From Sondrio he was brought to Milan where every instrument of torture was put in action in order to force from him confessions which the police wanted. One month afterwards his family was informed that the prisoner had hanged himself in his cell. This is a repetition of the Sozzi case and shows that the report of suicide given out by the police is merely an official term applied to describe the death of any prisoner who succumbs to torture. The right of autopsy and presence at burial were denied. In fact he was buried with even more secrecy, during the night, before the family was told that he was dead. What reason could there be for such procedure except to conceal a crime? But the horrible chain of evidence is not finished yet.

“From Genoa we have received terrible news. Information has come to us that in the prisons of that city ‘machines to make you talk’ are employed — actual duplicates of the period of the Inquisition.

“The ‘machine’ consists of a cell well equipped to carry out the most atrocious tortures. A prisoner recently went through the horrible gears of this instrument. His name is Ruolie — a shoemaker of San Querico. The torture reduced him to such a condition that he had to be hurried to the prison infirmary. But after the infirmary — silence. Nothing is known about him. It is said that he, also, is dead. According to these cases of which we are constantly hearing, it appears that the Fascist prisons have been turned into shambles. Besides these instances of mortal suffering and death, some of the

few which can reach us through the thick walls of the Fascist prisons, we have news of other cases of torture throwing a sinister light on the methods of suppression used by the Fascist government.

“ We had already protested on an earlier occasion against the tortures inflicted upon political prisoners kept in underground cells of the infamous ‘ Castle of Brescia,’ home town of the secretary of the Fascist party.

“ The case of Paolo Bett is very well known. He was tortured until he became insane and is now locked up in an insane asylum. At that time we had the impression that this was an isolated and exceptional case of cruelty. Now, on the contrary, it is clear that we confront a system, a bona fide and well organized school of torture receiving orders from higher officials, and from a central organization created and directed by the ruling power. We come to such conclusions from the fact that the tortures are used on political prisoners according to a method prepared in advance and identical in all Italian prisons.

“ Besides the stabbing with sticks filled at the points with powdered lead, besides the fist blows with iron gloves, which are used in all police stations, we have information that the following methods are used upon political prisoners, ‘ to make them talk.’

“ 1. Blows drawing blood. (Cases of Trieste and Monfalcone already denounced in the press.)

“ 2. The use of boiling water in which the prisoners’ hands are held to extort confessions through physical pain. (Cases of Milan and Brescia.)

“ 3. Starvation, total darkness and blows used alternately. (This system was first used in Brescia and later was adopted in all Fascist prisons.)

"4. Injections of chemical substances in order to create a state of madness and obtain 'information' from the prisoner during his delirium.

"5. Pricking the testicles with pins until serious inflammation has begun. (Brescia and Genoa.)

"6. In some instances tying the testicles with chains or ropes regulating the pain by a steadily increasing pressure. (Rome, Naples and Genoa.)

"7. Thrusting pins deep under the nails. (Turin, Genoa, Milan.)

"8. Enemas of a solution of iodine causing very painful blisters in the intestines. (Perugia.)

"9. Cutting the tongue with knives.

"10. Pulling out the hair of the pubes. (As in Monfalcone and in Milan with Signorina Lina Morandotti, sent to a clinic insane from the pain.)

"11. Even making use of insects, as in Florence, where to secure 'confessions' from political prisoners a black beetle under a glass is kept on the victims three and four hours until he 'talks.'

"The proceeding which we have listed here give a very incomplete idea of the fate which awaits political prisoners. In fact the tortures are never applied separately but more frequently several at once according to the resistance of the prisoner and the importance of the information desired. It is impossible to hide such facts as these any longer. Their cruelty arouses indignation in the public opinion of every civilized nation. In the name of outraged humanity we insist that the Italian Embassy consider our petition.

"We ask that the whole truth be told as to the tortures already denounced and in all those cases where death was caused by torture as with Gastone Sozzi, Agostina Sanvito,

Pirola and probably of Ruolie (although we still hope that he may have survived).

“That an international investigation committee visit the prisons and the islands of exile where approximately 6000 political prisoners are kept.

“This petition sent you again in the name of civilization originates in the imperious demands of our consciences as free men. We want to stop this bloody series of tortures and if you persist in your silence you will only succeed in increasing the movement of indignant protest raised against Fascism in all countries where knowledge of its barbarous activities exists.”

For political reasons the bourgeois French press did not mention this protest. But all the evidence is carefully kept on file while France and Italy go on pretending friendship. The moment any break comes the editors who are suppressing all cases of Fascist violence will have enough to fill their papers for months. Most of the American journalists in Paris knew it was useless to bother the Fascist-loving editors back home with anything a pacifist like Barbusse had to say.

IX DICTATORS USE MILITARISM FOR CORRUPTION OF YOUTH

Millions of young men and women in Europe trained from
age of six for future wars

HATRED MADE A RELIGION

Russia teaches 10,000,000 atheism and use of rifles;
Fascism prepares 1,000,000; university men
given machine guns

IX

I

THE Youth Movement," said Lenin, "is the best part of the Third Internationale."

"The education of the young is for us a question of life and death," said Trotsky.

Time after time Mussolini has spoken of Fascism as being "marked and stamped with youth." He said: "I look to the youth of Italy for the progress of the Fascist State. It is not easy always to remember the importance of youth." Again: "The new institution which has all the original marks of the Fascist revolution, the National Organization of Balilla . . . accustomed to obedience and made to see a sure vision of the future." "The Avanguardia . . . together with the Balilla . . . I have chosen to term 'the invaluable pupil of the Fascist Regime.'"

"Blessed be youth," said Adolf Hitler, and Viscount Rothermere who went to interview the brownshirt Mussolini, added: "Under Herr Hitler's control, the youth of Germany will be effectively organized against the corruption of Communism."

II

The crime of this age is the militaristic corruption of Youth.

In all the countries of terrorism, in all the lands of dictatorships, systematic perversion of the minds of the young has become a part of the government program.

Patriotism is not enough in dictatorial nations; there must be super-patriotism based on hatred. And to teach them that

hatred must not remain theoretical, the dagger is placed in the hands of children, the rifle in the hands of young boys, and the machine gun given university men in preparation for making their hatred active.

Patriotic militarization of youth has been complete in the two leading dictatorships, Russia and Italy. In the former country an atheistic training has been added; in the latter an attempt to compromise between Christianity and Fascism has become ludicrous, but also tragic. In Spain, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary and other terroristic nations there has also been an effort of religious teaching mixed with the principles of revolver practice among children (in the name of patriotism, of course).

The purpose of perverting youth has been to create an heir to the throne of terrorism. All dictators know they cannot exist by the will of the governed but by their armed forces, which are not always reliable (as witness Spain where the military establishment quietly liquidated the Rivera regime). Each dictator fears his system will die with him and desperately hopes to create a following which will keep it alive. Each desperate man has seen the success of the Roman Catholic Church founded on the principle of the training of youth, and each has tried to do the same with politics and machine guns.

To teach children super-patriotism is difficult. It is easier to teach them to hate. Hatred, in dictatorial countries, has been set up as a religion in the process of the corruption of youth.

It seems the human mind must have a religion. When the Bolsheviks abolished the conventional religions, they tried to set up the philosophy of Communism in its place. It hardly filled the bill. Of course there are people ignorant enough to worship Lenin—but as Saint Lenin. And there are communists who worship him as a savior. But the only religion I

found among the godless young communists—the League of Communist Youth—was the religion of destruction and hatred.

Under the present system Russian youth is trained to destroy other people's gods as well as its own. It is trained to hate other people whose views of life are not those of the orthodox communist party members. Not only is hatred inculcated against the aristocracy, the old monarchy and the middle classes, but against any liberal or even radical viewpoint non-conformist with the narrow Moscow brand of Communism.

The religion of hatred—and the militarization of youth—go together. Whether the Bolsheviks follow or lead the Fascists is a question. The militarization of youth, the perversion of youth in Italy is, to my view, the biggest blow Mussolini has struck at future peace and civilization.

The present mature generation had its belly full of this war. Especially the Italians. No army of a great power suffered such a defeat as the Italians at Caporetto. That defeat was the natural result of soldiers being fed up with a stupid war. After the Armistice certainly most nations had enough. They couldn't get anyone to fight the Bolsheviks successfully.

Now we have a new generation rather eager to listen to romantic stories about the war. The new generation in Italy is being taught a lot of lies. Fascism has perverted history books. For instance the so-called "March on Rome" of the Fascists, is called the greatest event in modern history. For Mussolini perhaps. The children are taught that to love their country well they must hate their neighbors.

The Fascist children are actually brought up with revolvers in their hands. No German Kaiser ever dared such militarism. Young Italy is a nation of braggarts and bullies. Side by side with the Christian church's teaching of humility is the Fascist

teaching of violence. The latter seems to appeal more to primitive youth. It is the perversion of a whole generation.

III

Soviet Russia has never denied it has declared war to the death against religions and against clericalism. After it had assassinated the Czar and destroyed the nobility and whipped the middle class into impotent submission, it had one enemy left: the Orthodox church, which, say the Bolshevik defenders, "has always been the greatest adversary of human emancipation; the Russian revolution would fail in its mission if it did not engage in battle against obscurantism and against superstition, as powerful now as in the time of the Czars."

Early in the revolution an effigy of the Virgin was removed from the wall near the Red Square and a plaque put up bearing the words of Karl Marx: "Religion is the opium of the people." The entire anti-religious campaign, which is one of the most important manifestations of the youth movement in Russia, is based on the doctrines of Bukharine's "A.B.C. of Communism."

"... religion was and continues to be one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of the oppressors, for the maintenance of inequality, for the exploitation and for the servile obedience of the workers. . . . Religion and Communism are incompatible theoretically as well as practically. . . .

"A communist who rejects the commandments of religion and acts according to the orders of the party, ceases to be a believer. On the contrary, a believer who pretends he is a communist, but who breaks the orders of the party in the name of the commandments of religion, ceases to be a communist."

In the program for anti-religious action adopted by the executive committee of the Third Internationale, February 16,

1925, there are nine paragraphs, the first of which states: "With each central committee, a section is organized for the purpose of fighting religious believers." The second declares that the campaign must be "scientific. It must above all avoid those methods which wound in a vulgar manner the religious sentiments of the believers," a complete volte-face from the 1923 youth movement. The first international anti-religious congress opened on July 20, 1925. The leaders concerned themselves largely with the young. It was decided to aid the Bolshevik press, such as *Le Jeune Communiste* in France, *The Red Dawn* in England, and other papers published for youthful communists. They take an oath of fidelity to the proletarian class, which concludes with the words: "I do not believe in God."

In Moscow the League of Atheists enrolled 200,000 members, published numerous posters, booklets, magazines and organized the "Godless Museum." A governmental regulation was passed declaring that "the giving of religious instruction in the public or private schools to persons who have not attained their majority is punishable by forced labor up to one year."

This is the first time in modern history, with the exception of a short period in 1793, that a government actively prosecuted an anti-religion campaign. According to *Pravda* the Union of the Godless in 1929 had 600,000 members.

IV

I know of no event in today's world more important than the coming of age of Russia's young Communism.

With foresight worthy of such an ancient institution as the Roman Catholic Church, the experimental leaders of the Soviets years ago, long before the Five-Year Plan which was to make the nation industrially independent, began the education of a

new generation destined to replace Lenin and Trotsky and Stahlin, and the few thousand fervent founders. Now this generation is coming into control: two million five hundred thousand new men and new women, the boys and girls who have had just enough of the smell of gunpowder and the taste of the Czarist whip and a tremendous fanatical education in Bolshevik doctrines, unhampered by the past, unfettered for the future.

Four million more are in preparation. The conquest of illiteracy in Russia is not so much a work of education as a part of the youth movement which aims to produce ten million communists, complete communist control of the army, the bureaucracy, the industry of the land and a great part of its agriculture. It is part of the 100 per cent Communism idea. These two and one-half million who are taking over Russia and the four million who are being prepared in the youth movement, vastly outnumber the old Bolshevik party which never got to the two million mark and which frequently had to clean its ranks because the old-timers failed to prove their worthiness to be called Bolsheviks. There were never more than one million real communists in this land of a hundred and fifty million souls. Not until the past year or two. And now they are going ahead in a progression until soon there will be ten million, practically all the literate of the country. They will run the country. If Russia is to survive as a Bolshevik experiment it will be thanks to the youth movement. Call it mental, moral and militaristic perversion of youth if you will, it is from the red viewpoint the promise of success and survival. If Trotsky was right when he said the education of the young was for Russia a question of life or death, then the result is quite evidently, life.

Education, discipline, frugality, love of labor, comradeship, contempt of death are Russian principles for the raising of the

new generation, to which are added atheism and military preparation. Thus, in addition to being the leaders in the persecution of religion, the Komsomols are also the enthusiasts among the annual conscripts. Article 22 of the constitution of Lenin's All Union Communistic League of Youth, states clearly:

"A Komsomol must remember he must be in a condition to defend the proletarian revolution with arms in his hand; that a Komsomol is the standby of the Russian Army and the Russian Navy; therefore every Komsomol must carefully study war strategy; he must always be first and learn the tactics of the Russian Army and the Russian Navy; he must be first in discipline and first on the fighting line."

Of course no foreign nation can protest the militarization of the young of another, or even go through the motions of censure and horror; but there certainly is justice to any complaint that may be made that the Russian government, or Third Internationale, if you desire to quibble, is militarizing youth in foreign countries, and not only militarizing, but actually plotting disobedience, mutinies, civil wars at such time as Moscow's young followers become numerous and strong enough in their own respective armies. I have before me an amazing, and I believe, very effective piece of communist propaganda which has been printed in English, French, German and other languages and distributed in many countries. It is an appeal to youth in all conscript countries. "To refuse to serve in your army, is treason against your own class," is the italicized warning on one page, which continues the explanation:

"Every young worker or peasant who lets himself be seduced by the pacifists, in reality aids the bourgeoisie to create a reliable army; deprives himself of the possibility of making revolutionary propaganda in the army and of learning the manipulation of arms with which to fight the bourgeoisie.

"Therefore our slogan for the young conscripts must be: '*We enter the bourgeois army for the purpose of disrupting it.*'

". . . This work has borne its fruits: the mutinies of soldiers, sailors, reservists, who singing the Internationale have liberated their imprisoned comrades; the fraternization between soldiers and strikers. . . . It is especially in the navies that we must continue our work because they will play the greatest role in the future wars . . . the work is particularly difficult in Germany, the United States, Britain, — in general, in the countries where military service is not general, where there is only a small professional army.

"But the young worker must not renounce revolutionary agitation in the standing armies. On the contrary. The professional soldiers are for the most part the sons of working men and poor peasants . . . they must be won for the revolution. . . . Young men: make these career soldiers your comrades, organize among them an illegal body of men of confidence, and you, young workers who enter the professional armies, form secret cells and create the conditions for smashing the army from the interior.

"*At the same time the young proletarians must create red defense organizations, where they must learn to defend themselves, and to take up the work against the Fascist and social-Fascist organizations who will become tomorrow the shock troops of the civil war.*

"*. . . When the war comes, there will be only one solution: Transform that imperialist war into a civil war.*"

(The italics are the Soviets'.)

Now the reader may be like myself considerably skeptical about the effects of Bolshevik propaganda. There does exist a tremendous fear of it, the police of many countries have special branches to fight it, and we have our periodic Fish committees which raise loud hues and cries, and all this is very pleasing to Moscow. I really do not think red propaganda is one tenth as powerful as is usually credited. But I believe this attack upon the armies and navies is serious. It aims to cause mutinies and to turn mutinies into civil war. The news of mutinies, suppressed by the nations of

Europe or sometimes mentioned in a paragraph, is already important.

In England there have been serious troubles on the ships and in some harbors; communists were the instigators, and in France and Germany a wide revolutionary movement aims to make allies for the Soviets out of some of the 100,000 efficient men in the German and the half million in the French armies.

In France the menace became so serious that the government instituted a large espionage system. When, every year, the young men are called to the colors those known to be proletarian leaders are pointed out to detectives dressed as soldiers, and watched throughout their enlistment. Hundreds of conscripts, soldiers and sailors, the disciples of the communist youth movement, are arrested and imprisoned each year, many are put into disciplinary battalions. Noteworthy among the naval mutinies attributed to Bolshevik youth are those of Toulon, Clairvaux and Calvi.

For several months I watched the French provincial press which frequently prints matter the Quai d'Orsay frowns upon in Paris. Among the little paragraphs I clipped there are references to:

Communist cell found in the 12th Infantry, at Haguenau. Two men arrested. Presiding Judge M. Matter found that communist cells had been established throughout the 20th Army Corps, Alsace.

Brest. Charles Tanguy aged 20, secretary Jeunesses Communistes, and Maurice Cointrel, 25, treasurer of the arsenal syndicate, arrested; papers found giving orders for the day the marines rebelled.

Bourges. The 95th Infantry reservists staged communist demonstration.

Dieppe. The 39th Infantry listened to two men making communist speeches.

Paris. M. Doriot, just returned from China, declared that "If the French marines, now in China, receive the order to shoot, they will

turn their rifles and their cannons against their officers." He added that such incidents had already taken place.

Metz. Five soldiers arrested for distributing revolutionary tracts. All had been members of the Young Communists' League before being called into the service.

This is but part of the record. The army and navy prisons of France are full of recruits who have engaged in subversive acts or are suspected of subversive thoughts. They are living proof of the effectiveness of Moscow's work among the young.

V

Youth in Germany is enfranchised at twenty; under normal conditions this early age would not make much difference, but whereas American youth is apathetic to politics, European youth is born in its atmosphere and intrigue.

Communism in Germany gripped the unhappy disillusioned people after the war. It taught children to be Godless and to break completely with the old German traditions of church and school and family. Nothing was sacred. The past had failed; the present was miserable; Communism prepared young warriors for the beautiful victory of the future.

What had the middle parties to offer? The Republic! The Versailles treaty. Compromise. The crushing burden of the Dawes Plan. And also, Peace.

But the young wanted action. Every crash of bugles, every roar of drums, found the young men of Germany drawing a gun or flashing a knife. From the time of the army of occupation in 1918 to the present, I spent an average of six months a year in Germany. In 1920 in Essen I saw the young men, dressed in a medley of forgotten uniforms, go out to fight the Kappists; in the Silesian plebiscite they were under arms again, fighting

the Polish irregulars under Korfanty; in the uprising in Central Germany they engaged in bloodshed in Halle, and sometime later I attended the review of the Stahlhelm in the same town, when Ludendorff was chief and some regiments of boys followed fifty or a hundred thousand helmeted veterans; in 1923 there was the famous ludicrous Hitler uprising in Bavaria, the "beerhall revolution," which in a country possessing a greater sense of humor would have laughed Hitler into dead history, but resulted in Bavaria in a treason trial for Ludendorff; I reported the attempt to capture the fortress of Kuestrin, the arsenal of Berlin; a dozen battles between communist youth and Stahlhelm, Hitler, monarchist youth; riots; street fighting; marching and counter-marching; much oratory and considerable bloodshed.

Out of the early years of propaganda and violence there grew three distinct youth movements in Germany, the communist, the Reichsbanner, the Hitlerites, representing respectively the left, the middle, the right. Behind them stood similar political parties. Year by year as each election was held in Germany, I was able to cable to America a prediction that whereas it was most likely that the Republic would be "saved," there was certain to be a great gain for left and right, for the communists at the expense of the Social Democrats and the Democratic party, for the Nationalists at the expense of the Peoples and Democratic parties. That always happened. Only one party remained strong and intact and unwavering: the Catholic party. Its men never deserted.

But the communists with their plea of international war and a good chance to get in some practice in street fighting, and the Stahlhelm-Hitlerites with their plea of a Nationalist war and a good chance for practice in shooting into meetings, breaking windows and an occasional murder, appealed to

skeptical, cynical, undisciplined, disillusioned, fettered and propaganda-fed, frequently jobless and hungry youth. Maintain the "Dawes Republic"? Maintain nothing. Change the existing order. That was the appeal of the right and left, a chance for action of some sort, leading somewhere, perhaps to Moscow or possibly to Doorn, but nevertheless a chance for action.

What delayed the extremists these several years, was, strange to say, the coming into power on a Republican platform, of the friend of the Kaiser, the staunch upholder of the old monarchy, the aged idol of all Germany — President von Hindenburg.

This nice old gentleman who had led the German army, whom I saw with tears streaking down his face when he said that the American army had won the war, and who told me that he would retire to private life the day he had finished the job of demobilizing his army, insured the survival of the Republic by swearing allegiance to it and keeping his oath. For years the extremists could do nothing.

But organizing continued. The communists organized the league of youth and the Red Front Fighters; the Stahlhelm with 8000 branches and 1,000,000 members, was organized in three sections; the veterans of the war (the original membership) being supplemented with the "Ringstahlhelm" which did not see service, and with the "Jungstahlhelm," youth between the ages of 17 and 21. Boys under seventeen are now being trained to enter this third group. Arthur Mahraun, ex-captain of Infantry, upon the dissolution of the Democratic party, which had supported the Reichsbanner, announced the formation of the State party, the body of which was the "Jungdo." This formation, the Young German Order, was, in 1919 and later, a semi-military league of Nationalistic youth, armed for fighting on the Polish front against Polish aggres-

sion, against Russian Bolshevism, against all enemies of the Vaterland. For a while this force of young men was linked with reaction. But some three or four years ago Mahraun and Stresemann saw their roads meet and the Jungdos followed these leaders into the peaceful paths of the Republic. In the intense days of the 1930 general election, the State party became the symbol of Republican youth, but unfortunately it obtained only 20 seats in Parliament against the Fascists' 107.

The bourgeois parties in Germany were in a state of decomposition in 1930. There were too many of them and all their leaders were weak. The analogy between Italy in 1922 and Germany in 1930 is striking. The uniform now was brown instead of black and there was no d'Annunzian-Roman clap-trap of salutes and yells: the Germans are a serious people. But all the work, from the distribution of propaganda to the clubbing of opposition leaders, was done by Hitlerites under 25, the majority 17 to 20, the "Sturmabteilungen," the storm troops of the new Fascism, the successors to Mussolini's beloved "squadristi."

Payment for same was made by the same class: the owners of the Milan and Turin metal industries, the Genoa shippers, the Milan bankers, were replaced by the Rhineland industrialists, the Hannover potash makers, the Berlin manufacturers, the big men who under Dr. Hugenberg had quit the Nationalist party and the Stresemann Peoples party to take a chance on Fascism. Meanwhile, between the two elections there had been enfranchised another 2,000,000 between the ages of 20 and 23, which, added to the 5,000,000 young men and women of the post-war generation already having the vote, produced an electoral reservoir of war-ignorant youth, 7,000,000 strong, and fascinated by the Fascist stream with its violent, headlong, overwhelming flow.

In 1930, for the first time, there was a surprise for even the

wildest prophesiers; this time there was not only a decided gain by right and left, there was a breaking of the reservoir, and Fascism became the second greatest party in Germany and the most dangerous element in the Republic. Europe, with the exception of Italy, was frightened and France found more justification for its lead in world militarism. Talk of a coming war, which had been the coda of harmonious peace conferences, became the dominating note. One of Germany's youth movements had triumphed.

VI

Everyone who visited Italy between 1919 and the time of Fascist victory could not help noticing the blackshirts; they were loud and bellicose and not one of them far in his twenties. Perhaps that is one of the reasons the movement was not taken seriously. Just a lot of boys who missed getting into the war and now were having a little fun in administering castor oil, burning up houses, stabbing an enemy, shooting someone, just a little private sport, very picayune compared with that vast noble patriotic panorama of whole cities bombarded, towns fired and thousands bayoneted and blown to shreds in the wheat-fields.

I remember well the first blackshirts I ever saw. It was in Fiume in February or March of 1920 when I was waiting to interview d'Annunzio. His men, the Arditi, were everywhere, wearing black shirts and black fezzes, all sorts of war decorations, knives and revolvers, and an air of conquerors. I was living at the Hotel Europa. The proprietor was a desperate man. The city was blockaded, food was scarce, and whenever he got a sheep or a couple of pigs for the hotel table, the Arditi would storm the place, eat what they found, and leave without paying.

Night after night they caroused in the café and only rarely did the waiters hear the welcome word "*pagare.*" The officers paid. The boys of the vanguard did so only when they were flush with money, but that was not often, because the funds for the Fiume expedition were being collected in Milan, by a journalistic supporter named Benito Mussolini who, it seems, was slow in remitting inasmuch as he had his hands full organizing other youths who would be loyal to him and not to d'Annunzio.

One night there was an awful row in the hotel. A crowd of blackshirted Arditi stole bottles of wine, beer and spirits, brought a lot of women upstairs, opened a lot of untenanted bedrooms and got drunk. It was useless for the paying guests to protest. The proprietor offered us bedrooms on the top floor, but there was no sleep for us that night, no sleep until early morning when the last drunken soldiers and their women were dragged out of the hotel. No one then expected these rowdy blackshirts would one day rule a large nation.

In looking through my cables of 1925 I find almost daily references to the young men of Fascism. The serious work of terrorizing the country was always in charge of the staff of which Dumini, Rossi and others, who had participated in the murder of Matteotti, were members. Mussolini objects to this central terror organization being called the Fascist Chekah. Rossi himself refers to the central organization of the party police as a *ceca*, from the adjective *ceco*, blind or hidden. Mussolini, in his autobiography says, "Whenever there popped up a vexation, a ransom, a case of blackmail, an extortion, a disorder, a reprisal, there would gather the Fascist squads of action." These squads were always the ardent boys. Rossi describes many meetings of the elders of Fascism, the men who

directed the boys; on one occasion, some time before the abolition of the free parliament, and a few days before the assassination of Matteotti, he quotes Mussolini saying:

“We deplore, we expel, we demand the resignation of the (anti-Fascist) deputies, but they don't give a darn. There is nothing left for us but to club them without mercy. Our *ceca*, is it functioning or not?”

Giusseppe Prezzolini, who claims impartiality, but whose writings show his sympathies for Fascism, in attacking Rossi, reveals the part youth played in the Fascist Chekah. He says, “The Matteotti crime and what has followed, makes one admit the existence of a veritable criminal association, preparing and executing the attacks and works of destruction inspired by Cesare Rossi. The numerous crimes which are imputed to the impulsivity of the young Fascists must on the contrary be blamed on the organization, which from Rome to Milan, terrorizes and suppresses its adversaries. . . .”

I think it is only fair to say that the leaders, the men who gave orders, who inspired the acts of terror, from the administration of castor oil to the assassination of deputies, were the veterans; however, the majority of the bands which committed the crimes were youths of eighteen and twenty. When it came to something really big, such as the assassination of the most important deputies who stood in the way of Mussolini, the actors were Fascist veterans, not boys. When it concerned itself with a raid on men and women selling Opposition newspapers in the streets — as I watched them once from my office window in the Galleria Colonna, just facing Mussolini's offices in the Palazzo Chigi — the raiders were all boys. They had a grand time. When they built the bonfire of the *Mondo* and other papers in the beautiful public square, that June 10 afternoon in 1925, they sang and jumped for joy, a gay lot of happy boys

engaging in an act of destruction and terror under the eyes of approving elder leaders and the very windows of the Duce himself.

Again, during Mussolini's grand sword-rattling and mouth-shooting campaign in North Italy in the Spring of 1930, the place of honor was almost always reserved for the young. In Milan, the students of the University were crowded next to the Duce, and at the right moment, when he had inflamed them with sufficient patriotism and hatred, the young men raised the shout, "*Abassa la Francia.*" Soon a hundred thousand persons were shouting, "Down with France." It was a magnificent test of his power. But it may also have frightened the Duce a bit, for he immediately stilled the mob and directed its fury to another frontier. Then when the students cried, "Down with the Jugoslavs," "Dalmatia is ours," and the mob joined, they were permitted to go on as long as they pleased.

Fascist children are brought up with revolvers in their hands. In those ancient days before the "Totalitarian" system, when some semblance of personal liberty still existed, the school teachers from time to time chalked warnings on the blackboards: "Fascist children must not bully non-Fascist children," or "Fascist children must leave their fathers' daggers and guns at home." Like their fathers, the children were encouraged to become braggarts and bullies. It was held good for them. They were being prepared for the new militia which would fight against any future appearance of a liberal movement, and for the new army, the future Fascist army, a party army whose oath to the king would be merely technical because it had been trained from childhood to serve only Mussolini.

In short the Balillas have become a black terror edition of the League of Communist Youth.

VII

"Youth," as a political movement, is purely twentieth century; it springs from the factories, where women and children were being employed in competition with grown men because they were cheaper. In almost all instances the early youth movement was socialistic and pacifist; defense of economic rights was secondary, and it was not until after the war that syndicalism, Communism and reactionism became the programs of leagues and clubs. The Young Belgian Guards and the Federation of Young Socialists in Sweden date from 1886 and 1895 respectively, while similar associations in Switzerland, Italy, Norway, Germany, Spain, etc., all date from the years 1900 to 1904.

The first international conference of youth was held in Stuttgart in 1907; there were twenty delegates representing Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Austria, Bohemia, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary and Australia. The problems discussed were: anti-militarism, economic struggle of young workmen and socialist education for the young. The decisions taken on August 24-26, 1907 became a program containing all the germs of the future revolutionary movement among the young of Europe. When the war of 1914 came there were fifteen organizations with 170,000 members. Their influence, however, was greater than the membership figure would indicate. The German, French and Austrian branches, like most all the anti-militaristic organizations of elders, went over to the flag but in April 1915 sixteen delegates representing ten countries of which two (Italy and Bulgaria) were at war, met in Switzerland and determined on a program: international revolutionary movement against war. A journal was published in Switzerland, and

in it can be found the first writings of the men destined to become the leaders of Bolshevism in Russia, Germany and other countries.

In the summer of 1917 the Russians formed an independent organization of youth under Bolshevik auspices, and in October 1918 the Federation of Russian Communist Youth was created, while in the same month in Germany, two groups which had split off from the main organization established the Free Young Socialists of Germany; in Vienna, in November, the radicals quit the Socialist movement and founded the Austrian Proletarian Communist Youth, and so on through all the countries of Europe the radical wings formed communist leagues and pledged themselves to the program of Moscow.

Under a provisional committee, a congress was organized illegally and held secretly from the 20th to the 26th of November 1919. Fourteen countries were represented with 229,000 members. The chief decision transformed the youth movement from economic to political aims; it was decided to adhere to the Third Internationale and to accept the doctrines of Bolshevism. This is the history of the creation of the International League of Youth.

After the congress of Berlin the fourteen countries represented were joined by the League of Communist Youth of Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Lettland, Lithuania, and Esthonia; a British organization which had fused the London, Manchester, and Scotch groups; Slovakia, Luxembourg, Fiume, Iceland, Eastern Galicia, Mexico, South Africa; leagues and organizations in the following Oriental countries: Turkestan, Khiva, Bukhara, Persia, Turkey-in-Asia, Korea and China.

Battle began for control of all the former young Socialist clubs which had remained faithful to the Second Internationale

or which had gone patriotic in war time. In 1920 two Czechoslovakian groups, one Czech and one German, were merged and taken over, a French and a Finnish organization incorporated, an "independent" German group consolidated and a Socialist League of Youth in the United States won over to Bolshevism. In a report celebrating the tenth anniversary of the formation of the International League of Communist Youth, a paragraph headed, "Re-enforcement of anti-militaristic activity," says:

"Anti-militaristic action was accentuated. In the battle against Fascism our Italian federation *militarized* its organization and engaged in a series of battles with Fascist bands with variable success. The French federation re-enforced its anti-militaristic activity in organizing illegal cells within the army. The anti-militarist activity in Czechoslovakia, which was already pacifist, took on, in liaison with the annual recruitment of soldiers, a communist character. There was also begun the creation of communist organizations in army barracks."

Hardly had the youth movement begun to feel its strength, when it began the organization of a children's movement. The second congress of the former resolved to "intervene against the humanitarian non-political education of children applied by the old Socialist movement, and against the so-called revolutionary methods of education of the radical bourgeoisie (self-development of children)." A "particularly great success in the domain of the communisation of children" is reported.

I first became interested in the red youth movement in 1922. It was my Russian year, it was also the fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, the turning point in Communism, and incidentally the beginning of the red international plot which aimed to ally at least one big industrial nation with agricultural

Russia so that the philosophy of Marx and the tactics of Lenin could be tried out in a fairer field. "We must win Germany, or Poland, or England, or the United States," was the slogan of the fifth anniversary congresses, "preferably Germany or Poland." Lenin, Trotsky, Kalenine, Kamineff, Zinovieff, Radek, all the great leaders—all, all are gone, the old familiar faces—pounded the idea of conquest. Lenin said, "Unless the Communist movement captures other countries, its whole meaning is lost, and Russia is a failure."

Great international congresses, great military spectacles, the appearance of Lenin from a sick bed; the secret arrival of the American delegations with false names; a trip to Petrograd where the rain and the snow covered the houses and the streets with red spots, like blood, from the badly dyed red banners which hung everywhere; spectacles in the opera houses, gala performances of the ballet, an interview with Lenin himself, more international congresses filled our days in Russia then, and I almost overlooked the youth movement.

The third congress held its meeting in Moscow December 4-12; there were 91 delegates, including the secret Americans, representing 38 organizations with 750,000 members. When I went to their meeting I realized they were part of the international red plot which works in the open. In the Comintern there is of course a secret international plot as well as an evident one. When the Comintern orders its delegates in every part of the world to work for armed revolution and pledges in open session to send the Russian red army into any neighboring country to help establish that red revolution, that, I think, can be called an "open" international plot.

The young communist internationale (in accordance with the program of instructions given a Russian delegation to a peace conference in the Hague) passed resolutions:

AGAINST

the bourgeois plans for pacifism
 the idea of arbitration
 general disarmament
 the demagogic phrase "general strike" in case of mobilization

FOR

disarmament of the bourgeoisie and its conquest by the proletarians
 transformation of imperialist wars into civil wars (proletarians versus bourgeoisie)
 the practical realization of these tasks, by the creation of illegal revolutionary cells in the bourgeoisie armies.

The fifth world congress, August 20 to September 18, 1928, found 140 delegates with a vote and 121 delegates with a consultative voice; they represented 43 sections, with 2,157,232 members and reported for additional 67,068 members in sympathetic organizations. Seventeen of the countries represented had illegal branches only; in some countries there were both legal and illegal groups, each with its special work assigned by Moscow. The League of Communist Youth of Russia reported 2,030,000 members. The program included:

organization of new cells in factories, etc.
 organization of cells in all armies and navies
 accentuation of the war against the social-democrats
 concentration of work in colonies of European nations, first of which is India; creation of large *nationalist* revolutionary groups of youth in India.
 war against dangerous movement of the Right wing.

Among the new affiliations reported were: Australia, Persia, Palestine, Korea and Syria.

VIII

This history of the youth movement is the history of the success of governments, dictators and political parties — the older men — in taking control and propagating their views. The socialistic-pacifistic-equal-economic-rights program of thirty years ago remains in the constitutions of the clubs and leagues which follow the parties of the middle road, but the main swing has been to the Left and has resulted in the Fascist-Hitler reaction to the Right. The middle road is pretty empty nowadays.

I have already said that the dictatorial dreams of hierarchy, of political immortality, through a worthy heir moulded for despotism from the days of his youth, have met with opposition from one notable force, the Roman Catholic Church. Of the Pope's attacks on Bolshevism and the young atheist movement, every word has appeared in the public press in America; unfortunately some American newspapers and news agencies employ philo-Fascists in Rome (or perhaps it is due to the Fascist censorship system), but it is a fact that the Pope's attacks on Fascism, not only before, but after the signing of the Lateran treaty are little known in America. The most important of these is the address to the students of Mondragone College. The Pope, replying to a speech of Mussolini's which proclaimed the rights of the State in bringing up the young, denied them, attacked the Fascist education methods "which aim to create an aggressive, militant, warlike, conquering race" and pleaded for Christian principles of humility and peace. The Pope argued for the individual and the family, as against the Fascist conception of the Supreme State.

“The State should interest itself in education,” said the Pope, “but the State is not made to absorb and annihilate the family, which would be absurd and against nature, for the family comes before society and before the State. The State should perfect the activities of the family in full correspondence with the desires of the father and mother and it should respect especially the divine right of the Church in Education.”

“We cannot admit,” the Pope continued, “that in its educational activities the State shall try to raise up conquerors or encourage conquests. What one state does in this line, all the other states can do. What would happen if all the states educated their peoples for conquests? Does such education contribute to general world pacification?”

“We can never agree with anything which restricts or denies the right which nature and God gave the Church and the family in the field of education. On this point we are not merely intractable but we are uncompromising. We are uncompromising just as we would be forced to be uncompromising if asked, ‘How much does two plus two make?’ Two plus two makes four and it is not our fault if it does not make five or six or fifty. When it is a question of saving a few souls and impeding the accomplishment of greater damage to souls we feel courage to treat with the devil in person. And it was exactly with the purpose of preventing greater evil that we negotiated with the devil some time ago when the fate of our dear Catholic Scouts was decided.” (A reference to the abolition of the Church’s Boy Scout organization in the Spring of 1928 and the ensuing conferences with the Fascists.)

“We made great sacrifices then in order to prevent greater evils but we gave witness to the great grief we felt at being so much restricted. Our rights and principles cannot even be discussed. We have no material force to sustain our uncompromising attitude, but this is no disadvantage, for truth and right have no need for material force.”

II. THE TRUTH BEHIND THE CENSORSHIP

“It was the stern duty of the New Republic some years ago to take the (New York) Times to task for its suppressions and distortions of the news from the Soviets”
—New Republic

“If you ask ‘Do foreign governments attempt to influence American newspapers?’ the answer is: ‘They do.’ France has tried persistently to seduce the American press, and her most effective means of seduction has been the widespread distribution of the little red ribbon of the Legion of Honor” —W. R. Hearst

You cannot hope to bribe or twist
Thank God! the British journalist

But, seeing what the man will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

Humbert Wolfe

X FASCISM CORRUPTS WORLD PRESS

Bribes Italian Editors in Europe and America

5000 WORDS FREE ON CABLES

Pro-Fascists in Rome represent Associated Press of America and New York Times—deadly parallel of distorted and honest news in representative U.S. newspapers

X

IN reading my predecessor's files in the Rome bureau, I got my first direct information of Fascism as a world movement.

I found, for instance, considerable correspondence between my predecessor and the Italian Foreign Office relative to a bribe of 5000 words free per month on the Transatlantic cables or government radio. In exchange for this "donation" the correspondent was expected to send out Fascist propaganda to all parts of the world. A little research showed that not only Italian but American, South American and European newspapers, hundreds throughout the world, were being partly subsidized for propaganda purposes by the Palazzo Chigi, which wanted to spread its new doctrine everywhere, and which is today continuing to do so.

In the files of another of my predecessors I found official government letters threatening to withdraw the favor of the free government service unless more favorable propaganda was sent. Finally, after my deportation from Italy, the bribe was withdrawn. But I have seen letters since then relating to a renewal of the old system. I can state, however, that the correspondent at present occupying my post in Rome has refused to accept this bribe.

But it is surprising to find that millionaire American newspapers and news agencies, some of the most influential in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Buenos Aires, have been taking this "present" from the Fascist officials. It is really no different from taking Bolshevik gold for spreading Bolshevik propaganda which none but communist party papers are doing. With this idea in mind, I began to make a study of the Ameri-

can press and its relations to Fascism, much after the objective manner of the New Republic's investigation, headed by Walter Lippman (now editor of the New York World), which resulted in the publication of the articles and pamphlet "The New York Times and Bolshevism."

In that work the New Republic showed the perversion of news about Russia as studied in an exemplary great newspaper. The Bolsheviks had been spreading propaganda throughout the world, that was true, but the anti-Bolsheviks had not been idle. The American press printed news largely to favor its own views. Many newspapers fell into one trap or another. For example they published lies about the nationalization of women in Russia. They lied about the successes of the white terror armies, those of Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel and others. They lied about the Bolshevik losses. When Lippman compiled the lists of dead, wounded and prisoners, according to despatches printed in the New York Times, it would appear as if the Bolsheviks lost four or five times their army—and still kept on fighting.

I have wondered whether such influential papers as the New York Times, which published all these strange reports against the Bolsheviks, are not even now publishing pro-Fascist news because they, like most Americans, are under the delusion that Fascism, being anti-Bolshevik, is a noble movement for peace, liberty, civilization. All Bolshevik propaganda is now confined to newspapers either owned outright by the Third Internationale and published in New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Berlin and other cities, or partly subsidized by the Moscow government and its various agencies. Bolshevism therefore has a red mark on it. But is Fascist propaganda being printed in America labelled as such or subtly interwoven in the American news?

Certainly 5000 free cable words a month, worth a couple of

hundred dollars, is nothing to such great newspapers and news agencies as Associated Press, Chicago Tribune, New York Herald, New York Times and even less rich journals. The big agencies and newspapers have budgets of millions of dollars a year and I am sure would not knowingly accept the two hundred dollars a month the Fascists are offering.

My first investigation proved that Fascism had corrupted almost all the 280 Italian publications in America, of which 23 are dailies, and 167 weeklies. All the Italo-American editors are influenced with cash, free cable tolls, trips to Rome, dinners or handshakes with Mussolini, *commendatore* ribbons or other honors, with paid advertising and sometimes through Fascist Blackhand threats. Only five per cent of the Italian language press in America is non-Fascist, and gets no money from Rome.

Every one of my American colleagues in Rome is honest. The Americans are manfully striving to tell the news without being put into jail or deported by the Chekah system; of the Italians representing American newspapers and agencies one, a liberal, has been surrounded by spies and police and been in danger of losing his life while two others, although not belonging officially to the Fascist party, are so friendly that they could not humanly help sending out only what would help Fascism and suppressing any news of an opposite nature.

The corruption of the Italo-American public opinion through Mussolini's control of the native press in the United States, is a small thing compared to the corruption of neutral opinion.

That American public opinion has been corrupted there is no doubt. By every possible intelligent test Fascism is as much an antithesis of what the leading patriots call Americanism, as Bolshevism is, yet one is honored, the other condemned. No real hundred per cent American who is not a hypocrite or an

ignoramus, could praise or attack one system for the destruction of individual liberty without feeling the same for the other system for the destruction of individual liberty. One of the main differences is, that Black Terror floats loans in Wall Street while Red Terror refuses to pay the Czarist debts to the same bankers. But surely this minor financial rumpus would not pervert the minds of democratic, liberty-loving, equality-worshipping, freedom-praising American manhood and womanhood! Can it be that Mussolini's one undeniable success in improving the time-table for tourist trains, against the Bolsheviks' failure to do likewise, has won American public opinion? Or the Don Juan eyes of Mussolini so raved about by inhibited old maid journalists who have had their big thrill when Mussolini kissed their hands? Is it some such reason, or perhaps the status of journalism? Let us consider the Associated Press.

No man or organization in the world enjoys more freedom from public criticism than the Associated Press. For this there are many reasons, not the least of which is the honesty, fairness and integrity of this great coöperative organization which embraces almost all the morning newspapers of the United States and a large number of evening ones.

The A. P. certainly has had a cleaner record than its European contemporaries and the people of the United States can well be proud of the purity of the largest fountain which supplies public opinion.

As the press is the chief voice of criticism, and because editors believe it ethical to criticize everything in the world except anything connected with the profession of the greatest of all temporal powers, the Fourth Estate may point out the virtues and faults of the other three, but denies them the right to do likewise.

I have read Upton Sinclair's book, "The Brass Check." The title is more appropriate to ordinary newspaper work on the smaller papers in America, and the brass check given inmates of the red light district in the old bad days was no more immoral a wage than that earned by thousands of reporters. Unfortunately many things have conspired to make Sinclair's attack ineffective. First of all, Sinclair is branded as a "red" and that discounts his work. He also draws many preposterous or exaggerated conclusions and journalists generally refuse to accept the main truth in the book on account of the minor faults. Most important of all, it is apparent Sinclair does not know thoroughly the technique of reporting and newspaper making. This technique — this knowledge of what is hot news and what is not news, may be all wrong — but it is responsible for a lot of Sinclair's troubles with the press.

There have also been frequent exposures of newspaper or news-agency dishonesty in such weeklies as the Nation and the New Republic. At times these publications have made the whole world sit up. They got the secret treaties from the Czarist archives and forced the non-liberal papers to copy them; they ran the first reports of Fascist terrorism; they showed the connivance between the officials of the Department of State and the Associated Press in one serious Mexican crisis. But their circulations are in the thousands, whereas the papers which spread the Associated Press reports reach millions and make public opinion.

The American Mercury first noted the jazzy change in character of the Associated Press, the world's greatest news agency, which once had a reputation as clean as Caesar's wife, but now seemed to have gone flapper. But all the Mercury found to criticize was the colored blatant melodramatic way in which news is being treated; it did not question the veracity of A. P.

despatches, as Upton Sinclair has done, and the Nation and the New Republic have done frequently.

During the billion franc counterfeiting case in Budapest some enemy of Count Bethleu started a rumor that the Hungarian premier was "somewhat implicated" in the Windisch-graetz affair. No details. The slightest investigation revealed the political canard of an enemy. Yet an Associated Press man sent the untrue story. I asked him why he did it.

"I don't believe a word of this," he replied as he finished his typewriting, "and I don't want to send it. But I am going to, because we have orders to liven up the service and we get hell nowadays if the U. P. or I. N. S. has something we haven't got. It was different in the old days. But the A. P. doesn't care, so why should I?"

This expresses exactly the new attitude of what newsmen used to call "the A. P. type of reporters." They were always more serious, cautious, slower, but, more careful, not so quick with the wise-crack but on the safe side of the libel line. Old style A. P. men sometimes became bank presidents or presidents of the United States or owners of their own homes, whereas a reporter of the "opposition" might fill a drunkard's grave to the brim or write a Broadway success or go to the devil by some similar route. There was a distinction.

Nowadays the A. P. personnel at any bureau presents a mixed picture: there is the old guard which fought for Melville Stone and earned its gray hairs honorably and which liked to point with pride and view with alarm. Beside it works the class of 1931, just called to the colors, lusty lads who know that you have to bring back a story the editor ordered, boys who know how to write a lead even when the rest of the story does not quite live up to its first paragraph; young men who

have learned much too soon that the stuff to give the mob is blood and sex and sensation.

In other words the A. P. has decided to do just what most other American newspapers and news agencies are doing. Which in itself is not such a great crime, but it does remove something Gibraltarian from American journalism. Another idol shattered. In the old days they regarded the A. P. as omniscient and infallible; today when it reports an event, such as the Mexico-Bolshevism scare, not borne out by facts, journalists mourn the old A. P.; we mourn it because it has become no better than others!

Yes, the A. P., which is still probably the greatest single organ for the formation of public opinion in the world, has undergone a jazz change. When you begin teaching an old elephant modern tricks you make a strange circus out of him.

But my chief complaint is not with the mistakes and the occasional distortion of the A. P. nor its new attitude which may be the reflection of the new era. My chief complaint is that, ever since the war brought America into European affairs, and the peace treaty gave birth to so many injustices and changes in European affairs, when the clearest thinking and the greatest honesty became an absolute necessity in presenting world events to a Europe-conscience America — the A. P. has not realized the importance of its new job.

The average American's knowledge of Europe today is a compound of myths, lies, half-truths and a few facts. How could it be otherwise when the newspapers he reads and professes to scorn, although he completely surrenders his mind to them, do not tell him the whole truth? And what better examples are there than Russia and Italy from 1917 to the present day?

To me both countries are exactly alike in that they have im-

posed dictatorships depending on terrorism for existence, manipulated by a clever minority, sullenly accepted by a moron populace, and exercising a realistic philosophy which denies the masses all fundamental human liberties.

The fact that one ruling class is allegedly proletarian and the other the agent of bankers and automobile manufacturers, does not alter the cases much. Nor do such newspaper fakes as the nationalization of women in Bolshevia, or a duel between Mussolini and the Crown Prince of Italy, contribute anything to my grounds for criticism. Bolshevism and Fascism were built on violence — “nothing ever built on violence long endures,” said the Pope before he signed a treaty with Mussolini — and both have exercised their hidden terrorism in a way to furnish many newspaper columns and influence public opinion universally.

But if one has read the majority of newspaper reports during the last ten years one finds that the Bolsheviks have always been tottering to disaster, that the Wrangel and Judenitch and Kolchak forces destroyed many times as many Bolshevik soldiers as ever existed, and that Mussolini is the greatest man who ever lived and has, single-handed and entirely oblivious to economics and other world forces, resurrected a nation. When Stahlin emulated Napoleon and committed a murder, the civilized world was driven by the Associated Press to express its horror; when Mussolini emulated Napoleon and committed a murder, then the Associated Press despatches from Rome, written by an Italian, expressed no horror or indignation.

The A. P. was perfectly well satisfied to report the fact that the Bolsheviks tried several Roman Catholic priests for treason and executed one of them; its reports confirmed all it had said about the fiendishness of the communist regime. But when the Fascists attacked Roman Catholics in the pre-treaty days the

A. P., whose Rome correspondent is a philo-Fascist and a Roman Catholic, did not hesitate to explain away the incidents. It did not report the initial outrage but waited until the Fascists prepared an apology. It then cabled:

“The incidents . . . according to the government version, were not serious and were caused by excess of zeal of boys and do not represent any real anti-Catholic feeling on the part of responsible Fascists . . . the government has ordered the inspector general of police to investigate and punish those responsible . . . the Vatican maintains strict silence. . . .”

Why did not the Associated Press report political crimes when they happened? Why does it speak of Fascists when it reports glorious deeds in Italy and “the government” when it has to refer to Fascist crimes? Why did it say “the Vatican maintains strict silence” when it could get a comment from the Papal official organ, *Osservatore Romana*, as it did every time it wanted to boost a Fascist-Vatican *rapprochement*?

I happen to know about the Associated Press and its relations to Fascism because at least four reporters who served as assistants to the chief correspondent in Rome were real Americans and were so sickened by the regime they were forced to speak about it. They blame the A. P. policy of letting a pro-Fascist head their bureau in Italy and cannot understand how the American office can afford it.

One important crisis in the relations between the press corps and the Fascist government occurred when Mussolini ordered my expulsion for reporting the Matteotti murder confessions. The incident lights up the whole subject.

When the press corps decided to stand by me, protest to Mussolini, and get a new decision on censorship, it was found that the correspondent of the Associated Press refused to join in any action, and also prevented his son, the correspondent of the

New York Times, from joining. Inasmuch as the A. P. man is the *doyen* and frequently acts as unofficial adviser to the Fascist Foreign Office on American affairs, the protest failed.

A friend of Fascism heads the A. P. bureau in Rome; to any intelligent liberal-minded man it is as nasty a fact as the employment of a pro-Bolshevik would be as head of a Moscow bureau of a big American news agency. No matter how such men may try they cannot write unbiased truth for the American public.

The Italian head of the Associated Press bureau has for years had difficulties with the American journalists sent out to be his assistants. In 1925 there was continual strife between this Italian who believed in Mussolini, and who tried to send only news favoring Fascism, and two Americans, who knew little of internal politics but who were trying to tell the truth.

A strange situation arose. The Italian boss would send out pro-Fascist news. The two American assistants would try to send out suppressed news. Sometimes they were successful.

It is difficult for me to quote incidents which would explain the situation most clearly because this would involve mentioning several American newspaper men by name and probably lead to unpleasant consequences. (Several changes have occurred since then.) Without mentioning names or giving too many identifying details, here is one example:

One day a particularly atrocious crime was committed in one of the large cities by a group of fifty or more Fascists against six non-Fascists. A report appeared in all the opposition newspapers on the front page and the case was sensational enough for the Mussolini newspapers to mention it, in a hidden paragraph in the midst of a three-column story. The Italian journalist did not send much. Several hours later, however, when he had gone to bed, the American assistant sent out 600 words

of skeletonized copy on this incident. The story appeared on the first page of the New York Times (whose correspondent, also an Italian, likewise failed to cable it) and in hundreds of A. P. papers. Of course every special correspondent of every important American and European newspaper and agency also sent the item and it was commented upon throughout the world.

Many such cases can be cited. Inasmuch as there had been assassination and violence almost daily since the Fascists took the government and especially since the Matteotti murder, there has arisen the daily question of selection of facts and presentation of truths in the Associated Press office. The boss had taken to lecturing his assistants on how to "select" and "present" certain news items which concern Fascism. He tried to force them to follow his system of explanation. But there is never a question of selection or presentation when the boss has gone home for the evening and the American boys are filing. Of course they have to be very careful or their efforts to be honest will get them deported.

When the New Republic published "The New York Times and Bolshevism" it chose this paper, I believe, not because it desired to show up the errors and inconsequentialities of a certain journal, but because it considered the Times the leading newspaper of America in the amount of foreign news it carried, and no one could deny its paramount importance in influencing American opinion on European affairs. For these reasons I also choose this paper to illustrate the publication of news in America regarding Fascism.

Editorially the Times has not swallowed Mussolini whole. In fact one of the strongest editorials on tyranny in Europe has appeared in its columns. One day referring to the spread of terrorism and autocracy to Poland (under Pilsudski) the Times

said the Polish situation was a "close approach to conditions in Russia and Italy.

"Despotism instinctively wars upon free discussion. Freedom of speech and the press is resented because it is criticism. In the long run censorship always proves futile, and this would be particularly the case in countries like Russia, Italy and Poland with a large illiterate population and a comparatively small newspaper reading public. . . . When the lid is clamped down upon the press in Italy or Poland or Russia, the outside world must look for its news to the officially controlled newspapers, and to the Opposition news flashed from somewhere just outside the frontiers. . . . Plain Americans will always find it hard to understand why a government which professes to meet the innermost needs and desires of its people, as Communism and Fascism regularly do, is afraid to let people speak out."

I found it hard to reconcile such a fine, fair, outspoken editorial with the news columns of the same journal which consistently—until December 1930 at least—painted a glorious, rosy picture of Fascism and consistently belittled Fascist crimes or seemed to apologize for them. Of course the pro-Fascist news comes from an Italian representing the Times, while the editorial was written by an American in New York.

When the noted Professor Salvemini was on trial because he was an anti-Fascist, he was accused of all sorts of treasons. The case was so flimsy that Fascist courts accustomed to every perversion of justice for the purpose of ridding Italy of all libertarians and nonconformists, dared not convict, and the professor of history was freed. As he left the courthouse an attempt was made to assassinate him by Fascists, gathered in groups of a score or two at each of the eight exits of the courtroom.

One did not have to be a trained newspaper reporter to see

at once that the "lead," the "feature," is the attempted murder by Fascists. It *made* the story. Certainly every American correspondent, except him of the Times, so sent the news. (This was one of the many instances in which the young American assistants of the Italian chief of the Associated Press secretly sent a complete report when his chief had gone home.) The Times had a heading "Court in Florence Frees Professor," gave almost a column summary of the ridiculous charges against Salvemini and almost as an afterthought concluded with: "at the end of the hearing many Fascists, who had been present in the court-room, and a still greater number who had waited outside, became angry at the order to release the prisoner. They attacked Professor Salvemini, his lawyers and his sympathizers, among them Deputy Gonzales and Gold Medalist Rossetti."

Is this good journalism? If not, who is to blame, the paper, or its correspondent in Rome?

Still worse was the report on the De Bono case. The facts were these: General De Bono was a senator, a very popular Fascist, chief of the police at the time Deputy Matteotti was assassinated, and accused of complicity in that murder. He was found not guilty for lack of evidence. The court refused to consider a vast amount of evidence which the Opposition considered sufficient. Despite an old law which said a person freed *for lack of evidence* must not hold public office, Mussolini the same day named De Bono governor of Tripoli.

The New York Times report, as sent by its Italian correspondent, was a paean of victory for Fascism. It was the only despatch so worded and so colored. The "color" comes out when one compares it to a fair despatch such as the one in the Chicago Daily News signed by Hiram Kelly Motherwell. The Times despatch said:

“ . . . victory for Fascismo . . . exonerates De Bono completely . . . quashes the proceedings against him on the minor charge of having aided the escape of the murderers owing to insufficiency of evidence . . . exoneration . . . hailed in all Fascist circles this evening as a great victory over the accusations and insinuations made by the Opposition . . . De Bono . . . took his seat among the Fascist leaders, receiving enthusiastic ovations from the Fascists. Meanwhile Donati, who denounced De Bono to the High Court, fled the country. . . .”

The Chicago Daily News said in its headlines that the case had stirred all Italy, that although cleared by the Senate, De Bono still faced another trial, and the “ story ” says:

“ The Commission found that many documents, official and private, by which it was alleged that De Bono’s guilt could be proved, could not be traced. Some of the material witnesses had fled from the country and could not be located. Some of the material witnesses are now imprisoned. . . . Otherwise creditable testimony was controverted by government functionaries. . . . The Senate found that De Bono had received a commission of 400,000 lire on the sale of government material to a private firm. . . . The Senate found that Rossi and Marinelli, now accused of the Matteotti murder, talked with De Bono two days after the murder and urged him to be cautious about making arrests. . . . The Senate found that the assailants of the Opposition leader, Amendola, calmly proceeded to the militia barracks unmolested by the police, but they could not prove that De Bono, as police director, was responsible for this lapse of justice. ‘ It should be remembered,’ says the commission, ‘ that part of the blame attributed to him (De Bono) may be explained by his lack of necessary preparation for the important office with which he was invested.’ The Senate criticized De Bono for taking the Matteotti case away from the

police and assuming personal supervision over it. . . . It was found that Dumini, alleged murderer of Matteotti, was furnished with a passport under a false name and date — the date falsified to appear as issued before De Bono became police director . . . but it was not found that De Bono was personally responsible. Donati . . . fled to France after being threatened by the Fascists. . . . The Opposition makes its demands privately, it cannot do anything publicly for fear of the press and Assembly gag . . . etc.”

The despatch of the Chicago Daily News was written by a man who had to weigh every word for fear of giving offense to the Fascists and being expelled as a result. He did not dare to write all he thought: that the verdict was a rotten wrong typical of Fascist tyranny. He could not mention the hopelessness it caused lovers of liberty and justice. Yet it was a fair report, and while it only intimates De Bono remains an accomplice (with Mussolini) in a murder, it does not glorify De Bono and Fascism as the New York Times Italian correspondent does.

Motherwell is an honest man and did honest reporting when he was in Italy, under dishonest Fascist press terrorism, yet he showed no trace of lickspittle venality.

After the New Republic had exposed the falsity of American newspaper reports on Russia, using the Times as the leading example, the Times sent a most reliable and clever representative to Moscow, who in some seven or eight years has made himself a foremost authority on Russia and given the Times the reputation of having the best, unbiased, objective, full, reports on Russia. My friend Walter Duranty is having a well-earned success as a journalist, and a diplomatic one also. Sitting on fences for hours is supposed to be trying: Duranty has built himself a vast seat on the fence. He has never toppled over to

denounce Bolshevik activities, nor has he fallen on the other side with Bolshevik optimistic propaganda. Should he ever lean to either side he would no doubt be removed from his seat by either his employer or the Russian Foreign Office. But his honesty and his good judgment keep him his place.

Towards Russia the Times' editorial policy has not changed but its news columns have become reliable. It is the Italian case now which is an anomaly. Editorially the Times criticized the tyranny and crimes of Fascism, but in its news columns there is every evidence that its pro-Fascist representative sends color, propaganda, apology, and distortion. This was admitted to me by the Times' London and Paris bureaus.

There are also two American newspapers which enjoy the luxury of European editions. The New York Herald-Tribune (Paris) was founded by James Gordon Bennett, never made "money" before the war, but is now quite a decent looking paper and very popular. The Chicago Tribune (Paris) was a gallant idea of Joe Pierson who in Chicago one day in 1917 suggested getting out a paper and giving it free to the boys in the trenches. Profit from sales in the S. O. S. were given to General Pershing to use charitably. At one time the Paris Chi-Trib ran more than 100,000 copies, was the soldiers' friend, bright and newsy and courageous enough; and at a time when all minds were still uniformed in khaki, had the initiative to attack the War Department's purpose in keeping the troops in Europe. "Get the boys home, Toot-sweet," Floyd Gibbons in the Paris Trib headlined for months, and like the raucous gent who brought up Carthage, he was listened to. The doughboy learned what toot-sweet meant and departed. The army edition of the paper became the European edition, and one by one business managers tried to make it pay.

Naturally they looked to tourist Italy to advertise its hotels,

railroads and scenery because that trade was one of the main industries. But first of all there were unsettled times, and then came Fascism which did not want to advertise in papers whose editorial policy it could not have thrown into the contract.

The Chicago Tribune suffered. The New York Herald-Tribune merely boosted Mussolini and signed advertising contracts. One manager of the Herald had a neat way of showing his prostitution which is hereby recommended to other journalistic followers of the oldest profession in the world: he would clip all editorials and news items in rival papers which criticized Fascism or told facts of violence, and send them to the Italian hotel keepers' associations, travel bureaus, the then Rome managers of the American Express Company, all advertisers who were violent pro-Fascists, and the sundry who do or might advertise. In those strange days the Paris Chicago Tribune was still printing the truth about Italy and so it lost much advertising through this Herald trick.

The Herald had its peculiar difficulties. It was known for its two policies: the G. O. P. policy, which furnished columns upon columns of perfectly inane and stupid reading for American residents or tourists abroad, who did not want to hear about Republican party politics (and most of it New York or city politics at that); and the Quai d'Orsay policy, or subservience to the French Foreign Office. Bennett, of course, was more French than American, and his paper then a propaganda sheet. It is no longer that. But, as a "guest" of France it must play the game. The problem of the Herald now is, how to please the Quai d'Orsay and the Palazzo Chigi, both at the same time, especially when there is a playboy in a black shirt rattling a big sword in the Chigi and threatening to jab d'Orsay.

One way of solving this problem the Herald found in devoting itself in fulsome, almost orgiastic, praises of Musso-

lini and singing sweet and low on Fascism. Herald reporters in Paris know that every time they can catch some tourist who will affirm that Mussolini makes the trains run on time they will please their boss, and they have trains running on time all the time. Not a touring Babbitt comes out of Italy but he must be quoted in the Herald — with a picture if he is a lecturing Babbitt like Harold MacGrath, or even the daughter of a political Babbitt like Congressman Sol Bloom. “Italy’s Progress Under Mussolini Impresses Banker,” “Italian Chief’s Work to Live, says Vera Bloom,” “New Renaissance Under Mussolini, says Episcopal Bishop.” Herald headlines glorify Mussolini. When a reporter brings in a story of discontent and bloodshed in Italy it must be frequently thrown in the waste basket, for no such stories can be found in that paper.

The case of the Paris Chicago Tribune is much worse. I am told that with only one exception the Tribune foreign staff has written in to the business manager protesting the prostitution of this sheet to foreign governments, notably Poland and Italy.

The Paris Tribune once turned a financial corner by selling pages and half-pages to several nations and getting out special supplements for them. This is legitimate, if unethical business. It is unethical because all the rules of decency observed in America are forgotten in Paris. The advertisements are not marked as such but printed as reading matter. The material is mostly propaganda. Thus during a Pilsudski revolution when the barracks were blown up in Warsaw and blood was flowing in the streets the Paris Tribune printed a full page of Polish Foreign Office reading matter, saying that the government was beloved by the people, the country was getting along fine, its bonds were safe, and all was lyrical and lovely.

The Herald then did not have the Polish page, and its correspondent, Wilbur Forrest, sent a bloodcurdling report, uncen-

sored, out of Berlin, telling just how violent conditions were in Warsaw. Whereupon, the Polish Minister to France called in a business representative of the Tribune and gave him a half-column denial to print on the first page, which was done. Furthermore, when a Tribune reporter called one day at the Polish press bureau in the foreign office he was told to send only favorable news, otherwise he would lose his job, the foreign office man assuring him that a business representative of the Paris Tribune had promised to discharge any newspapermen who were not agreeable to the Polish dictatorship.

Now the remarkable fact about the situation is that the big New York and Chicago newspapers knew almost nothing about the behavior of their Paris children.

Day after day one can read in Chicago of Italian and Polish affairs, news either suppressed or altered in the Paris edition. The Chicago Tribune is bigger than either Mussolini or Pilsudski, and any attempt by the dictators to influence editorial opinion at home would result in their getting a very disillusioning slap in the face.

But, how can the parent newspaper remain free while the offspring is subservient? It is strange. Moreover, the European governments in buying propaganda space in the Paris editions do so in the honest belief they are buying up the editorial opinion of the American papers as well. Once when I visited the Czechoslovak and Roumanian Foreign Offices the heads of the press bureaus asked me how much editorial support they would have in America as payment for special editions in Paris. I said none. They replied they could not of course put such a request in a contract, but they were advertising with the implied understanding that they would get American editorial support.

How completely the Paris Tribune had gone over to Fas-

cism I realized when I heard that the city editor who obtained the story of the attack on the American consul in Rome was told by the business department to suppress it. The Tribune in Chicago headlined the story. Again I noted a series of fifteen articles telling the uncensored truth about Fascism in the Chicago edition, sent from the Paris office, but suppressed in Paris. This was done without notifying the owners and editors in Chicago.

So anxious was the Paris Tribune to keep the few dollars worth of Italian advertising that immediately after my expulsion from Italy, it sent a representative to apologize to the Foreign Office and to promise to be good in future. This was done during the very week in which articles on the election terrorism in Sicily, the attempt to assassinate ex-Premier Orlando, the Pope's speech against Fascist violence, the fraud in balancing the budget, and similar topics were being written in Paris and published in America. Eventually peace was made between the Paris Tribune and the Rome hotel keepers' association, and other big advertisers. The advertisers severely reprimanded the Tribune representatives who for a few dollars swallowed all the insults. When the Matteotti trial was held the Paris Tribune suppressed all details of Mussolini's complicity and, like the Fascist court, spread whitewash. On the other hand the Chicago paper printed not only the facts it could get from its own correspondent but also the real story which a New York World reporter got out by journeying to the first French town. Eventually Baron Valentino who was pleased with the corruption of the Paris edition, was disillusioned when he saw the Chicago edition and threatened several American journalists. The Italians could not understand how their buying advertising in the Paris Chicago Tribune did not include the Chicago paper's support.

In Paris Fascism not only gets suppression of news of its misdeeds, but apologies and denials. "Italians resent false reports of disorders," "Italy denies intended intervention in Austria." Such items fill the paper. No attempt is made to investigate the truth. If these Italian denials are refused publication, advertising may be withdrawn; if these statements hurt Austria or other countries it does not affect advertising because other countries do not expect servility just because a few hotels advertise themselves.

Fascism is blackmailing all the newspapers it can, everywhere, and certain newspapers are blackmailing Fascism for advertising contracts. National blackmail is an old European game. Some of the greatest newspapers in their time have played it. The story of Russian corruption of the European press I mention elsewhere. It caused a sensation. But today other governments are doing exactly the same and even hoping to influence America that way. Of the Russian episode, the *New Republic* said:

"In 1905 came the abortive Russian revolution. The safety of Russian imperial government bonds as an investment was therefore at this time by no means beyond question. In order to force them upon investors, it was necessary that the French press refrain from taking an alarmist view of Russian affairs. This was successfully accomplished by the simple process of bribery. The editors were bribed. The managing editors were bribed. The financial writers were bribed. Not even the fictitious formality of inserting advertisements was gone through. The leading spirits of French journalism appeared to have called upon the gentlemen who were disbursing funds for the Russian government and each one received his price, ranging from a thousand francs or so onward to a hundred times that sum. Whenever possible, the Russians sought a written record, in the form of letters or cancelled checks, for use as subsequent counter-blackmail. Some of the journalists were too shrewd for this and demanded cash."

Fascist Italy today is doing exactly what the Czar did from 1905 to 1917. The methods are not so crude, perhaps, but some day the Roman archives may show exactly what European and American newspapers have had subsidies of money, who has received decorations and honors, which newspapers and agencies have accepted the bribery of free cable and radio wordage, and just how and where the Fascist money was placed in advertising to buy up newspapers.

The Continental European press with the exception of Scandinavia, Holland and Switzerland, is generally impoverished and therefore open to indecent proposals, and therefore largely corrupted. It is rather sad to see the Yankee papers in Paris adopting the worst features of European journalism. They have such a marvelous opportunity to show the Continent the greatness and freedom of the American press and they have become such shoddy little harlots in unnecessary bordellos of their own creation.

XI CORRUPTION OF EUROPEAN PRESS AFFECTS AMERICA

**Most continental newspapers and official agencies in pay
of parties and special interests**

CHIEF SOURCE OF U.S. NEWS

**System Czar established of buying foreign journals fol-
lowed by Mussolini and others**

XI

WHEN Mr. Edge came to Paris as ambassador of the United States of America he found that his country was having a bad "press" in France.

Ever since the war debt negotiations began the tension between the two countries had been increasing, until a time was reached when the French newspapers, most of which are not very honest, had so inflamed public opinion that foolish citizens had thrown stones at a rubberneck wagon—probably filled with Belgians—a parade of crippled veterans went up the Champs Elysées towards the grave of the Unknown Soldier, bearing banners denouncing America, and taxi drivers, who have always robbed everybody who does not speak French, eased their consciences by making themselves believe that every one of their victims was a "sale" American.

French xenophobia and especially anti-Americanism is due mostly to the hostile French press. No doubt it is part of an ambassador's duty to create friendly relations. One can therefore imagine the surprise of the American embassy when French journalists came around offering to write articles favorable to the United States provided that about 1,000 francs (\$39.35) was handed the journalist.

One of these visiting French writers even tried blackmail. He had heard a rumor that the American ambassador was once interested in the Dorland advertising agency, a rival of Havas, the big French news agency which really makes its money peddling want-ads, and he wrote a nasty attack which he hinted he would suppress if he got paid to do so. He was

thrown out of the embassy. (The attack, which was a libel, was never printed.)

Another French journalist asked for an interview; he was an important man, representing one of the big papers, and he got it. It was duly published. The next day the man appeared and asked for money. He too was thrown out and as he went he threatened never to write anything favorable to the United States again. In the future he would devote himself to denouncing America in the columns of the big paper he represented.

It soon became clear to American diplomatic officials that a large part of the French press campaign against everything American could be overcome by the payment of several thousand-franc notes to journalists and editors. It may have been a revelation to the Americans. But it is the custom in France and other Continental countries. Many nations buy favorable publicity, even national friendship, and why not the United States? . . . so reason the French, the Italians and others.

Of course the United States cannot indulge in the buying up of foreign papers. But foreign papers are frequently bought up by other countries, by oil interests, by international bankers, by political parties; special interests color most of the news on the continent, and this "color" cannot help finding its way into the American press because the greatest part of the news comes from the European official and semi-official bureaus and from the newspapers, all of which are printing biased inspired news. Likewise the "great" Continental European journalists are frequently the representatives of special interests.

In February 1930 Mussolini, guest of the foreign press association at Rome at the annual banquet, repeated his declaration of pride in his journalistic career. He had said and written:

— It is journalism which has formed my spirit.

— I have a nostalgia for the profession.

— In taking over the government I have not forgotten my career as a journalist.

— It is journalism which has made me understand human nature.

All of these declarations made him friends among the native and foreign press representatives. After all, he is one of us, they all thought, with a vicarious pleasure.

Rarely did anyone try to find out what sort of a journalist Mussolini had been. The American and British journalists took it for granted that Mussolini's career had not been much different from their own, because these Anglo-Saxons never stopped to consider the journalistic situation in Europe. Was there a free press in Europe? Were journalists free? Honest, even in the Anglo-Saxon sense? Did advertising control the press now as it had done in the dark pre-war days in America — in those days when Collier's ran its amazing exposures which did so much to produce a clean press in the United States? Were European journals and European journalists being corrupted by outside influences? Were thousands of editors, the kind Mussolini had been, in the pay of governments, foreign offices, corporations, private individuals, all of whom had an interest in suppression of one kind of news and propaganda of another kind?

Very few British and Americans studied the difference between their ways of practicing their profession and the Continental way. From time to time, in the past 14 years, I have collected data, put letters into folders, clipped suspicious items, made notes of the statements of foreign office officials, interviewed people interested, talked to advertising men, and so gathered an amazing amount of evidence. My conclusion is that in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and perhaps one or two of the smaller European nations, the reporter is a

collector and writer of news; on the Continent, especially in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, the Balkans, and the Baltics, the newspaper worker is very often a corrupt politician, a grafter, an agent for oil, munitions, or other interests seeking to fool the public, and almost always a propagandist for one party or another.

In America, newspapermen, with the exception of a few Washington representatives and some editorial writers, are generally uninterested in the political bias of their papers. Thousands upon thousands are liberals, radicals of some sort, rebels against the existing order personified by the Republican or Democratic parties, the parties which own or subsidize their papers or are for some financial or other reason supported by them.

In Britain naturally a writer of decided liberal or pacifist views, H. G. Wells or Philip Gibbs, for example, would not seek to write for the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Mail*, yet there would be many journalists on the staffs of the Conservative papers who would not necessarily agree with the policies of the paper.

But in Continental Europe in almost every case, there is no free journal, therefore no free journalist. In Germany the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* are notable exceptions; in France it is almost impossible to find a paper which is not a party affair. Italy once had an outstanding honest newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, the last to hold out against Fascism, and even now not completely crushed. But the press has always been a party press and journalism in Italy as in France has always been a pretty filthy affair. Mussolini, for example, had never been anything but a propaganda journalist. In his youth he had devoted himself to radical propaganda because of an alleged intense belief; from 1914 to

date he wrote propaganda for the account of others; good clients like the Allied governments or the employers' association; but never in his life, being a typical Continental journalist, has he ever written anything in the honest unbiased manner of any one of the hundred British and American journalists covering a small war or a big peace conference.

An incident typical of the entire Continental European press occurred as the sequel to Remarque's publication of his now famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Remarque was a journalist in the employ of the Scherl press in Berlin. This publishing house is conservative, nationalist, reactionary, monarchist, militarist, and prefers its employees that way.

When Remarque submitted his war book, which he wrote not as propaganda, but as a matter of truth, the Scherl editors refused it and warned Remarque that they were opposed to his having it published elsewhere because it would arouse pacifist, anti-war feelings.

Remarque took his book to the Ullstein press. This organization is liberal, pacifist, republican and favors international friendship, also with France. The book was published. The Scherl press immediately fired Remarque. Before "All Quiet on the Western Front" had become a best seller and begun to earn any of that million marks or more which a million copies brought him, Remarque found himself out of a job. Ullstein then had to give Remarque a position on one of its dailies.

This is typical of European journalism. In America things are different. Hearst men do not have to believe in any Hearst policies: it is true that one of Hearst's reporters in Mexico was engaged in a deal involving forged documents planned to hurt the Mexican government which Hearst had always been at-

tacking, but the second Hearst man was known to be friendly to the regime. Likewise Adolph Ochs does not require anyone, from reporter to managing editor, to be a Democrat because the editorial (not the news) policy of the New York Times favors the Democratic party, and while Mr. Ochs may refuse high editorial positions to Jews (presumably because he being a Jew fears he will be accused of favoring the Jews), he has among his workers men openly given to anti-Semitic sentiments. This could never happen in the Continental European press.

A large part of the European press is bribed by foreign governments. In America only the Italian press is bribed: the communist press is almost always owned outright by Moscow through its organ, the Third Internationale. In Europe very few British papers have ever sold themselves outright before the war or after. But French, Italian, Austrian, German and the papers of the smaller countries are always being bought by certain countries for propaganda and war purposes. Strange to say corruption via government advertising has lately overtaken the greater part of the American and English language newspapers published in Europe.

The purpose of government bribery is manifold. The regime in power, usually a dictatorship, seeks to remain in power. It needs moral and financial aid. It may need alliances. It may be preparing for a new war.

In Vienna, for instance, there are papers owned, subventioned or influenced by Czechoslovaks and by Hungarians, communists, the Little Entente, Fascists, Pan-Germans, Pan-Slavists, chain banks, anti-Semitic organizations and of course the Heimwehr movement. The great *Neue Freie Presse* is no longer a *freie presse*, and it can no longer be said that there is such a thing as a really fair, objective newspaper to compare

to the Frankfurter Zeitung, the Manchester Guardian or the Baltimore Sun.

In France the situation hasn't changed much since the days of the Russian bribery.

In 1904 the Czar needed money for the Japanese war. In 1905 the Russian tyranny needed moral support against the revolutionaries. In all the years from then until the 1917 revolution, Russia needed either money or moral support because it was always crushing the rebels, filling up Siberia, shooting down the Finns, suppressing the press and engaging in a general tyranny (such as is seen today in Fascism, in Bolshevism and some of the smaller terrors).

Against a free press tyranny cannot endure. Tyranny can crush public opinion in its own land; it tries to do the same in many others, but where there are brave journalists and brave journals, eventually the facts will be mobilized to fight that tyranny. Witness Morel and the Belgian Congo. Under Leopold the atrocities and the economic slavery in that blackest of African colonies was a disgrace to the civilized world. The venal press knew but kept silent. But when Morel found an honest newspaper to print his disclosures, the Belgian Congo was freed in short order.

The Czar was successful for many years. He bought the press of many countries. The archives which l'Humanité of Paris published concern chiefly France. Almost every French newspaper of importance was on the Russian pay roll and the list published by l'Humanité includes many names of journalists and politicians among whom are two well known in America, Raymond Recouly and Henri Berenger.

Among the organizations bribed was the Havas Agency. The Havas is known as the semi-official news agency of the French government. It has an exchange agreement with the

Associated Press of America and is therefore of primary importance in influencing American public opinion on French affairs. Listen therefore to the bunkum handed the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris by M. Charles Houssaye, vice-president of Havas, as dutifully reported in the Paris Herald:

“WATCHWORD IS TRUTH”

“News services and newspapers have an immense role to play in modern life and international relations, M. Houssaye declared. Besides the quick transmission of word of the disasters and the incidents of everyday life, they have the responsibility of honestly reporting the news that will affect public opinion among the nations.

“Whether the stories are filed in English, French or any other language, newspaper men really speak the same language, that of truth, he said. The rapprochement between the peoples of the world depends on honest reporting of facts, he asserted, and care must be exercised that nothing wilfully untrue should pass over the wires and appear in the newspapers. The fraternity of the nations and humanity demand that newspapermen guard and keep faith with their responsibility.”

Ten thousand francs a month was the Russian bribe to the Havas Agency, this vast source of news which flows through Europe and America. In the Russian archives is the report of Arthur Raffalovitch, the secret agent charged with bribery of the French press. It says in part:

“Subventions of the press began in February 1904, at the time of the panic provoked by the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East. Upon the express request of M. Pouvier, Minister of Finance, (later Premier of France) the (Russian) Finance Ministry opened a credit of 200,000 francs . . . the money was expended through the regular agent of the French Ministry, M. Lenoir, and continued until the assurance of the 800,000,000 franc loan. . . . The internal events in Russia, disturbances, mutinies and massacres caused an uneasy state of mind among

the French holders of our securities, and if the press were left to itself it would not fail to upset the public still more . . . the outlook was so threatening that the Banque de Paris put 50,000 francs at our disposition, which was issued as follows:

“10,000 francs to the Havas Agency (the Associated Press of France).

“7,000 francs to Hebrard of Le Temps. .

“4,000 francs to Le Journal, . . .

“. . . on November 30 and again as much on December 30. The costly sacrifices to Havas and Le Temps are absolutely necessary . . . the support of the majority of the press is unfortunately indispensable until the loan is put through . . . the papers have become greedier. . . . We must continue 100,000 francs for three months and look forward to paying Havas 10,000 francs for an even longer period.”

In 1904 the bribe money was 935,785 francs; in 1905 it was 2,014,161. Raffalovitch once wrote, “in ten months the abominable venality of the French press will have absorbed 600,000 francs.” In 1906 he wrote to say that Le Temps, the so-called government organ and admittedly leading paper of France, had been bribed 100,000 francs in connection with that year’s loan. In one account of 50,000 francs distributed the recipients are mentioned as: Le Temps, Le Petit Parisien, Le Journal, Figaro, Gaulois and the Havas Agency—or practically the entire press with the exception of the important Le Matin. However there is an archive document, a letter from M. Bregaud, financial editor of Le Matin, referring to some financial articles: “two articles a month for six months, to fulfil our obligations under our monthly subsidy.”

Still another list, giving the expenses for 1905 as 3,796,861 francs, which includes loan advertising, gives among the notable recipients, in addition to those mentioned: Journal des

Débats, Echo de Paris, Liberté, Presse, Patrie, Eclair, Rappel, Radical, Intransigeant and, strangest of all, the clever, smutty weekly devoted to risqué stories and naked ladies, La Vie Parisienne.

In 1912 Poincaré superintended the Russian money distribution.

On January 15, 1916, Le Temps sold out to the Czar completely. The text of the treaty has been published in l'Humanité, Paris, The Living Age, London, and The Nation, New York. The disclosures were made in Paris. They concerned two nations, the secret of an alliance, the secret of public opinion, and big corruption. Yet apparently no American journalist in Paris cabled a word to any American paper; it would appear that either the Associated Press (which deals with Havas) refused to cable the matter, or if it did cable it, the New York managers refused to send the news to the papers, because nothing but silence in the entire American press followed this international scandal. Perhaps it was not good journalistic ethics to cable such things. Perhaps the wearers of the legion of honor thought the Quai d'Orsay would not like it.

When the Bolsheviks stopped bribing the French press, the latter protested vehemently and, failing to get money, began inventing stories of Bolshevik defeats and Bolshevik terror. The defeats were entirely lies. The Quai d'Orsay encouraged the lies. The Havas Agency circulated the propaganda of the Quai d'Orsay.

The correspondents of many American newspapers, notably the Bolshevik-hating Fascist-praising New York Times got from the angry Quai d'Orsay, the no longer bribed Havas Agency, and the now hungry French press a mass of lies about Russia which have made public opinion.

One feature of the bribery system was the "Special Edition."

The treaty said: "The Russian Ministry of Finance has entire freedom to select the text of the Russian numbers, which will be published only under its supervision. It may accordingly dispose of all or part of the 5,000 lines contained in each of them."

This special edition racket is still being played. In almost all countries of Europe other governments are buying public opinion when they buy up newspapers which print "Polish Numbers," "Spanish Numbers," "Rumanian Number," "Italian Number," etc.

Strange as it may seem to American newspaper readers, who have watched the American press emancipate itself from advertising corruption years ago, the special number and special daily or weekly page game, still goes on in the American papers published in Europe. The chief buyers of space and editorial opinion have been the dictators, notably Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, Pangalos, Pilsudski and Jon Bratianu. Every one of these men had corruption and terrorism to hide from the knowledge of the world. Two of them still have.

The fall of Primo de Rivera illustrated the advertising-news situation. While the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune was getting the Spanish page advertising it gave its readers such headlines:

All Spain Hails de Rivera's Rule.

Spanish Socialists give tacit Approval to Primo.

Spain Prospers Under Rivera's Strict Regime.

Foreign Press Attacks Fail to Disturb Business in Spain.

The public was bunked with propaganda, hundreds of columns of it, millions of words. It was told *in news columns* (not editorials which are even more effusive), that:

“All admit that the dictatorship has brought prosperity to Spain . . . there are many facts which show the benefits of Primo’s rule . . . financial and industrial progress are both marked . . . the budget was balanced in 1927 for the first time since 1909. . . . In any given situation . . . (Primo) works by inspiration and intuition. The Socialist party has more or less backed the dictator.

“Fresh proof of the staying power of the new régime . . . well rooted . . . this is the first time a government has been able to count upon popular backing . . . Spain, a country which hitherto has lived under a false parliamentary system . . . the masses then stood aloof from the life of the nation. . . . Happily for Spain General Rivera has made a radical change in this indifference of the Spanish people. . . . We repeat that this is the first time Spain has possessed a government based, not upon a few local dignitaries, but upon the mass of the population.

“The whole nation — apart from certain professional politicians and highbrows who still dwell among the ideas of another century — hails its representative in Primo de Rivera; it sees and knows what the Government has done to drag the country out of the slough; it understands what the latest régime has in view; it supports directly and encourages by its attitude, so that the Government may persevere in the aim of creating a new Spain, a Spain already in fair shape to essay an uplift so remarkable that within a few years visitors who were familiar with the Spain of 1922 will no longer recognize the country. Not many régimes possess the firm basis on which that of Primo de Rivera now rests; to doubt its stability would argue mere naïveté.

“The truth is that Spain never knew true parliamentary democracy, in the European sense of the word, and the false

parliamentary system of the Liberals, Democrats and Conservatives was in reality a veiled dictatorship of irresponsible groups.

“For the masses of the people there is no difference between this masked dictatorship, and a dictatorship undisguised, while as regards their material position it has been ameliorated considerably since the advent of Primo de Rivera. It is, then, clear and logically certain that plotters against the present régime will not be able to count upon the working classes.”

Behold the change! Within a few months of the appearance of the almost daily propaganda of praise disguised as news and in absolute contravention of the rule of all American newspapers against editorializing in the news columns, the Rivera regime collapsed silently.

But the Spanish advertising contracts continued.

Rivera, yesterday's hero, would not be there to renew the contract. So the news columns were open to the truth about him. For example:

“The name of Primo de Rivera is mud in Spain today. What he did in six years of blundering, good-natured absolutism cannot be undone in a day. . . . Nobody could possibly repair the awful breach he made in the nation's finances. During the twenty-four hours that he has been in power, the new dictator, Berenguer, has striven manfully to destroy any illusion that might still cling to the act of putting faith in de Rivera's moral, or legal, or economic success.

“He announced that de Rivera's so-called sweeping reforms of the judicial system has been wiped out. . . . A general amnesty has been declared. . . . Unamuno has been pardoned . . . the governors of the Atheneum Literary, the most liberal influence in Spain whom Rivera replaced with Jesuits, would be reinstated.

“De Rivera told the public regularly in papers that could

not print anything else, that he was a godsend to Spain. . . . The press long stifled is awaiting permission to print documents of all the scandals of the old régime.”

And the next day:

“Three hundred thousand members of the Federation of Labor and 15,000 Socialists . . . issued a manifesto which accuses the King in almost so many words of aiming to prolong his immunity for ever, through a succession of generals picked one after another to do his bidding.

“Labor is the only organized political group left in Spain outside of Primo de Rivera’s opportunist crowd, the Union Patriótica, and although small and relatively helpless in the face of a military dictatorship, it is in a position to give fast spreading Republican sentiment a new impetus.

“Their manifesto makes it clear that they consider an end to Bourbon rule the only means of establishing domestic peace in Spain. The King made Primo de Rivera dictator in September 1923 to save his skin on the Moroccan responsibilities; in January 1930, he brings in General Berenguer to save him from the same Primo de Rivera and from the responsibilities created by his six years of dictatorship.

“During these years Spanish labor had more or less played ball with Primo, esteeming that his benevolent dictatorship at least guaranteed them from the *reign of terror and persecution such as went on under the old régime.*

“The financial scandals of Primo’s régime are reported everywhere to be many and juicy. One newspaper in Madrid has a whole roomful of documents relating thereto, but it now appears that General Berenguer, although anxious to diminish Primo’s legend, has received orders not to allow such documents to be published lest a revelation of the misdeeds of the dictatorship be taken as a reflection on the King.

“It is taken for granted that many of Primo de Rivera’s gang made millions through all sorts of deals.

“One socialist journalist whom Primo sent to jail told The Tribune today, ‘Primo was a clown, but sometimes a very intelligent clown. He was a man absolutely without any meanness and, besides that, he was an accident to Spanish history. But now we are faced with the King who is not an accident and not even amusing.’”

But the Spanish advertising is still going on.

Here is not only de Rivera being laughed at but also the King, the House of Bourbon, the maker of the Berenguer dictatorship. Evidently this was going too far. The bunkum of the little Mussolini which the papers spread was now shown up by the same papers. The new bunkum, aimed to please the powers, was offensive. Throughout Europe the press which had or wanted the Spanish advertising changed its tone over night. Here is a sample headline in the same Paris Tribune:

MONARCHISTS STRONG
IN SPAIN, BELIEF OF
PROMINENT OFFICIAL.

with a sub-head: “Intellectuals have no hold on people, he declares.” This piece of peace-making, the self-evident attempt to smooth over the anti-monarchy news, this new bunkum, reads in part:

“Those who reside in Spain and know the country well are often astonished by the absurd ‘news’ stories published in the foreign press,” this official said.

“The dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera ended without the slightest complication as soon as the King willed it,” he added.

“This act of the King has proved the great prestige which

His Majesty enjoys. Also, it has certainly increased his authority. The majority of the Spanish people are monarchists, not only by tradition, conviction and theory, but because they have a personal regard for Alphonso XIII.

“Election figures show that the numbers of Republican voters is not more than ten per cent of the total in Spain. The Spanish intellectuals have no real contact with the people and Republican ideas are only current in the larger cities.

“The true Spain, the Spain of the peasants, remains profoundly monarchistic, both by conviction and by its faith in and love for Alphonso XIII,” he concluded.

The case of the Polish dictatorship and news corruption is even more scandalous. The Poles followed the Italians in demanding suppression of unfavorable news in all European and American papers in which they advertised, in addition to the publication of foreign office propaganda.

At one time, before the Pilsudski dictatorship became a fact, the Berlin office of the Chicago Tribune, which was then and probably now relays the news from Warsaw, sent a cable saying:

“Whether Poland will retain any semblance of a free parliamentary government or will become a dictatorship like Russia and Italy, will be decided Thursday when Parliament will be dissolved by Marshal Pilsudski if it refuses to accept his old cabinet.” . . . etc.

The Berlin office then received a cable from the advertising manager (*not the editor* of the Paris Tribune) saying, “Polish embassy here denies veracity your Polish articles Sunday and today, what’s answer?” And the next day the Tribune published a denial of the news despatches, from “a high Polish authority in Paris.” The Berlin correspondent then received a warning from the advertising man, in part:

“Of course you are aware that we have an advertising contract with the Polish Government amounting to, as I remember it, about 150,000 francs (\$6,000) in advertising space to be used in a year or two, and desire to continue it; on the other hand we want to print true news, so that if you will conduct yourself accordingly, I would appreciate it.”

But the reporters everywhere protested the selling of space to *governments* for propaganda purposes. The Rome man, for example, wrote in to the business department to say the word “advertisement” should be placed over the Polish, Italian, German, Spanish and other pages. When this was done, the Polish embassy in Paris immediately protested, realizing that that truthful little word spoiled the whole effect of the national propaganda, whereupon the newspaper compromised by putting the word “Poland” over the page.

The reasons why journalists protested against their own newspapers' methods were two: they saw the evil of the bun-kum given to the public, and they found their welcome cold when they went to foreign offices which did not advertise. These non-advertising nations were under the impression that the editorial policy of the big newspapers in America was sold out to their enemies: they did not realize that the American and British papers in Paris could sell propaganda space without the parent newspaper in New York, Chicago or London being involved. Thus when the Vienna correspondent of one big American paper which has a Paris edition called on the Roumanian foreign office press attaché, the latter remonstrated about a criticism in the American parent paper of the Bratianu terror dictatorship.

“Your paper has no right to publish anything like that against us, it is a violation of our agreement with the Paris edition,” said the official.

“Have you that too in the contract?” asked the journalist in surprise.

“Our contract,” replied the official, “calls for so much space for so much money, but we were told orally by the Paris representative that the editorial support of the American edition would be given us as well as that of the Paris edition. We have had the latter.”

When the journalist hinted that the parent newspaper in America, a corporation taking in some ten or twenty million dollars a year, probably never heard of the Roumanian advertising contract with the Paris edition, and could not be corrupted for the whole national income of the Roumanian State, let alone a couple of thousand dollars a year, the official got very angry and said he would not advertise again. This pleased the journalist. He said so. The official could not understand that either. The Roumanian foreign office had always been in the habit of bribing European journalists by cash or advertising and to have its money spurned was a strange experience.

Most Continental European Governments bribe many journalists by one way or another, just as they bribe newspapers by one way or another. There are of course numerous honest European journalists: most of them come in the class known as reporters. They are the news gatherers. They are very few, compared to the real journalists, some of whom may be news gatherers, but most of whom are “special” writers, meaning writers who work in accordance with the editorial policy of their employers, or who put over propaganda for some country or party or person.

In France, for instance, many newspapers make it a business of paying their journalists less than a living wage and permitting the employees to bring in propaganda, etc., for which the

latter get their pay from outside sources. The journalists here cannot bring in a piece of propaganda favoring Hungary, if the Czechoslovaks have bribed this particular paper, and vice versa, but they can bring in propaganda for certain companies, manufacturers, books, artists, singers, theaters, etc. Also, if they know their newspapers are sold out to certain friendly countries, these European journalists can get fully-paid trips to these countries, have their articles published, and get a fat price—from the friendly nation. All the way from a country to a vaudeville star, they pay the journalist (who otherwise draws almost no salary) to get things into the paper.

The French subsidized newspapers in Italy in 1914 for war purposes.

The most important subsidized paper was Mussolini's.

That is exactly the kind of Continental European Journalist he always was, a well-bribed one.

All the news in Italy is now perverted. Yet Mussolini writes in the *New York World* (March 2, 1930):

“Italian journalism is free because it serves only a Cause and a Regime; it is free because it can, and does, exercise functions of control, criticism and propulsion, within the compass of the laws of the Regime. I deny absolutely in the most absolute manner that the Italian press lives in the realm of dullness and uniformity.”

Only a knave or a fool could say that, and Mussolini, everyone must admit, is no fool. The great Italian journalists, when you meet them outside Italy, admit that their press is perverted, and many once great papers have to publish historical items when the news is suppressed. On the other hand, Mussolini, who is no fool, has made a propaganda tool of the Stefani agency, the official news bureau, which incidentally furnishes the Associated Press of America exclusively all the “news”

of Italy. How, under the ex-journalist Mussolini's orders, this Stefani agency has been corrupted can be seen from the deadly parallel, an account of a speech by Lloyd George:

Stefani:

Lloyd George declared that after the war socialism in Italy had a disastrous effect on industry. The nation, in desperation accepted the Fascist succour.

"I recall the joy with which the Liberal Party approved the Fascist revolution, its admiration for the Fascist movement, and its powerful chief, the honorable Mussolini. . . ." Lloyd George.

Official record:

"I recall how the Fascist revolution has caused and is still causing in the ranks of the Conservative Party, admiration and adulation for the Fascist movement and for its powerful chief. Italy, a terrestrial paradise where the snake of anarchy was chased out by cherubims clad in black shirts who guarded the garden against a return of the reptile! That was the picture of a year ago.

"You can see for yourself what there is now: Liberty is entirely suppressed. Repression, menace, arson, confiscation, assassination have become the instrument of the government. Never has anything like this been witnessed in Italy since the disappearance of the atrocious King Bomba. Liberalism is the only hope for Italy. The great liberal chiefs, Giolitti, Orlando, Salandra and Nitti, prepare a new fight for Italian liberty. . . ." Lloyd George.

This is on its face not a case of bad reporting, but a deliberate lie put out by the Fascists and spread by the so-called neutral news agency. And it is effective too because the British papers are frequently confiscated or, reaching Italy, are read by a few liberal persons who are impotent politically.

XII MILLIONS OF WORDS OF BUNKUM APPEAR IN WORLD'S PRESS

International heroes created by blah and ballyhoo while
facts being less sensational fail to penetrate
to public

QUEEN MARIE GAY AT FUNERAL

Stinnes, German colossus, as national crook; bunk about
American war aviation; other examples

TRUTH ABOUT AVIATOR LUKE

XII

ONE day every year or two the American newspapers told of the romantic voyage of a Balkan King in search of a bride. It seems this King made the trip frequently, visiting other Kings who had daughters on the market, and always returned empty-handed. On each visit the King stopped for a week in Vienna.

“Is His Majesty looking up one of the wrecked Hapsburgs?” one newspaper man asked another.

“No,” was the reply, “he is in a sanitarium.”

“That’s a good story too—what’s the matter with him?”

“That,” replied the author of the romantic story, “is no story at all.”

“How—come?”

“The King,” replied the romanticist, “like several other non-regal persons, sowed one wild oat too many, and as a result he comes here to see a gent’s specialist.”

Yet stories of the King’s romances are sent to America. If you ask why, you get:

“What do you expect? The American papers want romances—and they want royalty-romances. We supply the demand. We have to send out bunk.”

Similarly when I went to Bucharest for King Ferdinand’s funeral. Now I don’t know how many of the stories of royal household intrigues are true. I don’t concern myself with the legitimacy of the younger princes and princesses. I don’t care a hoot whether Crown Prince Carol’s gal was a street-walker or just some colonel’s little friend. But I think that I was right,

in my own conservative way, in expecting only a stage show of sorrow on the part of the Queen.

We all got tickets for the special train, and went out to Sinaia for the funeral. It was certainly one of the gayest sights of my life, banners and uniforms and the peasants in costume. The Queen looked younger and happier than in years.

She was standing on the court balcony smiling, chatting with the princesses, laughing a good deal — really relieved and happy-looking at last, when the press photographers on the ground got to work. They had made several shots of this merry scene, when:

“Look — the press photographers,” whispered one of the princesses.

Queen Marie trembled. She went rigid. She composed the lines of her face. Out came a handkerchief. She dabbed her eyes as if to stay a flood of tears.

Now this was what the photographers wanted. After all, this was a funeral not a picnic. They thanked her. “Hold the pose,” said one. She looked more tragic than ever. Accustomed like a Hollywood actress to always inanely registering something or other, she registered “mourner at a funeral of passion.”

Some time later the Wide World man came to me with two pictures. The setting was identical. In one the Queen is laughing: in the other crying. “Before and After,” said the photographer. “Send them both,” I said. “I am not crazy yet,” he replied. So the American rotogravures had the weepy one with swell weepy underlines.

And the news writers. It would hardly have been appropriate to tell the incident. We sent the bunk too.

But here is another instance of bigger importance. At one time Hugo Stinnes was one of the “greatest” men in the

world. In fact he was so big it was almost as hard to interview him as to interview the Pope. Actually Marcossou had the luck to go up the Adlon elevator with him once and thought it one of the red star days of his life. That was before he really got his interview for the Saturday Evening Post. Stinnes at that time was supposed to control more than Ford or Rockefeller.

Here is an instance of this man's methods. One day Easterling of the Associated buttonholed Stinnes in the Adlon lobby and asked him a question. Stinnes had been annoyed by the fact that most all the American journalists stayed at the Adlon—and could even report that the “alleged” richest man in the world preferred to dine on sausages, or *Kasseler Rippespear* and sauerkraut, or shunned the showerbath. When Easterling stopped him in the hall Stinnes tried to make a joke of it, seizing a page boy and saying to Gyp: “Here is my secretary, ask him.” But soon after Stinnes walked out of the Adlon and bought the next best hotel for himself—so he could live away from the American journalists.

And he had reason. Those of us who wanted to were beginning to learn something of his methods. Stinnes, who “owned” one of the big political parties, with sixty newspapers which daily called him a patriot, and who was noted for paying his 600,000 workmen more than the demanded minimum (a German Ford as it were), was really one of the men most responsible for the collapse of the German financial system after the war.

His and his colleagues' method was simple: they borrowed say a million dollars' worth of paper marks at the Reichsbank, manufactured their goods, sold them abroad for dollars and pounds, and pesos, and six months later, when the mark had fallen to a fraction of the borrowing rate they repaid the

Reichsbank with ten or a hundred thousand dollars for each million.

One day one of the Stinnes papers published something about the generosity of the Stinneses in feeding the poor at their hotel. Now was the time for the kowtowing reporters to get in right with Stinnes. They sent eulogistic pieces. But an enquiry revealed the bunkum. It was true all right that the poor were being fed at the Stinnes hotel, but they were being fed garbage—that is, the clearings from the tables of the guests, which usually went into the garbage pails. That was the Stinnes charity: newspaper bunkum.

More important in international affairs, however, was the making of the Stinnes myth by the foreign correspondents. It had a double international effect: it permitted Stinnes to make huge loans, so that many persons influenced by bunkum later lost millions, and it diverted attention from the real looters of Germany.

One result was xenophobia. The poor devils who were losing their savings naturally needed someone to hate, and it was logical to hate the foreigners. There was a tremendous anti-American feeling in Germany for many years (just as there was in Paris and London later, during the debt settlement discussions—but you can't print that, you know!) so that while bunk exalted Stinnes it also was a cause for bad blood between peoples.

Today a lot of bunk that is being published is about as bad as the anti-German propaganda of 1914-1919 in stirring up hatred between nations.

About the Germans, incidentally, the situation has become astonishing. A large part of America, thanks to a certain important part of the press lending itself to propaganda of all sorts, has passed from the idea of the German with a Belgian

baby spitted on his bayonet, to the picture of the ex-enemy as the innocent victim of a Franco-Russo-Serbian conspiracy.

Once everything German was an atrocity — now it is the reverse. Of course there were atrocities: how could you expect to fight a war with millions of men murdering millions of men, and escape individual murders? I remember how our Dough-boys laughed over the story of the Marine sergeant who was detailed to take five German prisoners to the rear — and who got tired of the long march and shot all the Germans. I do not know if that is true or not: I know that in the state of mud we were in, in 1918, we approved with laughter.

The biggest bunk in the world was the aviation story in the American press during the war. Our failure in aviation was our one scandal; for the men it was a tragedy, and all this was covered over by a sea of muddy bunkum spread over all America by the government's press and propaganda department.

In France the De Haviland Fours, which were furnished all our squadrons except the combat, were known as the Flying Coffins. They had previously been abandoned by the British because of their habit of catching fire and burning up with pilot and observer in mid-air, and replaced by De Haviland Nines, which were good.

Of course in war time we could say nothing about the rotten situation. The Germans knew all about it. When a German aviator wanted to fatten his record, he looked around for Fours of the American observation and photography squadrons. Had the American press been allowed to criticize in war time there would have been a shake-up in Washington and elsewhere, and, no doubt of it, many of our boys burned to ashes in France would be alive today.

Ramon Guthrie, author of "Parachute," is one of the heroes

of the Eleventh Squadron which on one occasion was almost wiped out by the Germans in their superior planes. His major had ordered a raid to show off his outfit when a general officer came to camp. The planes, besides being almost worthless for the assignment, had just been reassembled and the machine guns had not been tested. The flight commander telephoned the major:

“There are only six planes which can take off,” he said, “the other five are no good. Of the six only one has had its machine guns tested.”

“Test them on the Germans,” snapped the major.

“The men are all willing,” replied the commander, “but it is almost certain death to send them out this way.”

“Look here,” snarled the major, “America is lousy with aviators. We’ve got more now than we can use up if this war lasts ten years. Don’t be worried about your men getting killed off. There’re thousands coming.”

Guthrie led the flight. They signalled for single seater combat planes which were to join them, but none came because there were not enough to go round and because our liaison was bad. As they had feared, they were soon attacked by light, quick, efficient German combat planes, thirty of them.

(Perhaps that’s what they had been sent out for — to draw the enemy away from somewhere for some mysterious purpose, known only to the war gods.)

The American fought back. The new machine guns jammed. One by one Guthrie saw his friends and companions slaughtered. Pilots and observers were killed in their planes: these were lucky: clean bullet holes in their heads, unconsciousness, death. Others were set on fire. That was different. The flames roared with the wind, from propeller to rudder, the two men had a choice of jumping to death — there were no parachutes

in those days in our aviation — or burning to death. Some jumped. Some burned.

Guthrie shot down a German. His was the only machine gun that worked well. He shot down another. Suddenly the plane wobbled, fell over on its right side, began a spin. Guthrie stopped shooting. In the adjoining cockpit the pilot was slumping around, held only by his belt. His face was a blotch of blood. Ramon pulled the control stick. He let the plane spin, pretending to the Germans that both he and the pilot had been killed or fatally wounded. The plane fell. The German made off. Nearer the ground Ramon desperately pulled out, flattened, glided over the lines through clatters of machine gun bullets, and brought the plane home.

As he landed he saw the major waiting with a field glass for the triumphal return of his squadron. Ramon opened fire on him with his last machine gun bullets. The major fled to the woods. The pilot was taken to hospital. Guthrie was never reprimanded. But he was never recommended for the *croix de guerre* or any other distinction although he shot down four Germans. Five American planes were gone. Five pilots and five observers were dead.

The most spectacular air hero of our part in the war was Frank Luke. His history is glorious enough. At this late date I am sorry to see the bunkum being added to it and a story of German atrocities which is not true. There are enough authenticated stories of German atrocities (and Allied, too, for that matter) in the supreme court of Leipzig war criminal trials. Anyone who wants to stir up hatreds can use official records.

I first met Luke under the following circumstances: I was then on G-2-D, the press corps organized and personally directed by General Pershing. I specialized in aviation because

I had among the papers taking my service the New York Tribune, Philadelphia Press, Boston Post, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Atlanta Constitution, Detroit Free Press, Pittsburgh Despatch, Los Angeles Times, and others of America's leading papers. In the Rainbow Division, to which I was once officially attached, I could get many stories of bravery of the home town boys, but in aviation, I could, in one story, personally interest five or more big newspapers.

Major Hartley, Eddie Rickenbacker, Meissner, Coolidge, Petersen, Winslow and Campbell (the men who got the first German plane) and other aces, treated me royally. I lived in Squadron 94 barracks for a while. Of course I heard all the bad with the good.

The bad centered chiefly around one Frank Luke of Arizona. He was called "yellow" and was always being given a last chance before being kicked out in disgrace.

Was he a coward? Who knows? Now that history records him as the bravest of the brave I have no hesitancy in saying it was the opinion of many that he was a coward who became brave owing to the slurs and contempt of his colleagues.

One day Frank Luke, the man who was always deserting a squadron-flight, went off by himself and attacked a German balloon. An observation balloon, or "sausage," was of more importance than an airplane. There they hung, the eyes of the enemy, from morning to night, visible to us, watching us, directing artillery fire on our men, murdering us. Because they did all that they were guarded by airplanes, anti-aircraft guns and machine guns. Frequently I heard aviators say that anyone who destroyed a sausage should get a double victory credit.

Luke destroyed one, one day, two another, a fourth on the third day, and so on. Once or twice he also shot down the

German combat plane which guarded the balloon he was attacking.

The squadron at first wouldn't believe its ears or its eyes. But every claim of Luke's was substantiated. I think it all happened in two weeks in September 1918. From the army coward Luke became the army hero. He became the ace of aces. (Rickenbacker had been in hospital months, otherwise I do not believe he could be beaten.) Luke was the sensation of the war.

But one day he did not return. That of course was the history of almost every ace. Aviation was the Suicide Club of armies.

Then the Germans sent word that Luke was dead. He had been shot down behind the German lines, had died heroically, and had been buried with all military honors befitting a noble foe—there was still some chivalry left in the world of 1918.

But, probably because of the almost incredible history of the man's life, there arose immediately a heroic myth of his death. We heard that he had been shot down alive, had refused to surrender, and had been attacked by a whole German regiment, had shot down seven and twenty infantrymen, and had fallen on the field.

Then arose the atrocity story. We heard he had been treated brutally by German officers and soldiers; his body had been kicked around and spat on; there were all sorts of horrors related.

Recently, when it was no longer a *faux pas* to talk about the war, when the new generation had grown up which showed an interest in that horror, and when a shower of war books followed Ford Maddox Ford's intensely sensitive and penetrating novels of an individual's reactions to the conflict,

there was a demand for the complete history of American heroes.

The Berlin correspondent of a big paper received a request for an investigation of the enemy's side of the Luke victories. It was a difficult job. But the journalist found the complete list of German officers and men shot down by Luke. Eighteen, I believe. All but one were listed as alive. In six months spare time the journalist traced them to all parts of Germany, interviewed the majority and got statements from others.

In no instance was any hatred found. Some were invalids, some unharmed by their parachute jumps. All said Luke was a grand aviator.

The officers and men who figured in Luke's last fight were discovered. The journalist compared all their statements with the records in the archives of the German war department and is convinced that Luke was shot down, was dead before he reached earth, and was buried decently.

But the myth and the legend had done their work. The editors who had bought the hearsay version of Luke's death did not want the truth. They published the bunkum. They probably never stopped to consider that every one of a million readers would have his hatred against another nation renewed—and that the noble history of a brave American would be marred by a falsehood.

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One of the biggest pieces of bunkum shoved down the American throat was the story of the 1929 Italian election. For this I cannot blame my colleagues. Forbidden to write anything critical of the Fascist regime, they could only report what the hierarchy wanted them to report. The clever and honest American and British journalists, however, did insinu-

ate startling facts in their stories; these insinuations, unfortunately, were between the lines and not for those who read as they run, and the American public is mostly a running reading public. Those despatches of the Associated Press, New York Times, London Daily Mail and other papers written by the Fascist-loving-and-defending Italian Cortesi family naturally did not even hint that the election was a fraud.

Of course everyone had to report that there were 9,682,600 persons enrolled for the vote, that 8,660,000 voted, and that, while 8,500,000 voted favorably to Fascism, only 135,000 opposed. "Smashing victory for Fascism" read the headlines.

The facts are: There was only one ballot, the ballot prepared by the Fascist state. There was no liberty in voting. You could vote yes or no. The Fascist militiamen stood with clubs at every polling place and threatened to crack the skulls of those who voted no.

The Fascists officially announced that 98 per cent of the electors voted yes. The American and British press reported it by cable. In the British and European press, within three days to a week, letters came by mail from the same journalists who reported the Fascist victory, telling how terroristic and crooked the election had been, but in the American press there is no space for "mail stuff," and in the American press an event more than a day old is stale news. To get the truth about the Fascist election it was necessary for most American readers to buy the weekly and monthly publications.

To see how crooked the election was, here is a report from the Basilicate, the country of ex-Premier Nitti, and especially the provinces of Potenza and Matera, where the Fascists reported the votes 97,289 yes and 10 no. Well, Mr. Nitti's whole family and all their relations live in those provinces and it is generally believed that about 80 per cent of the inhabitants are

anti-Fascists. Some of them may have voted yes. But the Nitti family voted no and hundreds of persons have written to Nitti to tell him they voted no. But the official figures show only 10 no. Likewise Giolitti and Don Sturzo and all other anti-Fascists have reports of overwhelming no votes where the official figures show less than 2 per cent. And why, asks George Valois, the French economist, editor and publisher, why are two billions a year spent on a police, militia, and espionage, and terrorist force when there are only 135,000 non-Fascists among nine millions?

Another astonishing piece of bunkum spread by the official Italian press bureau, the Stefani Agency, chief source of news supply to our own Associated Press, was the communiqué of June 3, 1930 issued by the ministry of finance (at a time when the foreign bankers, and especially the Americans, were losing confidence in their ability to sell more Italian bonds to the hoodwinked public). This statement said:

“The value in Italian lire of the total bonds floated abroad, including the Morgan 7 per cent loan and the loans of Milan and Rome, is 7,200,000,000. If one wishes, in consideration of the balance of payments, to proceed to an exact estimation of the debit and credit situation of Italy abroad, one may calculate:

“ (a) Bank of Italy, credits and treasury bonds on foreign countries, 5,079,000,000;

“ (b) other important credits which Italy has abroad, which give considerable revenue, credits which one might value at 7,400,000,000, composed of: 1,600,000,000 foreign bonds sold in Italy (Portuguese, Austrian, Hungarian, Albanian, Brazilian, Chinese loans, Municipal and Provincial Hungarian loans); 2,000,000,000 of our money deposited in London and which is returned fragmentarily each year according to our agreements; 3,000,000,000 actual value which Italy is to receive

under the Young plan, or 190,000,000 a year for 37 years; 400,000,000 for foreign governments guarantees by the state; 300,000,000 treasury credits in Austria and Roumania; 100,000,000 in treasury funds deposited abroad."

Official statement! (In war time the official statements of all countries reported victories only, many of which were defeats. But in later times the official statement of an official news agency is supposed to tell the truth. Among the dictators, however, the official news bureaus have all been perverted, and inasmuch as the Associated Press has exchange agreements with practically every official news bureau in the world, the result is always liable to be bad. In Russia the Associated Press representative, not being a Bolshevik-lover, naturally investigates the Tass bureau dope; in Italy only the *assistant* correspondents of the Associated Press are impartial as regards Fascism.)

The fact is that on June 3, 1930, when the Stefani issued its wool, the Italian debts contracted abroad were, according to official publications, 11,500,000,000 and not 7,200,000,000.

The 5,079,000,000 treasury bonds are not a credit but the reserve of the Bank of Italy which is growing smaller daily.

The 7,400,000,000 it is pointed out by the economist Valois is purely fantastic. The 1,600,000,000 foreign loans have a doubtful value; much of the money is for penetration in the Balkans, preparation of Albania for war and political intrigue. It is doubtful if one cent of the 1,000,000,000 spent in Albania ever returns to Italy.

The 2,000,000,000 is deposited in London in gold; Italy in order to obtain this gold must pay an equivalent sum; it is simply a guaranteed *debt*.

The 190,000,000 under the Young plan is a drop in the bucket in comparison to the present deficit.

Finally, Valois points out, there is no mention of the war debts payable to England and the United States (about five billions) nor of the state bonds and corporation stocks held abroad. "One would think," says Valois, "that the official statement had been compiled by an adversary of Fascism, seeking to discredit it completely."

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Lies can be nailed; when bunkum is mixed with truth a lot of international trouble can result.

Recently there was the triumphal tour of Europe by a party of noted American politicians from various cities in America. In Budapest there were interviews, banquets, excursions and receptions to which the press came, too. From London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna tens of thousands of words about the goodwill tour were smeared across the American newspapers but not a word of the facts about the business. And that business was pretty bad. One of the highest officials, whose trip was to cement friendship between America and various countries, had brought an obvious "jazz baby" with him, as well as his wife, and all the European politician-hosts knew about it because the scandal was flaunted.

The American editors back home knew about it too and some of us had to do the kind of dirty work which frequently is the lot of police reporters back home: we had to get the evidence which would not be printed — until such a time as a political campaign was on or until some group, like the Ohio gang with President Harding, could use the story for getting economic favors in exchange for political support.

One American official was brave or brazen enough to do things like this: he would go with his wife to a railroad station when she left for another town, give her a public movie-

recorded kiss as farewell, slip away from his European hosts, dash to a hotel where he had parked his jazz baby, and bring her into the official suite the city had given him where she would stay until a few minutes before the return of the official's wife from out of town.

And the lesser officials: they went to one of the city's jazz shows and the manager took them back stage and introduced them to the ladies of the chorus—and it seems some were back stage that night only, and never again. Eventually seven goodwill diplomats and seven ladies of the evening turned up in the Swell Hotel where the city was paying for rooms. When the press corps came to call on the official party early the next morning there were still one or two clotheless visitors disporting in the hallway much to the amazement of the hired help, and later in the day one of the American officials told the newspaper "boys":

"I was the lucky guy. Blank beat it, you know, the coward, and we had seven girls. So we dealt the cards; I got the first one-eyed Jack and I got two girls."

So while the bunkum was spread about the great success of the trip, one or two editors back home collected the foregoing facts from correspondents abroad, and when the next election comes round, one or two newspapers will have a lot of power over some politicians.

Very few newspapermen enjoy digging up scandal. Those who do, usually come from or drift back to the private detective agencies, where the pay is so much better. I know many who have. But I think there should be one rule: either publish all the scandals or—like the *Christian Science Monitor*—publish none. What I do object to here is the blackmail game some papers play. And they can get away with it. A powerful paper can get away with murder. Let some little so-

called society magazine—and there are two or three of them thriving in all big cities—play the blackmail game too strongly—and the editor will go to jail. A big newspaper always pretends it publishes scandal for the public good.

Sometimes it does a public good. Look at this very case. Look at the vulgarity of it. Everyone in the world knows a French prime minister has a mistress, and that several presidents of France have had their mistresses. But compare the Harding case with the case of the President of France, the foregoing case with that of the Prime Minister of France. In the American cases the thing is a scandal: in France it is an accepted part of life. In the American cases there are all the elements of vulgarity: in the French quite the reverse. Look at the women in the French instances: they are the direct descendants of the famous mistresses of Nelson and Napoleon, they are the Lady Hamiltons and the Countess Walewskas of our time.

They are really part of the Affairs of State: the noted actress who is the mistress of the French premier plays a far greater role in French politics. She is a great influence: she knows politics better than all the lady Representatives in Congress: her salon is the meeting place of the great artists, writers, statesmen of Europe. While our “romances”: they are on a par with that of the Roumanian minister delegated to the League of Nations, who, having left his clothes in his own sleeper, found himself with only a pair of pyjamas and a bath robe the next morning because the Orient Express had been divided during the night!

And much more important: this American affair, its vulgarity, shabbiness, secrecy, is bound to come out in all the European press: the communist sheets will get it first from the hotel helps (the servants of the *nouveau riche* in these hotels, I have noticed, are all dues-paying members of the communist

party), then the liberal papers. It will be a fine black eye for America.

But the official party will return home and think it has come through untouched. There will be a welcome ship in the harbor. I really think it would have been better to publish what happened when it did.

XIII

WHY CAN'T WE TELL THE TRUTH? REPORTERS ANSWER

Who is to blame for discontent with press; advertisers,
newspapermen, or owners?

LIES ABOUT RUSSIA, ITALY

Journalists ordered to follow policy—case of Government
ownership—the fake revolution

XIII

WHO is to blame, the reporter, the publisher or the public? Why is there a general disgust with the press, summed up in the ignorant remark "You can't believe what you read!"? Why can't journalists write the truth, why can't newspapers print the truth?

All these Whys are the subject of every newspaperman's gathering. Usually it is pretty well agreed that the public is to blame. In this way: the public is a low moron form of human being, which dotes on blood, battle and sex; the successful editor is a man who knows exactly what will please that public; that explains everything in the newspaper situation.

"We discovered sex long before Freud and Greenwich Village," said a Hearst man, and produced a copy of the memorandum one of the Hearst newspapers issued to its staff. It was in part:

"We must consider that the composite newspaper reader does not care a hang about tax rates, budgets, insurance, disarmament, naval appropriations, public utilities policies, municipal improvements, or scores of other subjects which may appear to be important.

"Newspaper readers are most interested in stories which contain the elements most dominant in the primitive emotions of themselves, namely:

"(1) Self-preservation.

"(2) Love, or reproduction.

"(3) Ambition.

"Stories containing one of these elements are good; those.

which contain two of the elements are better; those which contain all three elements form first-class newspaper material.

“SELF-PRESERVATION—Under this heading come stories of murder, suicide, rescues, accidents, fights, facts as to health, food, liquor, etc.

“LOVE, OR REPRODUCTION—This element is contained in stories of marriage, scandal, divorce, human triangles, romances, unusual acts done with love motive, jealousy, sex attraction, etc.

“AMBITION—The ambition element is contained in articles tending to stimulate the reader to emulate the activity of a character in the story. Sports come under this classification.

“The ambition element is aroused, also, by the mystery factor in a story. Mystery forms a challenge to the intelligence, and it thus stimulates the reader to buy further editions to note whether his solution, perhaps unconsciously made, is verified.

“For example: The Hall-Mills story contained all three major-interest elements. The killings provided the self-preservation element. The intimacy of the preacher with Mrs. Mills introduced the love element. The mystery of who did the killings, why and how, challenged the intelligence and fired the reader’s ambition to solve the problem.

“Let us write our stories for the composite reader.”

“You see,” commented Mr. Hearst’s representative, “the editor who wrote that was a success—because he was building a newspaper down to the level of the ‘composite reader.’ Very few editors aim at all above the mass public. Certainly all the million and more circulation newspapers have to be slaves of the public.”

Foreign correspondents realize they are not subject to the same conditions as the local staffs. But while foreign correspondents do not have to chase scandal stories, they know that

muck fills so many home columns that there is little space left for cables. Lewis Gannett, once a foreign correspondent, has summed it up this way:

“The people are more responsible than the editors. The New York newspaper reading public gets as good foreign news as can be had anywhere in the world — probably better than it deserves. The rest of the country could have better service if it wanted it. Every editor knows — from experience — that his public wants scandal news more than it wants honest international political news. All over Europe the correspondents complain that their editors want sensational news, not steady interpretive reporting. The editors want it because the public they serve wants it. No American paper can afford to maintain a first-class full-time man in far-off Rumania or even Mexico City; it is hardly worth while to fight Mussolini’s censors, and the Soviet foreign office.”

Ernest Boyd, a former member of the British Foreign Service, also blames the public. His view is:

“It is a pity that all the facts, disgraceful and otherwise, concerning European political and financial intrigue are not available to the American people. It is, however, a rather disconcerting thought that such papers as do attempt to provide the information suppressed or ignored in the popular newspapers, get very little support from the public they are so anxious to serve. The best guarantee of a small circulation is the determination to tell the whole truth. If the public were restive in the face of this conspiracy to deceive it, then the circulation figures of the world’s press would be very different.

“The average man no more desires to be accurately and honestly informed about European affairs than he wishes to be accurately and honestly informed about his own affairs. The person who really issues the ukase: ‘you can’t print that’

is not the wicked censor or the timid newspaper proprietor. In the last analysis, it is the consumer, who gets precisely the amount and the kind of truth which he wants, or can, tolerate."

Blaming the public is the least dangerous thing in any circumstance. But recently an anonymous newspaperman who must have had more than an anonymous reputation, otherwise no magazine editor could have permitted him to write as he did, realizing there is something vitally wrong with the newspaper at present, that public confidence in it needs to be restored, blamed his own profession. He said: "We (reporters) are the most vicious element in the newspaper world today." He took the one element which I believe is nearest to honesty and rightness, and said it is disgracefully and almost irretrievably wrong. He spoke of "our dirty little profession."

It is rather a good sign of the healthiness of the profession to find a member attacking it. I have never found it dirty. When I saw the editors of my Pittsburgh newspaper, back in 1910, selling out their columns for a two dollar a day advertisement, I found the entire editorial staff in revolt. Even the hard, cynical, degraded reporter of public fancy and city-room melodrama is still sentimental enough to believe that the news writer is honest, and how often you find him fighting to keep the profession clean.

I would not make a white angel, aflame with purity, out of any newspaperman, but any fair city editor will admit that the writers—especially the younger and more enthusiastic ones—are the saving grace of every newspaper. It is almost surprising, this inexplicable and sometimes mad desire on the part of reporters to tell the truth. It is a baffling phenomenon, but it exists everywhere in America.

But the anonymous writer argued that the young reporters

are all right, "but they get over their enthusiasm for the truth when they learn more about the business. Most of us are a lot of unconscionable liars. We don't care very much about the truth. All we care about is the 'story'—the special kind of story we believe our paper wants."

Of course every paper wants its story, wants it quick and wants it treated in a particular way. There is nothing more illegitimate in this than the employment of style in writing fiction. Would you rebuke Joseph Conrad for not writing the truth as Ernest Hemingway writes it? By the way, I think that one of the reasons for Hemingway's success in fiction is due to his newspaper training. He is a reporter of emotions. He doesn't describe them. When a good reporter covers a big murder trial, he reports the conversation accurately, of course. If he is an artist, however, he could make you see the character behind the conversation by his handling of the dialogue without in any way destroying its inherent truth. That is style, and even cheap newspapers want some style.

But first of all, the damning truth is that the newspaper, the city editor in particular, wants the *facts*. This insistence upon facts has been the ruin of thousands of boys and girls with literary gifts and bright young imaginations, who thought they were superior to the facts.

The newspaperman, up to and including the city editor, to whom reporters are chiefly responsible, is a slave to facts, to mere information, statistics, things actually seen and heard. He may go beyond them in treatment, but he must bring them in and tell them to his chief, know them well, and treat them with tender respect, until he is told to do otherwise. Which may happen. But that is another matter. The news writers, cub and star alike, get facts, know the truth without any Pilatian quibble, and are ready to tell the truth when they can.

But how do we account for so much variance in reports, so much distortion of news?

As regards the *news writer*, distortion is a superstition. I am not speaking about chief editors or owners. When I was a cub my city editor used to lecture me on fake news. "It is no use trying to fake a story," he always said. "The truth is infinitely more interesting and more useful to the paper than any fake you may make up on the way home from an assignment. It takes too long to frame up a really good story. I have never asked any man to fake a story and never expect to. There is material enough in the truth if the reporter is keen enough to see it!"

But a fake may be played up or down, hidden, or suppressed, according to the policy of the paper or the wishes of the owner. And inasmuch as a good newspaper or a plutocratic newspaper or a communist newspaper has each its own standards, its own policies, who shall say what news shall be printed, and how?

Then there is the matter of honest mistakes. A million deadly parallels could be printed; if twenty reporters cover the same story there is a chance that in minor details there will be at least five radically differing statements. But that is human incapacity to see and hear and report exactly.

Here is the prize example of mistakes. The item reads:

ACTRESS HANGS HERSELF
IN THEATER DRESSING ROOM

Belgrade, Oct. 27. — A few moments before she should have appeared on the stage at the Lioubliana Theater, last night, Mme. Alla Berh, a Slovene actress, was found hanging dead in her dressing room. The reason for the suicide is unknown.

By chance I found a local journalist who made the following six corrections:

1. Not in Lioubliana but in Klagenfurt
2. Not Alla Berh but Ella Beer
3. Not Slovene but Viennese
4. Not in dressing room but in hotel room
5. Not "before she should have appeared on stage" but between first and second acts.
6. The reason known.

A six-line item and six major mistakes! Each one an honest one. No question of distortion or perversion of news. But when there is corruption in news, the fact is the reporter and the city editor are usually blameless in the whole affair. You must consider the two together. The city editor is a graduate reporter in almost every case; he remains blood of their blood when he rises to his position and in him works the same desire to see the truth and to tell it. With the managing editor it may be different. He gets his orders from the powers, and he gets it in the neck when "mistakes" occur. The city editor is usually regarded as among the incorruptibles—the reporters. In too many cases, I am sorry to say, the managing editors, or executive editors, are at one with the owners in making the paper's policy.

News is suppressed by interested persons in authority; the city staff, reporters and city editors, are not interested and have no authority.

What about foreign correspondents? Where do we come in?

We are most of us lucky that our papers are so interested in home politics they have no time for us. They never send us orders to boost Fascism or boost Bolshevism; they hire men they think are honest and rely on getting the truth. We are therefore the luckiest men in journalism. When anyone refers to journalism as prostitution, we at least can stand up and refute. We can live and work honestly.

But unfortunately, with America's deeper and deeper plunge into international politics, interest in Europe grows daily and I am afraid we will be asked soon to do international policy pieces, just as some Washington correspondents frequently have to do Republican or Democratic policy pieces; they become special pleaders instead of free agents.

Of course the foreign correspondent, just like the reporter back home, knows who the boss is and what he likes. In some bureaus the men make an effort to please him by using his name in the paper. Hearst is the best example. When the politics and prejudices of the man are known it is natural for certain journalists to cater to them. On the New York Times it seems to go even into book reviewing. When Faustino Nitti's "Escape" made a world sensation the Times book supplement, which had at one time permitted an honest reviewer like Motherwell to write on Italy, came out with a nasty attack signed by Walter Littlefield. This reviewer began with the words "It is only fair to state at the beginning that the reviewer does not sympathize with the political attitude of the young man who has written the book or the uncle who introduces it . . . the uncle (ex-Premier Nitti) who is a voluntary exile in Paris . . . self-proclaimed victim of the loss of personal liberty."

While the first statement seems to admit unfitness to review the book, that is more clearly shown in the remark about Nitti. I was in Italy when the Mussolini agents attacked Nitti with the plan to kill him. They beat up everyone they found on the premises and destroyed the furniture and archives of the liberal leader. But Nitti escaped. In Paris he has to be protected from Fascist violence and not a week goes by without a blackshirt spy trying to intrigue him and his family into a plot aimed to

cost him his right to asylum, and to lead to his deportation to Italy, where the Fascists can kill him.

I too have had an experience with the same book department of the Times. In "You Can't Print That" there is a criticism of the Times because its despatches from Rome are written by a pro-Fascist. The book was sent to the Paris office for review, and numerous expensive cables exchanged about it. Finally it was decided to suppress all mention of it.

While it cannot be denied there are some men everywhere who might color the news to ingratiate themselves with their boss, the European correspondents as a rule are above such work. Sometimes, if you win the first fight, the road for years is easier. I will detail a case. It was the time when the question of government or private ownership of railroads was agitating everybody. Of course my newspaper owners were for private ownership — they held stocks and bonds and they got railroad advertising. So one day every European correspondent got something like this:

"Everybody send adequate cable report failure government ownership railroads his country."

At that time I was Berlin correspondent. Now I did not know a thing about the railroad system, and I assure you I did not have a single prejudice on the government or private question. In fact I was so little interested I got my assistant, who spoke German perfectly, to dig up the subject.

My assistant soon presented me a mass of material. Of course I knew what the boss wanted and why. But I couldn't possibly please him. So I wrote a very mild piece, giving some statistics: rates, prices, profits, conditions of travel, efficiency and so on.

Well, it seems most all correspondents had sent a "failure" story and mine was the only nonconformist. The next day I got a long cable, something like this:

“Your railroad story inadequate stop We want complete story showing failure government ownership especially noting inefficiency service, excessive freight, excessive passenger rates, lack fidelity government employees, sabotage, graft, waste public money, delays freight delivery, failure efficient passenger schedules.”

This riled me a bit, so with my assistant I spent the whole day going through all the government figures and then getting the anti-government claims. The result was astonishing. It seems that the greatest part of the Prussian state budget, for example, was paid by railroad earnings, and yet the efficiency and low prices of the Prussian system were universally acknowledged. I learned a lot that day. So I sat down and wrote the most enthusiastic despatch about the marvelous success of German Government railroads. I sent 1200 words, and cables used to cost money in those days.

Eventually the railroad series was opened up in my paper. All the big attacks on government ownership came on page 1. The mild ones followed inside. Mine was never printed.

But that isn't all. And this illustrates the character of some reporters. A few years afterwards I was away on an assignment to Bolshevik Russia. It was just at that time that the German mark, which had been declining slowly, fell with a crash. Of course the government bureaus, post office, telegraphs, railroads, etc., could not alter their rates every day (on a dollar basis) as the shops did. So when money went from say 200,000 to a dollar on the first of the month to 20,000,000 to a dollar, it became possible for an Englishman to buy a ticket from Berlin to London for two shillings and six pence instead of four or six pounds. Naturally the railroads also showed a big loss that year.

Blank was my temporary successor in Berlin and he recalled the scandal my refusing to send a lie about government ownership had made some years before. Now he saw his opportunity to get in right with the boss. So he sent a sensation. He showed the German railroads deficit of quintillions of marks. Quintillions made an impression — although, a few months later you could get four quintillions for a dollar. And of course Blank emphasized the government as being the owner of these deficient railroads. Well, that German story got on the first page too, and Blank was noted around the home office as a dependable man, while I was put down as a Bolshevik. For Emerson's wise-crack has been revised to date and reads, "whoso would be a nonconformist, must be a Bolshevik."

And now comes the journalist's friend, H. L. Mencken, of many "Prejudices," saying it is not the business office and the editor who are responsible for the low state of metropolitan journalism, but the writing boys themselves. He says we are most of us a lot of boobs — maudlin, sentimental, uneducated, gullible, cocksure, ill-equipped, devoid of knowledge, devoid of intelligence, stupid, cowardly, ignorant, incapable of recognizing the truth, and quite unable to write anything decently.

But Mencken sees a brighter time ahead, despite the success of the picture tabloids. He says that editors do not object to intelligent work. Of course in the office of the Baltimore Sun where I believe Mencken got his training, there was always a premium on decency. Certainly the great papers of America are great because they do not sell out for advertisements. But over in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where I had a job once, the two dollar advertisement of a theater bought a favorable review every week. Certainly in Pittsburgh the part owner of a department store was able to suppress mention of his arrest for

rape in all the papers. Any reporter could mention dozens of such cases. These reporters were not boobs; they brought the news in, had it suppressed, and at times were intelligent enough to sell the suppressed items to New York and Philadelphia big papers. In fact two of them quit the regular journals to organize a news bureau which dealt only in suppressed items. Every day this news bureau could send out enough big items, sensations, scandals, political and personal, suppressed by all the papers (that was before the Scripps-Howard outfit bought the Pittsburgh Press), for two men to make a good living, employ a stenographer, and pay office rent.

Of course there are boob and bad reporters who bring in boob and bad items which are printed, and which make so many papers what they are. But there are more intelligent men who try to bring in intelligent items, only to see them changed into imbecile items, with the result that they may easily give up trying, and accustom themselves instead to the spirit of the office.

That, I think, is the great fault in our journalism: if I had seen the light, and sent the piece about Germany my boss wanted, I would soon be writing more lies to please my boss. What is the history of thousands of home journalists, and many foreign correspondents?

We scent the air of the office. We realize that certain things are wanted, certain things unwanted. There is an atmosphere favorable to Fascism. We find that out when some little pro-Mussolini item is played up, some big item, not so pleasant to the hero of our era, played down, or left out. In the future we send pro-Mussolini stuff only. We get a cable of congratulations.

I know an elderly man who went to Russia and became enamored of Bolshevism. He had been told by his editor on

setting out that he would be free, he could be honest and impartial. He believed all that. So he began to write stuff for the Bolshevik viewpoint. Well, he got into a swell mess. And he had a wife, two growing-up daughters, and a son to send to college. For a while it looked as if his job was gone. Then suddenly he changed, and began attacking the Bolsheviks. He got congratulations and a raise in pay, then a bonus, then an editorial post in Washington. In like manner one Paris correspondent, disgusted with the Fascist propaganda coming out of Rome from his own paper's bureau there, sent out a lot of hot news about Fascist terror and bloodshed, suppressed in Italy but obtained from reliable sources in Paris. He was told not to interfere with the Rome correspondents. But when he, from Paris, wrote some absurd pieces about an anti-Bolshevik uprising in the Ukraine or Baluchistan, he got a cable of "thanks for the scoop."

Another episode lights up the subject. Navarre Atkinson and several others were in Bucharest covering an uprising against the vicious Bratianu dictatorship. The Roumanian corrupt foreign office of that time wanted (a) to draw attention elsewhere and (b) to put in a blow against Russia because the Roumanians were holding a lot of Russian territory.

So one day they held a "revolution" just across the frontier in Ukraine.

This fake the Roumanian officials planted in the Bucharest press. Now all newspapermen know that it is "within the law" to pick up stories of this nature and send them to America without further investigation. All you need say is that "a local paper reports."

But here is where the whole question of honest journalism comes in. One journalist knows that his paper is impartial, so he investigates the story; a second knows that his paper favors

the Bolsheviks, so he drops the story, and a third knows that his paper is anti-Bolshevik and just eats up all Soviet uprisings, so he sends the story "as is."

That is what Atkinson did. He cabled the uprising in Ukraine, and he too was congratulated on a scoop. But there was more than he bargained for. The congratulatory telegram ordered him to the front as a war correspondent! Atkinson went. He got near enough to Russia to see that all was quiet there. He had had the Bolsheviks and Whites battling everywhere and a vivid picture of the cut-off heads of the Bolshevik leaders, mounted on pikes, being carried through the streets by the revolutionaries. He found nothing. But, yes, he did find something. It seems that in 1919 or 1920 there had been trouble in that district, and some heads were paraded in the streets. Such things had happened — but almost a decade ago!

Meanwhile the Bolsheviks had got hold of the story and they went to Walter Duranty, who is of the same journal, and said, "what about it?" and Walter, who has all he can do writing neutral yet informative pieces, didn't know what about it, so he had to cable a long denial of his own colleague's big exclusive scoop. But I can't blame Atkinson: he was trying to deliver the kind of goods he thought his employer liked.

On the subject of scoops and truth the following case has become a foreign service classic:

Carl Groat, a very careful and responsible journalist, was one of the crowd which went to the Ruhr when the French occupied it. That of course was the biggest news in the world that time. One day the Germans declared something. It seems the Germans have three degrees of martial law or state of siege or something, and they declared one of them, and Groat — that was before he acquired a very comprehensive German vocabulary — translated what the Germans declared as martial law.

No colleague did. The United Press got the flash "Germans declare martial law in Ruhr" and Groat got the following: "Your martial law exclusive; congratulations." But two days later Groat got another cable. This one read "Your martial law still exclusive; why?"

The scoop hunt has been blamed for a lot that's wrong in our modern journalism. The Irish journalist James P. O'Reilly delivers this pronouncement on the problem:

"Why cannot foreign correspondents tell the truth? They are as good and as bad as other men. Like most men, their immediate purpose in life is to earn their living. They are not paid to tell the truth; they are paid to write, and their writings must be published. There are many censorships in Europe, and the first matter a foreign correspondent must consider is to write so that his article will pass out of the country. In some countries there is political terrorism as well.

"Then — most important of all — there is the paper's policy, which always depends on the financial interests behind it. I feel that Sir Henry Wootton's definition of an ambassador fits equally well a foreign correspondent — they are both sent to lie abroad for their masters. There is another force which none but the strongest can fight — corruption, direct or indirect, hospitality, decorations, popularity, all of which are freely given to the foreigner who supports the government in power and by his favourable reports brings American or English capital into the country. All these are forces of anti-truth. But there is still another — a common one it seems to me — the natural desire for notoriety that is in most of us, which journalists have in great degree the means of satisfying for themselves. A 'scoop' — an interview at some crucial moment with a great political figure, anything of this kind, may put a

journalist's name in every man's mouth. Nice considerations as to accuracy do not always dominate the journalist's mind on such occasions. On the whole it seems to me easier for a rich man to enter heaven than for a foreign correspondent to tell the truth."

XIV CATHOLIC CHURCH EXERTS POWER TO CENSOR PRESS

Not as openly or generally as Christian Science Church
but quite effectively

CANONIZATION INCIDENT

XIV

ALMOST all the newspapers of America, great and small, have an invariable rule "Lay off all controversial stuff," to which is added "Beware offending any religion."

In every country in Europe where the Roman Catholic church is strong there is a Catholic press and a Catholic party; in many countries there are Protestant papers and political organizations, and in two or three instances there are Jewish. Frequently the political fight between religions is in the open and the papers are full of it.

In America, priests, preachers and rabbis are supposed to keep out of politics; if they engage in it, it is more or less secret or subtle, and the result is that the newspapers, catering to the mixed public, are afraid to say anything to offend one church or another.

The moment a news item appears which in any way reflects upon a sect, there is a national howl, editors shiver and reporters get fired. Directly and indirectly various religious bodies in America censor the newspapers and their activity reaches even into Europe where the foreign correspondent, working in countries where religious conflict is vital, is afraid to cable on this subject.

The recent evidence of the censorship exercised by the Christian Science church was therefore startling to the general public. But other churches exercise the same influence. Circulation and advertising, without which the newspaper cannot survive, are continually threatened by religious sects, so that every news item which might offend even if it is true and of world importance, is subject to editorial censorship.

I have already pointed out that the War in Syria was a religious war, and that the last revolution in Mexico was a religious revolution, and that religious troubles are behind many causes for international troubles and potential wars in Europe. In another chapter I shall try to show the religious element behind a plan to establish a Danube confederation, a Catholic-Fascist state in Central Europe, the restoration of the Hapsburgs in Hungary, etc. Movements like this are of great international moment—but they are, because of their religious association, extremely dangerous for the journalist and his newspaper.

The reporter and the paper, for instance, may tell their readers they are giving both sides. When it comes to religion it is the same as with Fascism and Bolshevism, which believe that there is only one side to a question, “and that is, our side.”

The New York World, one of the few big papers in America which has dared discuss controversial subjects and which has probably suffered as a result, tried to print the truth about the Mexican situation. Robert Hammond Murray thus reports a conversation with one of the World editors:

“I was amused . . . and measurably saddened . . . not long ago while talking on Mexican affairs. With a pained expression he dug into his desk and produced a sheaf of not more than ten or a dozen complaints from American Catholics, protesting against the World’s friendly editorial policy towards the Mexican government. ‘It’s costing us circulation,’ he groaned.”

My first job in Rome was saving the scalp of James Vincent Sheean. A friend of his, an Italian Cardinal, told him something about the “dogma of the transubstantiation of the Virgin,” and Jimmy saw a new story in it.

I think he would have gotten away without trouble, but

some irreverent copy reader in America put a jazzy headline on it, and the headline made the front page. The Catholic press was furious—in vain the editors pleaded Jimmy was a born Catholic and meant well. Jimmy was transferred.

The first thing I did was to go to the Vatican and talk to some secretaries. But I could not get the story straight. Finally I went to the Cardinal and he wrote out a full statement—just seven thousand words. I read it all carefully. Then I condensed it. I figured America could use about three hundred words “cableese.” I got it down to three hundred words, and when I compared the Cardinal’s statement to Jimmy’s allegedly scandalous story, what I had was almost a duplicate. So instead of signing my cable, I asked the Cardinal to do so.

But the difference between an indulgence and a dispensation almost ruined my assignment a few months later.

In my ignorance I used one as a synonym for the other and it looked as if I’d follow Sheean. It had to do with the Scala Santa—the Holy Stairs. This flight of stone stairs is “alleged” to have been part of Pilate’s palace. Now it is in a church in Rome. The pilgrims go up on their knees, reciting a prayer on each step, and at the time I worked Rome, the Pope was giving—I hope I am not mixing my words again—an indulgence to each pilgrim.

A dispensation, as I later learned, is a special decree from the Pope, setting aside a rule, such as a dispensation for intermarriage between Catholic and non-Catholic—(by the way, such a dispensation is accompanied by a proviso that the children become Catholics, so the church actually gains membership by intermarriage)—or for a married man or woman to enter a monastic order.

Indulgences, as it was explained to my ignorant self by my Vatican assistant, are different things. During Holy Year, for

instance, pilgrims coming from California or more distant places, received an indulgence for making four rounds of the Basilicas of Rome (instead of ten, for Europeans). In indulgences, my Vatican man informed me, there is a time limit—so many years stricken off the number the sinner must rest in purgatory.

I used the right word, “indulgence,” about seven times in my telegram—and in desperation for a synonym I used “dispensation” once. Martin Hemphill, the son of Lord Hemphill, an Irish (Catholic) nobleman, temporarily representing the Irish Independent in Rome, and my Vatican assistant, both missed my error, and the direst results followed.

The attack was led by the Sunday Visitor. It seems this paper has millions of readers, and in it I was denounced, and of these millions many wrote in cancelling their subscription to my paper, and it looked as if we were going to be boycotted. My cable editor went to see Monsignor Noll about it, and after explanations and apologies and retractions and corrections, the *faux pas* was set on the right road. But not before I got one threat of death and a dozen letters calling me a damn dirty socialist bolshevik anarchist Kukluxer and what not.

With a copy of my despatch, various cables from my home office telling me how heinous was my offense, and with all the letters of protest and the death threat, and with my Catholic assistant, Camillo Cianfarra (he died shortly afterwards, the victim of a Fascist beating), I trudged to the Vatican to see the high authorities. I confessed my cardinal sin: the desire for a synonym. The Vatican authorities refused to get excited.

“You say you are being threatened with boycott?” said the Cardinal in surprise.

“Boycott is illegal,” I replied, “but read these editorials in

the Sunday Visitor; they cannot openly advocate boycott but the result is there. It is a serious matter for us."

"*Dio mio*," replied the Cardinal, "but our Catholic brethren in America are narrow minded. Why, in Europe things like this appear in the press every day—and not by accident, as is plain here, but intentional attacks on the Church and all its ideas. But no one makes any effort against them. We just ignore such things. The Catholic Church is too great an institution to pay any attention to matters as picayune as this, even if there should be intentional malice."

But I insisted on some help. The Vatican spokesman then authorized me to write a statement giving his views and suggested that I cable to Cardinal Mundelein, whom I had previously interviewed in Rome, to use his influence to straighten out the matter.

Some time later occurred an event which I will never forget. It was one of the most impressive things in my life. I do not think anyone can work in Rome, even Protestant or atheist, without being impressed by the greatness and universality of the Roman Church and its emotional grip on human beings. The canonization of Sister Theresa of Lisieux was a great day for me, and I wrote that story as sympathetically as I could. It went to some fifty American papers and twenty European of which several were in Catholic Ireland. In America, in almost every instance, lines or paragraphs were censored; in Catholic Europe every word was printed. Here is the story and the reader can, as with the new detective novels, try to figure out the censored words before coming to the epilogue:

"Marie Francesca Theresa Martin, later known as Sister Theresa of the Carmelite Convent of Lisieux, in France, and still later famed throughout the Catholic world as 'The Little

Flower,' was raised to the company of Saints today in the most impressive ceremony Saint Peter's has witnessed in many years.

"The Great Basilica had undergone a bright and magic transformation. The exterior was hung and outlined with some fifty thousand little oil lamps, each burning with a precarious windy flame, so that at night the vast dome at a distance floated in the darkness like a jeweled crown of a size fit only for a god.

"The interior was hung with a hundred thousand electric lights, their more modern harsher tones hidden in cascades of crystal, circle upon circle, each lower one widening, the festoons paralleling the gorgeous marble and red porphyry pillars at altar and shrine.

"The Swiss Guards in colors operatic with medieval helmets, cuirassed and carrying spears, clinked as they turned. Papal nobility came in black velvet laden with chains of massive gold. There were a hundred and fifty bishops, white men and black men and men with grey faces, Nordic and Negro and Oriental; thirty-four Cardinals in purple and gold; a company of soldiers brazen in the white sunshine which dominated the golden flamboyant splendor of artifice and cut diagonals through the halls and walls. Great clouds of incense filled eye and nose and mouth, pungent and heavy, while Roman humanity added its own smells of unbathed bodies and old clothes when at least forty thousand persons crushed through the doors of Saint Peter's and did not quite fill all the floor space.

"Naves, cloisters, chapels, porticos, aisles, alcoves — wherever there was hope of seeing or hearing any part of the ceremony of canonization — were so thick with people it became difficult to raise a hand to a perspiring forehead. Reverend, eager, hot humanity, somewhat envious of the many thousands who

were seated in hundreds of small rows, grouped by religious order, or by calling, French nuns in pale blue with enormous white headdresses, Dominican Friars, Trappists, Knights of Malta, a group of worldly noblemen, Bourbon and Naples dynasties, members of the Braganza, Orleans, Saxon, Hapsburg and Portuguese royal houses, a division of foreign press representatives — ninety per cent of the vast mob in universal black, the rest resplendent as the lilies of the field which outshone Solomon.

“There were many little worlds in one. At the Great Altar the Pope was saying mass while several hundred feet away squads of Papal gendarmes, relieving other squads, came, presented arms, stood at attention, were suddenly overtaken by the progress of the ritual which required all to kneel, kneeled, got up, stood again at attention with their rifles, marched and counter-marched.

“A priest, leading twenty parishioners who had no chance of getting close to things, engaged in singing a litany.

“‘*Santa Christophle,*’ chanted the priest.

“‘*Ora pro nobis,*’ replied the twenty.

“‘*Santa . . .*’

“‘*Ora pro nobis,*’ and so down the roll-call of the Saints.

“Others who were far away made the best of it. Here a party of peasants were having a picnic in Saint Peter’s. There were cold meats, chocolate, much bread and a flask of wine. The old peasant woman, in her peasant coarse clothes, had sat down on the stone floor and spread her legs wide under her long wide dress. The lunch was laid out on the dress. The children sat in two rows, alongside the bulges the legs made, and used them as a table.

“Other children, unaware of the greatness of the occasion, were playing tag. They shrilled. Several were clattering among

the sacred statues, hanging over the arms of saints and disciples, trying to sit in the lap of Saint Peter. Grown women were climbing the wooden confessionals hoping from a height to catch a glimpse of the Pope. Time after time a passage had to be cleared by body force to bring out those who had fainted; they were taken to the three hospitals which had been installed at vantage points in the church.

“‘*Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!*’ Strange, incongruous, disturbing to Anglo-Saxon ears were the shouts and rounds of applause which greeted the Pope on his arrival and departure. The Italians began the shouting and the handclapping and the cries followed in thirty languages mingling with the universal applause. For moments the great ceremony seemed to be a theater piece on Broadway or Leicester Square. Another seeming incongruity — and this surprised even the dramatic Latin — was the microphone with its loud speakers, placed on the great Altar of Bernini, carrying the Pope’s prayers in four directions, metallically and sometimes with a weird rasping sound as of static.

“The Pope was borne on the Sedia Throne, under a baldachin, flanked by two men who waved golden fans in a languorous oriental fashion. From over the main portal, suddenly, silver trumpets sounded the triumphal march of Silvani, and the chief ceremonies began at ten o’clock.

“The Pope occupied the Central throne. The Cardinal Procurator of Canonization and the Consistorial Advocate approached, kneeled, and prayed to the Pope to add the name of Sister Theresa of Lisieux to the list of Saints. The Pope and forty-thousand genuflected. The Chaplain sang the Litany of Saints, and the request was repeated by the Advocate.

“Again the conventional ceremonies followed, all according to ancient ritual, and the Pope uttered the formula for canoni-

zation, then intoned the *Te Deum*, then recited the first prayer for the new Saint. Solemn mass followed. Then came nobly clad men bringing gifts. They carried many fine candles, two loaves of bread, the one gilded, the other silvered, wine in two miniature barrels and three cages filled with doves and gaily colored wild birds. These the Pope accepted. The great procession followed. Through the sombre black mass passed the line of regal splendour, all in gold brocade and purple and jeweled crowns, passed slowly down the main aisle while Saint Peter's echoed again with theatrical applause and loud '*Vivas.*'"

The theatrical applause and the handclapping in church, which by the way surprised me, were generally censored in America. No editor could quite believe that, and if he did, decided to suppress it so as not to offend Catholic readers, who have never been in St. Peter's and would probably not believe such actions on the part of the Italian mob. Others suppressed the picture of the peasants picnicking on the floor during the ceremony, the children clambering over the saintly statues, and the papal gendarmes carrying rifles in church. Maybe they did not believe I saw all that.

XV

HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

HOPE OF MGR. SEIPEL

Former Austrian Chancellor and spiritual head of nation's
Heimwehr, or Fascisti, plans restoration of great
Catholic Bloc in Central Europe

FASCISM BUILT UPON "RED" LIE

XV

THE old Holy Roman Empire may never have been Roman, holy, or an empire, as Protestant wisecracking historians have so often said, but the idea of its restoration has never died. It lives today largely in the mind of Monsignor Seipel, once chancellor of Austria. It is important because his idea is united with the Fascist movement in his country.

Both Seipel and Mussolini having in common the leadership of the Fascists in their nations, also share the illusion of the resurrection of the Holy Roman Empire. At the Berlin congress of the League of the Rights of Man the Italian delegate, Miglioni, spoke of the Duce's plan for a union of Italy with Austria, Bavaria, Hungary, Croatia and Slovakia, with the Pope and Mussolini the two rulers. Monsignor Seipel has practically the same states in mind but he would have the center of this great empire in Vienna, and be the Pope's delegate or prime minister there.

Austrian Fascism owes its success to a lie. The lie, in the form of a tremendous propaganda campaign throughout the peasant and intense Catholic districts, claims that the revolution of July 1927 was a big Bolshevik plot for red dictatorship in Vienna. Of what happened in that July revolution I have already reported; I can only add that throughout the day I stood at the museums, in a doorway near the burning Palace of Justice, while the police were shooting down fleeing women and children, and that I had a notebook in hand and a tremendous determination to put down everything I saw the moment I saw it and not to succumb to mob hysteria. I repeat that all the morning of the revolution there was no organiza-

tion, no signs of a plot; it was one of the most notable spontaneous outbreaks in modern history of an unhappy people against an act of injustice. I did actually see the Bolshevik agents late in the day work their way into the mob and begin their job; they came on orders from central headquarters; they had known nothing and had been unprepared, but like good Bolsheviks were ready to play the opportunist game.

But for the peasantry the story of the attempted red revolution was enough to inspire a Fascist or "Green" Terror. While Seipel, chancellor and Roman Catholic statesman stood by and did nothing, the Heimwehr or Home Defense Militia, which had originated long before to fight Hungarians and Jugoslavs who might cross the frontier, was turned into an effective national organization on the lines of the original Fascists of Italy.

In the Heimwehr the general European hatred between city and country flowered. The Heimwehr was anti-Vienna. Vienna stood for democracy, even for Socialism, and the Heimwehr militiamen were told by their Catholic priests that the Socialists were agents of anti-Christ and the devil and Lenin and the Jews. Strange to say it is a fact that for a long time many Jewish bankers and industrialists, frightened by the spread of Socialism in Vienna and taking a direct example from the Milan and Turin bankers and industrialists, financed the (later) anti-Semitic Heimwehr. In addition to Big Business and the Roman Catholic Church, the Heimwehr was supported by the German Fascists and ultra-nationalists whose agent, Major Waldemar Pabst—once connected with political assassination in Germany, with the Kapp monarchist attempt, and other acts of violence—was really the leader.

At first it seemed that Dr. Seipel did not want to use the Heimwehr to establish a Catholic-Fascist state. The Socialists feared that and were fond of calling the Catholic statesman

“Austrichelieu.” Month after month the Fascists, being well paid by their backers, increased in strength, while the Republican Defense Militia grew weaker. From 1927 to 1930 there were frequent clashes and twice it seemed as if the Fascists were strong enough to put over their *coup d'état*. Meanwhile the Republicans were pleading for disarmament of both factions. Seipel demanded that the Socialists disarm, but said nothing about the now stronger and certainly better armed Heimwehr doing likewise.

It was in October 1927 that Monsignor Seipel gave the word to the Heimwehr to organize under his banner; in fact he assured them money, protection of the state and immunity from foreign governments' interference.

On November 12, 1928 Chancellor Seipel openly allied himself with Fascism.

When he quit politics, when he ceased being a parliamentary premier of a weak republic, it was to come back as a dictator, say well informed Viennese politicians and journalists. Seipel did not resign to retire. Immediately he plunged himself into the Heimwehr-Fascist business; and under his leadership the *coup d'état* would have been a success. It would also have been the first state in the great Catholic bloc which Seipel always had in mind.

But meanwhile an unforeseen event took place: Labor again came into power in England, Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson were again the heads of the British government and both were open enemies to all forms of terrorism and dictatorships, especially the Fascist sort which had capitalist funds instead of utopian philosophy behind it.

When the reports circulated that Seipel and his Heimwehr were ready for the *coup* a newspaperman representing an important American newspaper and a personal friend of Hender-

son communicated all the facts to the latter. Immediately an interpellation in the House of Parliament was arranged. A member demanded to know whether His Majesty's Government was aware that the peace treaty was being broken in Austria, that a secret army was formed, that it possessed full military supplies, and that it was a menace to peace. Mr. Henderson replied. The Heimwehr must be disarmed, he said. *Le Temps*, the Paris newspaper which speaks for the French government, took up the matter, demanding immediate disarmament of the Heimwehr. In other countries there was likewise a sensation. This mere asking of a question in the British Parliament ruined the Fascist *coup d'état*.

And it did more. It ruined, if only temporarily, the plan to establish a Holy Roman Empire in Central Europe.

At one time the French, in their eagerness to dismember Germany, intrigued with Bavaria to have that state secede and form a Catholic kingdom or republic under French influence or protection. Envoys were sent and Catholic politicians asked to help. In 1920 French representatives in Munich discussed a Catholic union of Bavaria, Austria and Hungary.

Nothing came of that however, but the idea persisted, and even to this day there are plots for such a kingdom. It would involve Austro-Hungarian reconstruction of a monarchy, possibly under a Hapsburg; it would aim to break Jugoslavia into its three component parts, absorbing the Roman Catholic part, and break Czechoslovakia into its two component parts, leaving out the Czech country which holds dear the memory of John Huss, and embracing the Catholic Slovakia.

Monsignor Seipel is one of the many Catholic politicians who is agreeable to such a plan. To break both Slav nations would be pleasing to all those who want a Catholic monarchy restored. In Hungary Seipel came out in favor of the Legiti-

mists. Time brought about the death of the Hungarian primate, whereupon Monsignor Seipel used all his power in favor of Dr. Justinian Seredy who arose from the humblest origins and has suddenly become a great power in Roman affairs. As primate of Hungary, Seredy is also a collaborator with Seipel.

Another idea of Seipel's was to question the French about the idea of an Austro-Fascist army with himself as dictator. Until that moment when the American journalist exposed the plan and the French newspapers under orders of the Quai d'Orsay turned against it, there were many reports that the French had favored it.

Two stumbling blocks were Count Bethlen, premier of Hungary, and Admiral Horthy, governor, dictator, destroyer of Bolshevism and, like Bethlen, a Protestant. Both leaders opposed the idea of a Catholic bloc yet both were intrigued by the idea of a resurrected Austro-Hungarian empire. Bethlen went so far as to journey to Paris, Rome, London and other capitals presenting the case of ex-Crown Prince Otto, the boy who would be king but for the opposition of the Little Entente which sees a devilish bugaboo in every Hapsburg.

Here the question of "*Anschluss*" or union of Austria with Germany came in. The French and Italians have opposed this solution of the economic destruction of Austria. France being scared by anything that may add to Germany's strength and Italy fearful of a common frontier with a powerful nation. The French policy, however, became "*Lieber Hapsburg als Anschluss*," better a Hapsburg than Austro-German union, and this policy has buoyed up the Legitimists.

Meanwhile the green terrorists, or members of the Peasant party, who contribute the soldiers for the Heimwehr, played a new card: they demanded that this illegal militia, which according to the peace treaties must be disarmed and dis-

banded, be made part of the national army. The Peasant party did this for two reasons, to remain the power behind the throne, and to prevent Seipel using the Heimwehr as his instrument for a Catholic-Fascist uprising which would both make him dictator and establish the center of the Catholic Empire.

After the short and stormy chancellorship of Ernst Streeruwitz, with the Heimwehr threatening civil war and occupation of Vienna, everybody in Austria and neighboring countries became alarmed and Johann Schober, the man of "blood and iron," who had once before been chancellor and who afterwards as police chief was held largely responsible for the July massacre, was duly named chancellor. Strange to say the same Social-Democrats who called him "murderer" from 1927 to 1930 secretly rallied round him, not because they expected him to do everything pleasing to their socialization program but because by now they were thoroughly terrorized by the Peasant-Catholic-Fascist movement of which Seipel remained the head.

Chancellor Schober proved himself the strong man again. He curbed both forces. The Socialists have had to make concessions and the Heimwehr's wings have had some important feathers plucked.

The visit of the Austrian chancellor to Mussolini has been interpreted in various ways. The statement that peace has been restored between the nations can be interpreted in only one way: in order to curb Mussolini's vicious opposition to all international financial actions which might save Austria from a worse economic plight, the Austrians have had to give up their campaign of opposition in the Tyrolian lands which the Fascists have terrorized since the unjust occupation at the end of the war.

Schober for the moment has outwitted Seipel, but so complicated are the political and church intrigues in Vienna at present, and so imminent is a Hapsburg restoration in Budapest that it cannot be said that the big idea of the Catholic Empire is dead. It is merely dormant.

III. THE TRUTH ABOUT DICTATORS AND OTHERS

“Mussolini, without any of Napoleon’s prestige has done for Italy what Napoleon did for France, except that for the duc d’Enghien you must read Matteoti”—Bernard Shaw

“Our political system was a revolt from dictatorship, whether by individuals or classes. It was founded upon the conception that freedom was inalienable and that liberty and freedom should rest on law, and that law should spring from the expressed wisdom of the majority of the people themselves”—Herbert Hoover

“Democracy is the system of stupidity, cowardice, weakness and half-heartedness”—Hitler

XVI

MUSSOLINI'S LIFE

TEACHES SUCCESS

BY BETRAYING IDEALS

As Pacifist sold out to France in 1914 for \$8,000 a month; sold d'Annunzio to Allies in 1920; offered Fascists to Labor Unions first

THEN SOLD THEM TO BOSSES

Proclaimed atheism until Vatican treaty ready—consistency in actions made him world important

XVI

THE Mussolini Myth, more than any other piece of International Bunkum, occupies the American press corps in Europe. How much are newspapermen themselves to blame for the creation of the idea that Mussolini is the greatest man in the world? Not much. But they all have to admit that the idea prevails. They admit it when they find themselves paying more attention to Mussolini than to any other person living. They admit it when they see their own papers publishing thousands of columns of propaganda for Fascism, which their editors are so gladly obtaining everywhere.

For their own defense they have two big points: the famous Mussolini press conference in 1925, and Mussolini's expulsion from the National Press Club, in Washington. The former incident was probably the greatest insult Mussolini had ever received as Dictator. He had called a meeting of some three or four hundred international journalists attending one of the annual conferences of the League of Nations; it was just after one American and several other correspondents had been expelled from Rome for printing official documents showing Mussolini's implication in the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti, and at a time when Italian journalists resident abroad had complained to the international press club connected with the League of Nations that Dino Grandi had intrigued with the chief of police of Geneva to arrest, imprison, and otherwise make life unbearable for Italian newspapermen who remained liberals. The journalists boycotted Mussolini. Of three or four hundred, only one showed up, unfortunately an American. Mussolini fled in silence.

The Washington incident occurred in 1928. Premier Mussolini, as owner of the *Popolo d'Italia*, applied for membership in the National Press Club, and immediately it was announced that he was made a member. This caused every newspaper in Italy to rejoice and to point out that, after all, the American journalists did not care a damn about Mussolini's suppression of freedom of the press, and that they really loved Mussolini.

It is a fact that the application had been approved and posted. It is a fact that some members thought it was swell to have such an eminent journalist as Mussolini, certainly a more important person than Journalist Warren G. Harding, member of their own pet club. But some thought otherwise. Despite the fact that Fred Essary, president of the club, had actually sent Mussolini a telegram congratulating him on election, a petition circulated by Laurence Todd soon had twenty-five members protesting. Charles G. Ross, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (which by the way is a leading liberal, free, honest journal of middle-America), led the opposition. He sketched the violent suppression of liberty in Italy, and especially of public opinion and the press, which culminated in the *Corriere della Sera* being taken from the Albertinis and made a Fascist rag. He cited the expulsion of the *Chicago Tribune* correspondent, George Seldes, as further evidence and concluded:

"The National Press Club, which because its name represents to European countries the press of America, and which has in its membership newspapermen in all parts of the country, should not admit to its membership a man who is the arch enemy of a free press in our time, and perhaps in all time!"

Mussolini was kicked out.

The Italian press was ordered not to mention this reversal.

But the bunkum continued to flow. Two solid pages of the

Sunday edition of the New York Herald-Tribune were devoted to a piece by a Frederica Blankner headed "While God Protects Me — Mussolini," which, in view of the fact that Mussolini had just signed a deal with the Pope was an attempt to show Mussolini a believer. He was quoted as saying:

"I feel God deeply. I believe in God. I am fully convinced that those who attempt my life cannot harm me. While God protects me no human force can stop me." To which the lady interviewer added profoundly: "His faith in God is real; no one who ever heard him utter those words can doubt it. It is this faith that results in Il Duce's sublime fearlessness."

A very good sample of the bunk which makes the Great Mussolini Myth. To begin with, when Mussolini was interviewed by several regular journalists a year before, he said: "I believe in Destiny. . . . While my star protects me no human force can stop me." In other words Mussolini, self-asserted agnostic, self-asserted atheist, deliberately omitted reference to a Deity but chose to swipe some Napoleonic phrases to impress the reporters.

For home consumption Mussolini has never made any religious pretensions, because they have not been necessary. He has boasted his agnosticism or his atheism. There are official records to that effect in Switzerland, where he got in trouble with the police for his anti-religious activities: he played exactly the game of the bad Bolshevik boys of 1930.

On one occasion Mussolini did what many have done before and after him, the French revolutionaries, Russian agitators, and Sinclair Lewis when he wrote "Elmer Gantry": he defied God. Mussolini was mixing up his communistic and atheistic theories then. Addressing a workingman's audience, he took his watch from his pocket, laid it on the table and defied God to send a thunderbolt.

"If," he declared, "in five minutes God does not strike me down, I have proved to you that He does not exist."

Mussolini was saved — for the noble Fascist experiment. All through his reign he spoke as an atheist or an agnostic: he did show an almost Hindu belief in Kismet — what is written is written — Destiny. He spoke often of the stars, never of a Deity, until the Vatican affair became actual. But perhaps American lady interviewers themselves felt the need of changing the word "Star" or "Destiny" to "God" because otherwise Mussolini might not be so acceptable to the Methodist Majority.

In Italy many a shrewd observer has thought, despite the treaty with the Pope, that the only thing which Mussolini has carried right through, from stone-mason to super-dictator, has been his atheism: "But consistency too was a part of his plan; he was true to one party, and that was himself" — in that one respect. A cardinal commenting on Mussolini after the papal treaty said: "His followers some day will ask for his canonization: he would make the first atheist saint!"

The American lady journalists find qualities in the hero-god which he himself denies. The man who slammed at America when he spoke of the "rotting carcass of the Goddess of Liberty," is hailed in print with: "He is American because he is democratic."

In his brochure on John Huss he said in the preface, "I hope this will provoke in the soul of the reader a hate against all sorts of moral tyranny, profane and theological."

In his address at the Maison du Peuple, in Lausanne, he was more explicit:

"God does not exist; if He exists I defy Him to chastise me, here before you. Religion, face to face with science, becomes

an absurdity; in practice it is immoral; for mankind it is no more than a malady.”

After the war, addressing the veterans:

“I love a pagan people, full of fight, of progress, a people which refuses its belief in revealed dogmas, and which denies miracles.”

This amazing man as late as the tenth of November, 1919, the red days of 1919, said publicly:

“We are preparing ourselves, not against but in favor of the working class. At the head of our program we place the expropriation of riches, the confiscation of the super-profits of the war, a severe tax on capital and we will not accept any dictatorship.”

Three days later he added:

“The most sacred thing in the world: Liberty! In Italy no one wants to be governed by anyone who pretends he was chosen by the Messiah, by the Czar or by God the Father.”

For president-mayor of the town of Buncombe itself, I would nominate the author of this piece about Mussolini in the Paris Herald. Signed “An American Countess, born in California, married to an Italian nobleman.” It is priceless: “Oh, what eyes—the eyes are the mirror of the soul—and we surely see this great man’s soul in his eyes. They are black and powerful and remind one of the eyes of a saint.”

If ever in my life I saw “pop-eyes” (myopic protuberance as the doctors say) they are Mussolini’s. Doctors who have seen them call them apoplectic. They say 60 per cent of all the insane have them. However, if one falls in love with Mussolini, as most women journalists do, they may be saint’s eyes. The lady artist who was attacked by Mussolini, however, has still another description for them. She was one of the few who didn’t come to be attacked!

Again the American Countess speaking! Describing her nervousness in the saint's presence: "Of course I was nervous, who would not be in front of such a man. My friends were surprised at my being nervous. You, they said, who have known so many royalties. There are few women like yourself who have had the great honor of having received a king at dinner in your own house. You who have wined and dined royal princes and grand dukes, ambassadors, etc., you say you were nervous! Yes, all that is true, but a man of Mussolini's quality is very rare and you feel his greatness in the atmosphere."

It is apparent this lady is not afraid to mention the great events of her life: You who ate with a real king—you who drank with a real prince—the very essence of achievement in a modern all too materialistic world and not half enough kings for the American luncheon table! Again: *re* the Duce:

"To my mind one of the most remarkable things he has done was to form this army of 'Balilla.' On April 21, 25,000 youthful soldiers from 6 to 18 years of age, called Balilla, came to Rome and we had quite a gay time for a few days, at all hours of the day and night one heard the soldiers pass and the band play. The Balilla is a marvelous organization. They are youthful lads being prepared for Fascist soldiers. It develops youth, makes boys strong. They have a military training, and it teaches them to be upright, loyal and honest. Don't think that Mussolini has forgotten the girls. No, indeed! Little girls are brought up in the English-American fashion. They are taught gymnastics in the open air and their little bodies are burnt brown with the Italian sun. They are to be the mothers of the future generation and Mussolini wants them all to be strong. What a wonderful nation this Italy will be in years to come."

Isn't this grand! An American girl (born in California) en-

dorses the most vicious militaristic system in the world — and the Herald gives it two columns — about one and nine-tenths columns more than the report saying the Pope — of course this was before the Lateran treaty — had denounced the Fascist childhood-militarism as one of the dangers of the modern age. But an American girl endorses it. And the American public which went to war with the Kaiser for some reason or other — could it really have been to end militarism? — is fed this sort of bunk by an honest newspaper. Twenty-five thousand boys, aged 6 to 18, being brought up with revolvers and bayonets — organized by Mussolini, O. K.'d by the countess from California, published by the Paris Herald for the edification of peace-loving America.

Here are more samples:

“Forty-four million Italians pray each day and thank God for having sent them this wonderful man who has saved Italy.” Forty-four, it will be noticed, leaving no room for the ten or fifteen million anti-Fascists, the political prisoners, the exiles, the victims of the peasant serfdom system, the 5,000,000 anti-Fascist industrial workers in the north who refuse to join the syndicates and a few stray millions of the disbanded majority political parties, all of whom have no doubt changed politics recently. And the masterpiece:

“Mussolini is extraordinarily young to be the greatest man of the present and past.” Yes. Believe it or not, “present and *past*.” Greater than Napoleon and Caesar, H. G. Wells’s friend King Asoka, our own many volumed George Washington, Buddha and Confucius and Jesus. Great is the power of the press, and this is the kind of bunkum it sells its public.

Yet colleagues ask, well, suppose Mussolini actually says one day he believes in God and another that he is an atheist, or one day he believes in democracy and another that he is the enemy

of liberty, and suppose the whole world can see that Mussolini is lying, it is not ethical for the journalist to call a "great" man a liar.

If someone holds out for truth at all costs, the "ethical" journalists inevitably bring up the old gag about "'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate," and say it is impossible to know what truth is.

I make no claim for having always told the truth. I have been fooled frequently. But every time I am confronted with the old Pilate sneer I can refer my colleagues to the dictionary, which I think is sufficient guide for any honest reporter. The dictionary says that truth is being truthful or true, but that does not get us anywhere, but under "true" there is this: "in accordance with the facts, or reality; genuine; rightly or strictly so-called, loyal or faithful or constant." Of course these words can be brought into the quibble. I can remember Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard holding up a three-inch string and asking the class to write down its size; or a pink cloth and asking for color. The answers varied from an inch to thirty inches and the colors from red to green. Of course some persons are color blind and some are bad judges of distances. But to return to the question of truth, and truth regarding Mussolini. He has boasted (and some sycophantic little American journalists have repeated it for him and one writer in the New York Times has pointed it out as a great achievement) that he has extirpated the Mafia.

In the old days in Sicily, Calabria, the south generally, there were two big secret terror organizations called Mafia, but the one fought the other. They were rival gangs, like Scarface Al Capone and Bugs Moran in Chicago, but instead of districting up the city for liquor traffic or other nefarious ends, the Italian (the genuine original Italian) gangs carried on the warfare of

city against country; Naples, Palermo, and other big center gangs against peasant gangs.

Every government tried to suppress this state of things, probably more sincerely and violently than the Chicago city administration. Fascism tried also. But, failing, like the preceding governments, it resorted to expediency. It found that the city Mafia was stronger than the country Mafia. Fascism therefore invited the bigger, stronger gang to join the Fascist party, promising full protection in the war against the country Mafia. It is like the mayor of Chicago inviting Capone to join the city forces, promising police aid in breaking up the Moran gang. And that is what happened. The city Mafia triumphed. The country Mafia has almost disappeared. And the city Mafia, it can be said, has disappeared because it is now in the blackshirt uniform, doing Mussolini's bidding and spreading Fascism. To say that the Mafia has disappeared in Italy is therefore a half-truth.

Here are two other items, and if one is true the other cannot be even a half-truth; it must be labelled what it is, a pure lie. It concerns on the one hand many news items in all the leading American newspapers, some sent out by Rome correspondents, others picked up elsewhere, all praising Mussolini for his success in decreasing the war debt and otherwise accomplishing financial miracles and economic wonders. Against these items place this piece by the Irish journalist, James Murphy, on the same subject:

“The Fascists are striving to maintain confidence and good will abroad, especially among banking and large commercial interests. For this reason they have organized a system of propaganda to convince outsiders that the economic and financial position of the country has steadily bettered under the Fascist régime. To bring this fact home to outsiders they have

given to the public a state budget which has little or no relation to the real financial condition. It is simply a piece of propaganda. I should not make such a statement without being in a position to bring forward proof. Take De Stefani's budget for 1923-24. For that year I find that under one heading alone there was an expenditure of fourteen billion of lire (700,000,000 dollars) not a cent of which is debited in the state budget. The expenditure was officially announced in the Official Gazette (June 27, 1924, page 16). It figures in the Treasury accounts, but it is carefully kept out of the budget that has been published. That sum alone would practically consume the whole income from taxation for the same year. Therefore De Stefani's first budget had really a much heavier deficit than those of his predecessors, even if we confine the deficit to the above expenditure and say nothing of other Treasury debts incurred. To keep all such questions dark, the press is muzzled and foreign journalists are watched and persecuted lest they begin to pry into the question of Italy's finances. By such means and by the expenditure of huge sums for propaganda abroad, the Fascists think that they will be able to stave off the day when their real economic and financial position may become known to foreign bankers and foreign industrialists."

Now take Mussolini's own statement, which our colleagues in Rome have so well broadcasted that the entire American banking world has been won over to Fascism. Mussolini, they quote saying, came into office facing a deficit of six billions "which had come down to me as a legacy from the errors and weaknesses of those who had preceded me" — in other words the liberal democratic blundering but non-terroristic politicians whom Mussolini has driven into exile or their graves. Then Mussolini claims he overcame this deficit of six billions.

Now if that is true, it is true. Or it may be a half-truth, or it may be a whole lie. In view of Murphy's testimony — and he has it by verse and chapter — I would say Mussolini is a liar. And if you take the evidence which Hiram Motherwell who then represented the Chicago Daily News in Rome (and one of the most honest and brilliant journalists that ever lived), you can believe the lie was premeditated. Motherwell obtained from Mussolini's own offices all the evidence to prove that the Italian deficit had been, at the end of the war, about sixteen billions, that the various non-Fascist premiers had cut it down to six in the budget before Mussolini's, and that the provisional budget which the latter inherited was virtually balanced. Furthermore, Mussolini mentions progressive inflation of Italian money, the fault of his predecessors. But even the most stupid of tourists knows that the Italian lira's rate of inflation had been steadily decreased before Mussolini, and that the "cheap days" came after the dictator had been in office a year or so, and more lire than ever were given for the dollar.

Next to the myth of balancing the budget and the fact of improving the train service, is the general statement about "regenerating" the nation. One would think that Italy under the Nittis and Giolittis and Orlandos was in the state of Turkey at the end of the war, an old nation, with no fire left in its bones, decrepit and decaying (which Kemal Pasha actually revived). You ask the pro-Fascists what the regeneration consists of. They reply: "Look at the parades, the crowds shouting, the desire to go to war with someone, the pride of the new Italians, the defiance to Jugoslavia, France, Austria . . ." and many things like that, almost all of which can be classified under the heading "militarism" rather than "patriotism," and hardly at all under "regeneracy." It is just another myth of the great man.

That Mussolini is the most *interesting* man of our time, I can agree readily. Napoleon certainly was the most interesting man of his time; probably Napoleon sold out too. I will admit we are too close to Mussolini to judge him fairly. Napoleon was not judged fairly in his own time. To judge Mussolini fairly it is necessary to know the facts. My quarrel is with the propagandists, the ecstatic lady journalists who fall for Mussolini's sexy eyes, the corrupt newspapers and the foolish tourists who want to show nothing but the glorious-noble-hero-dictator.

I cannot help feeling that a man who sells out several times is not a great man. There are, for example, savages who become genuinely converted by our Methodist missionaries, but there are Arabs who sell out to our missionaries throughout the Oriental lands for the benefits of jobs and money: These "converts" in most cases, run to the mosques and purify themselves after every prayer meeting in the missionary's house.

Can we respect or trust that kind of a Christian-Mohammedan? Look at Mussolini: his radicalism was too strong for the Socialists of his time, and they had trouble curbing his atheism and his ideas of violence. In 1914 he was no longer in the Socialist inner circle. But he was Socialist enough to preach against the war. He was a pacifist. Except that he was so republican that he condoned the attempted assassination of King Victor Emmanuel. Speaking of this he said there were historical precedents, such as the murder committed by Brescia, and that of Elizabeth of Austria. "Attempted assassinations," said the man who later was to face them himself and to restore the death penalty for them, "are the accidents of kings, just as falling chimneys are the accidents of bricklayers. If we must weep, let us weep for the bricklayers."

Everyone knows Mussolini as the patriot who quit the Socialists in order to found a newspaper urging Italy to betray

her friends and join the Allies. But no one seems to know that it was French money that bought this change of heart, and that the unbought Mussolini previously had ridiculed the Allies. When the whole neutral world was shocked by the invasion of Belgium, Mussolini wrote, "We are invited to weep for martyred Belgium. We are face to face with a sentimental farce, staged by France and Belgium herself. These two old gossips make great efforts to exploit the universal naïveté. For us, Belgium is nothing more than a belligerent power . . . all the nations in the war are guilty in the same degree; against all equally we must seek to cause a revolution of the working classes."

And when the Italian Bolsheviks had their brief hour, when they occupied the factories and attempted to run them, to buy and sell, and thereby came to grief, Mussolini spoke of the action as a "creative strike"; on behalf of the Fascists he declared, "economic democracy, that is our slogan," and taking advantage of the weakness of the king, came out openly for a republic. On the 24th of March, 1919, he wrote, "We demand a national assembly which will decide for Italy: Monarchy or Republic. We reply now: Republic. *We are entirely against all forms of dictatorships.*"

On the eve of the 1919 elections, in other words, after the war for which Mussolini had betrayed the Socialist party, and at a time when, strongly influenced by Moscow, he was organizing a movement called the Fascists, he delivered the famous program of his party by which he planned to regain a place as a *radical leader*. *He offered himself and his organization to the united labor unions but the latter found his views too radical and refused him. (It was after this refusal that he turned completely around and offered his services to the employers' association).* The most radical points of the Mussolini

program, which was the Fascist program until quite a while after Mussolini's seizure of power, were:

Eight hour day;

Minimum wage;

The participation of representatives of the workers in the technical operation of the industries;

Proletarian organizations in the direction of the industries and the public services;

Seizure of all the property belonging to religious groups;

Confiscation of the extra profits of the war.

What price Bolshevism! Mussolini himself was not satisfied with this program. He believed in violence and advocated lynching the war profiteers.

But we can give Mussolini credit for a lot. Let me list his accomplishments. In addition to running trains on time, they are:

Abolition of parliament;

Abolition of the constitutional power of the king;

Abolition of all the non-Fascist press;

Abolition of the right of public association, freemasonry,

etc.;

Abolition of free suffrage;

Abolition of the freedom of the magistrates;

Abolition of free speech;

Law courts placed under Fascist militia;

Abolition of the inviolability of private homes;

Abolition of the inviolability of private correspondence;

Abolition of the right to choose and exercise a business or a profession;

Abolition of the right of free movement (emigration, or peasants going from one part of the country to another);

Curtailment of the liberty of conscience and religion;

Abolition of the right to choose nationality;

Annulment of Article 30 of the Statutes guaranteeing no unjust taxation;

Suppression of all municipal liberties.

And May 26, 1926, Mussolini said:

“It is I who have dictated these measures: recall of all passports; order to shoot without warning anyone trying to cross the frontier secretly; suppression of all anti-Fascist publications; dissolution of all groups, associations, organizations suspected of anti-Fascism; creating of a special police in all parts of the country; creation of secret investigation bureaus and special tribunals.”

This beats any tyrant in modern times, and all the czars of Russia, and all the dictators of little Central American republics in the old heydays.

On the other side, there is something which should please Americans. In order to carry on the myth of the balanced budget and the economic restoration of Italy, Mussolini has mortgaged Italy to American finance. American citizens now own about a half billion dollars' worth of Italy. Some of the principal borrowings (this list is not complete, but is assuredly much larger) are:

Kingdom of Italy 7's..	\$100,000,000	J. P. Morgan & Co.
City of Rome 6½'s.....	30,000,000	J. P. Morgan & Co.
City of Milan 6½'s....	20,000,000	Dillon, Read; Bankers Trust, Guaranty Trust.
Credit Consortium 7's.	10,000,000	Morgan, National City, First Nat'l.
Adriatic Electric 7's....	5,000,000	Blair & Co.
Fiat 7's	10,000,000	Morgan.

Internat'l Securities . . .	\$35,000,000	Alfred & Co., Harris, Forbes; Bankers Trust.
Italian Public Utility 7's	20,000,000	Blair; Chase Securities.
Lombard Electric 7's ..	6,000,000	Blair; Chase, Rollins & Co.
Mendionale Electric 7's	10,250,000	Marshall Field; Glore Ward; Blyth, Wither & Co.
Montecalini Mineral 7's	6,000,000	Guaranty Trust, Mar- shall Field, Glore Ward, Inter. Accept- ance Bank.
Pirelli 7's	4,000,000	Morgan.
United Electric 7's	5,000,000	Rollins, Blair.
Private Credits	25,000,000	
Snia Viscosa	9,000,000	
Electric Union	6,000,000	
Terni	25,000,000	
Adamello	10,000,000	
Isotta-Fraschini	1,700,000	
Rome Gas Company ..	10,000,000	

And I am sure it will be a real pleasure to the Bolshevik-hating American public to know that a large part of the half billion dollars they put into Italy is being used to continue the black (anti-red) terror. Perhaps it will be proud of the fact that American money is being used by Mussolini to create a fleet for the officially announced purpose of controlling the Mediterranean. What does this control mean? It means a war with England or France.

So far Mussolini has had one fling in the Mediterranean: he

attacked Greece and killed twelve American orphans in an asylum in Corfu. He got some fifty million lire damages and hid the fact that the expedition cost 288,000,000. But that sum is not important. What is important, is that it was not Mussolini but Britain which celebrated the first anniversary of the Italian victory over defeated and disarmed Greece. Just one year from that date the British fleet entered the Mediterranean to hold some usual manoeuvres.

But they were the most unusual manoeuvres ever held. The British officially asked the Greeks if they could land cannon in Corfu for engaging in mock warfare. The Greeks, you'll be surprised, said "yes." The British for the first time in history landed cannon in a friendly nation, and carried out a naval manoeuvre. No Italian newspaper was allowed to notice that. Perhaps Mussolini did.

At any rate, Fascist Italy did everything to break up the London conference in 1930 because Dino Grandi, under orders from Mussolini, demanded a fleet equal at least to that of France. The French knew this meant a try for war. The French were not afraid, but they did not like the idea of competitive armament. Mussolini, of course, knew American bankers, i.e., the American public, would pay for his ships. At present the American public is paying more than 500,000,000 lire a year for Fascist propaganda, espionage and Fascist militia (which is larger than the regular army); these elements constitute the black terror (financed by America). The official gazette in its budget for the year ending June 1928, for example, includes the following expenditures for the purposes of maintaining Fascist terrorism:

Fascist Militia	Lire 60,315,000
Fascist officers	15,430,000

Fascist mass meetings, parades, militia reviews	11,000,000
Secret Service	3,000,000
Balilla organization	1,000,000
Investigation service (Dept. Interior)	50,000,000
Foreign Propaganda (Dept. Foreign Affairs) ..	1,200,000

It would be wrong to accuse Mussolini, as some Italians have done, of selling his red soul for yellow gold. Money never interested Mussolini, except as a means to power. For example, during the Fiume episode, Mussolini supported d'Annunzio and began a big fund to keep the poet there. When the money rolled in, Mussolini diverted a part of it, as he himself later admitted, "to pay the armed bands" which later formed the Fascist militia. The money the French sent Mussolini every month was all used up to run the pro-Ally daily — Mussolini never sweetened his nest. But he repays the big business corporations which bought the Fascist movement and have directed it ever since. Here is one example:

The Societe Ansaldo, shipbuilders, were subsidized with 900 lire a ton for all ships constructed until the end of the year 1924.

Two hundred and fifty state locomotives sent to the Ansaldo plant for repair work, but no price set by the government.

Settlement for 52,000,000 lire in place of all taxation, confiscation of war profits, etc., of the company's profits of several billions during and after the war. (This was one of Matteotti's exposures.)

Of the stock of the Fiume Oil Corporation, the government bought 18,000 shares for 8,300,443 lire, and later Mr. Grandi was made one of the firm's directors. Grandi knows his lire. The Ansaldo-Cogne company was subsidized with 55,000,000; the Venezia Giulia Steel Furnaces corporation with 35,000,000,

and the Fiat automobile works, where so much of the radical trouble started in the old days, and which was one of the biggest contributors to the Mussolini fund, was subsidized, likewise the Upper Italy hydroelectric monopoly. Mussolini repays his payers, that much must be put to his credit side.

I give Mussolini credit also, of being the greatest opportunist since Napoleon. He has taken advantage of the weakness of his own people and exploited it as no man could without being a traitor, hypocrite, four-flusher, turncoat, liar and plotter in violence and assassination. Different times, different morals! Rome is not Chicago; the Italian gangster there has peculiar circumstances to overcome; in Rome there are crises, too. Cesare Rossi, once member of the Fascist Quadrumvirate which ruled Italy, and Mussolini's most trusted confidante, was thrown in jail when all Italy cried for revenge against Mussolini for the Matteotti murder. In the 37 accusations against Mussolini, Cesare Rossi shows how much is required of the modern superman to survive political vicissitudes. Some of the charges against Mussolini are:

1. The order to destroy the Opposition newspapers *Avanti* and *Giustizia*.

8. The order to beat up Amendola (leader of the Opposition parties) who died as a result.

9. Order to destroy Catholic Club in Milan.

13. Mussolini expressed regret his men did not succeed in beating up Matteotti on the return from a congress.

21. Mussolini orders the murder of several radicals who secretly joined Milan Fascist party as spies.

23. Orders destruction of ex-Premier Nitti's house.

26. Threat to Senator Albertini (of *Corriere della Sera*, then liberal paper) "I'll break your neck."

29. Mussolini: "If the votes will go against us, I'll have 200,000 rifles who will make the election for us."

32. Organization of a Fascist Chekah.

33 & 35. Mussolini's personal friendship with the men who murdered Matteotti.

36. The ambiguous relation of Mussolini to the murder of Matteotti.

Mussolini is the kind of strong man who could survive. After the body of the deputy had been found, Mussolini, on the twenty-fourth of June 1924, said: "The crime against the person of the Honorable Matteotti has wounded and profoundly moved Italian public opinion which demands justice."

On the third of June 1925, when the anti-Fascist uprising failed to win because Amendola and other leaders did not want to engage in a civil war although assured of victory, Mussolini was himself again. Speaking of the assassination which two of the Fascist party chiefs in confessions declared ordered by Mussolini, the latter said: "The sequestration (*sic*) of Matteotti, with its consequences, belongs morally, politically and historically to Fascism."

A man who could thus accept responsibility for murder must be a genius — or, well, a puzzle. He is a puzzle to me. For some of our psychological friends he seems to be no puzzle at all, no dazzling Olympian but a man with a recompensated inferiority feeling (as Adler has explained) or an extraordinary egoist. Boyd Barrett has hit the Mussolini type extraordinarily well in his psychoanalysis of the satanic type: "The superiorly-great-leader complex and the he-goat-great-lover complex." Barrett believed the former the stronger, and so it is in Mussolini, although in the role of great lover Mussolini is unequalled by any politician of our era.

Barrett has spoken of the "proud megalomaniacal narcissis-

tic leader, infatuated with his own ego, persevering, indomitable, who dared, in Milton's masterpiece, to storm high heaven, attempt to capture the heavenly throne."

Another school of psychoanalysts makes much of the statement found in the book written by Mme. Balabanova. This Russian lady was in exile in Switzerland at the time Lenin and Mussolini were both there; she was a sort of liaison officer and I have heard say that she introduced Mussolini to Lenin. In her book there are amazing chapters on the youth of Mussolini whom she describes as gentle, shy, timid, retiring. She concludes: "Mussolini was afraid of his own shadow. He burst out crying, saying his Wassermann test was positive."

Of the relationship between genius, poets, artists and heroes and a positive Wassermann test whole books have been written and there is still much to say. I would be the last man to deny that there is something of greatness about Mussolini, and the first to add: "and a lot of bunkum."

XVII

ISADORA DUNCAN

**STARVING, OFFERS
TO SELL LOVE LETTERS**

And writes first (unpublished) chapter of book "What
Love Means to Me"

"NO ART WITHOUT PERSPIRATION"

XVII

WHEN I first saw Isadora Duncan I was a child; at that time everything in the theater was wonder to me and I saw my adolescent vision of Greece, Diana coursing through the Attic landscape and Aphrodite rising in the best Botticelli manner pink from a cobalt sea, in the dancing of this marvelous girl. Of course I fell in love with her.

The next time I saw Isadora Duncan she was lying, large, bleary and not too sober, in a cheap room of a second-class Berlin hotel which she dared not leave because she had no money to pay her bill. *Sic transit*. It made me feel very ill.

But the result of that visit was the chapter that follows herewith, the introductory chapter to a book, "What Love Meant to Isadora Duncan," a book which one of my editors contracted for and which she never finished. What has happened to the trunkful of love letters I do not know. Some of them are worthy of immortality.

When I came to see her in Berlin she said in one breath that she was glad the paper did not send a woman to interview her as she hated women journalists because they did not keep their journalistic faith as men did; they were always trading on their sex, she said, and that wasn't fair either, and they couldn't be relied on to keep confidences confidential, as men did, and wouldn't I buy her just one little drink?

I rang the bell and a waiter came. His manner said plainly he hadn't been tipped for a long time. He was disgusting. I asked Isadora if she wanted Rhine wine, beer, or a cocktail.

"Bring me a quart of gin," she said suddenly sober enough.

"Will you pay for this?" the waiter said to me in a threatening, much too loud whisper.

I said, "Yes."

She poured a half tumblerful, drank it down, and said:

"There is no great art without perspiration."

She could still be witty, even brilliant.

"I'm at the end of my rope," she replied when I asked her about the reports I had heard in town. "I want to go to France to sell my house there, but the French Consul refuses to give me a visa, says I'm a Bolshevik because I once sang the "Internationale" in public, and because I organized a school in Moscow for the miserable children there.

"I have nothing left in the world but these love letters—I guess I'll have to sell them." I think she spoke in jest, but it was this remark which caused an entire change in her fortunes, in her life perhaps, and got me this beautiful manuscript.

"I've got about a thousand of them," she continued, hauling out packets and loose sheets from a drawer. "And I haven't got a friend left in this world. Where are all the snows of yesteryear. Cold on the mountains! I used to keep open house. Liberty Hall! Packed with friends and admirers. Or at least so they called themselves.

"Yes, fair weather friends. I had lots of money then—and I don't know anything about money. It all went. I don't care. But now, no one cares to help me. Not only am I poor, but I have been in Moscow—I've worked there for the miserable poor children—and of course all those sleek hypocrites are scared of me because the papers call me a Bolshevik.

"What if I publish these letters. Some of the writers, the great ones, like Gordon Craig, won't mind. The others I don't care about. They are going to ruin a lot of fat reputations per-

haps, but why should I worry—you can ruin almost any reputation, especially of a man or woman of independent mind, by yelling Bolshevik at them. Do you want to see the letters?”

She moved her puffed body, adjusted a wrap over the loose Grecian red garment which hung shapelessly billowing from her shoulders, wobbled in her sandaled feet and held out a handful of letters. Her hair was astray and there was only drunken luster in her once marvelous eyes.

“These are from d’Annunzio,” she said, handing me some blue papers written in a large florid way some twenty words to the page. “And these from Gordon Craig.” Pages not written but drawn. Every letter a work of art—like the words on old Japanese prints. And each page embellished with drawings in ink and crayon. Some were just drawings with only a few words of text; some were words and pictures intermingled as one beautiful work.

“And these from a man I like to call Lohengrin—very plain—a business man’s hard handwriting. Here are some from—well, I won’t tell you the name now. He was my lover once, young and beautiful—now he’s married and has three children and writes no more great poetry.”

She held her finger clumsily over the name, hiding only half of it.

I looked at the text of a score of letters from old lovers. Artist, poet, business man, the letters were all aflame with passion. The dates were at least ten years apart. Yet I remember the thought which occurred in each and all. It was amazing:

“You are as precious and beautiful to me today as in the first hour of our passion—you are the only woman in the world for whom my desire was not cooled by possession!” Yes, the poet, the artist, the business man, each expressed the same idea in phrases differing in style and elegance, not passion.

"Yessenin's are in Russian," she said. "You won't understand them — but they are as beautiful."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"Serge has gone into the Caucasus — to become a bandit. He wrote he wants to get thrills. He will be a robber and write poetry about it."

"And your divorce?"

"Well, it's this way," Isadora replied, "in order to get a divorce in Russia it is necessary to file your application before twelve o'clock noon — but neither Serge nor I could ever get to the Divorce Commissariat by noon. We live at night, sleep by day. Now if the Soviets had had sense enough to open their divorce bureau at twelve midnight we would have been divorced — and probably remarried several times nicely."

She helped herself to a quarter-tumblerful of gin and continued:

"I think I'll put them all in the book. I'll call it: 'What Love Means to Different Men' — the poet, the banker, the playwright, the poor man, the idle rich. I'll group the letters under these headings — it'll make an interesting book, I tell you — real human documents."

I promised to help her get a visa to France and sell her book.

The next day, sure enough, I got a reply to my telegram suggesting buying the Duncan material. I was to offer five thousand dollars for serial rights. Mme. Duncan was to write a book based entirely on her love letters and was to reproduce as many of them as we desired. She could, however, keep the names of many of the writers secret. My cable cautiously concluded with "Unpay money until parts manuscript delivered."

Isadora was very happy to begin work, but she needed money to live on. As my office refused to advance her anything, I took

the chance, and paid for her food and drink at the times I called, which was almost daily. I got her to write to Moscow to have her trunks, containing more letters, shipped to Berlin, and I found an English stenographer. Eventually Isadora began to dictate. She insisted that the stenographer come at midnight. "Life begins at midnight," she said, "the day, the healthy day with its sunshine, should be adopted by humanity for healthy sleep. Night is the time to live." She dictated all in jumbles. She would begin with Lenin, mix up her childhood in San Francisco, pass to her troubles with the French police, and suddenly take up Lenin again. My stenographer was wise, and rearranged the paragraphs. The first chapter was done in an hour of enthusiasm. Here it is:

"WHAT LOVE MEANS TO DIFFERENT MEN"

"By ISADORA DUNCAN"

"LOVE AND IDEALS"

"I find it difficult to write this book. I find it hard to speak when I know that every word is being taken down. I want this book to be something worth leaving behind. It will be worth doing only if it is a book which will help people to live. I want to tell the truth about my loves and my art because the whole world is absolutely brought up on lies. We are fed on nothing but lies. We begin with lies and half our lives at least we live with lies. Most human beings today waste some twenty-five to thirty years of their lives before they break through the actual and conventional lies which surround them.

"I am not an artist at all. Artists bore me to death. All the singers you meet talking about the A flats they can reach—all the violinists and pianists talking about the size of their

audiences and the writers about the size of their royalties. They give me no pleasure at all; these artists are stupid. At a concert the only artist present is the man who wrote the music they produce; at a play the author of the text — theater artists are silly and egotistical persons. All artists as a rule are much overrated.

“Art is not necessary at all. All that is necessary to make this world a better place to live in is to love — to love as Christ loved — as Buddha loved.

“That was the most marvelous thing about Lenin: *he* really loved mankind. Others loved themselves, money, theories, power: Lenin loved his fellow-men. They say to me, ‘How can you be so enthusiastic about Lenin — he did not believe in God.’ I reply: ‘That is simply a phrase, Lenin was God, as Christ was God, because God is Love and Christ and Lenin were all Love.’

“Do *you* love mankind? Lenin did. That’s why he was supreme — because he really loved. When the world once really understands this it will be a tremendous thing because most people really love nothing.

“And that is why I want to publish this book — not for money but because I want to show mankind it does not know how to love.

“What mankind calls love is only hatred in another form. In the flesh there is no love. I have had as much as anyone of that sort of thing which men dare call love — men foaming at the mouth — men crying they would kill themselves if I didn’t return their love — love — rot! I had just barely come to the stage when it all began — this declaration of love. From all sides I was besieged by all sorts of men. What did they want? Their feelings, I know now, were the same feelings they have for a bottle of whisky. They say to the bottle, ‘I’m thirsty. I

want you. I want to drink you up. I want to possess all of you.' To me they said the same things: 'I am hungry. I want you. I want to possess you body and soul.' Oh, they added the soul all right, when they pleaded for the body!

"Was that love? No. It was hysteria.

"Love is the rarest thing in the world. Even a mother's love is largely egotistical. A cat loves her kittens up to a certain age. People talk of a mother's love as the most sacred thing in the world — why, it is just like loving your own arms and legs. It is simply loving a part of yourself. That is not the love I wanted. I wanted a pure unselfish love, the love for humanity, felt by Christ, and Buddha and Lenin.

"When I was in Moscow, I saw little children lying huddled asleep in doorways and on rubbish heaps. Would this be possible if there was love in the world? I took these children into my school and let them sleep there. After Lenin died the Soviet Government would no longer allow this. Was that love? Did you ever go to the East Side of London? What did you see there? If you did not see children actually sleeping in the streets as in Russia you must have seen them under conditions terrible enough. If there is such a thing as love in the world would people allow this sort of thing? Could they go to their comfortable homes knowing that there are children living in such distress? So long as little children are allowed to suffer, there is no true love in the world.

"Men have loved me but my only love has been children. All scientific men, all doctors, are amazed at what I have accomplished with children. First of all, I take them very seriously. All children are very serious beings despite the fact that their parents and their teachers treat them as ignorant and inconsequential little animals. They come to me with all sorts of troubles, mental and physical. Many have rickets and bone

disease. When I started my first school in Berlin, Geheimrat Professor Doctor Stoffer came to look at my pupils and when he saw them he exclaimed: 'These children are not for you. They are for me—they are in need of surgical care. This is not a school; it is a hospital. You will never make these children dance.'

"And you should have seen the children dance after a year! Simply because I let them do what they liked. I let them dance—I did not ask them to dance. Then I inspired them to better dancing, that is all. They grew and thrived and blossomed.

"Of course it may be egotistical after all. Oh, there is nothing like it. You feel a sort of god, you know. Prometheus! It is marvelous to be able to form human lives! I have taken these children from the lowest proletariat, weak and diseased and destined for misery and early death—the children of men who dig ditches and break stones on the highways—and before I left Moscow they were dancing in the Grand Opera and the people had risen and cheered while they cried.

"Once you are interested in shaping children's lives you will never be interested in anything else again. There is nothing greater. I have never taken a grown-up pupil or a paying one. I worked only when I could work for nothing.

"The world calls me a dancer. It says I have revived the classic art of dancing of the Greek era. But I am not a dancer. I never *danced* a step in my life. I hate all dancing. All I see in what people call dancing is merely a useless agitation of the arms and legs. I don't like to look at stage dancing. But I can understand ballroom dancing—the tango, for instance, as danced in Buenos Aires. It is quite wonderful there, in the little cafés with the low ceilings; it has a meaning. The man dances with the same girl all the evening and if another man tries to dance with her he runs a dagger through the stranger's

back. This is the sort of dancing based on sexual desire and the right of possession. We see all the outward movement. But what of the inward movement, the movement of the mind? I am not a dancer. What I am interested in doing is finding and expressing a new form of life.

“I see only the ideal. But no ideals have ever been fully successful on this earth. Ideals always bring calamities in their wake. People with ideals frequently are driven mad. You follow an ideal, devote your life to it and you may go mad—yet what else is there? Nothing except ideals. Everything else is like having a good meal: it passes the time in a very charming manner and satisfies one of the principal desires of the flesh. That is all.

“Every two thousand years there come certain phases in human conditions and certain forces renew themselves. Ideals incarnate. We have Dionysius and Christ and Buddha—and the force of the present epoch is Lenin. I am certain that in a thousand years from now people from all parts of the world will come to Lenin’s tomb, which will be a shrine. He was the person who embodied the new spirit, the renewal of the force of idealism and the new religion.

“I went to Russia because I am interested more in the time hundreds of years from now than the present. A practical person going to Moscow sees only calamity and general catastrophe. This condition followed the crucifixion of Christ and must follow Lenin. In ages from now people will realize this. Now they see only what is taking place—He saw the Ideal.”

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The next day the English stenographer came to my office, delivered the manuscript, and asked to be paid off.

“I don’t like Mme. Duncan’s ideas about morality,” she said,

“and I cannot permit myself to work for a woman who drinks gin.”

I paid her, took the manuscript to Isadora, told her it was a fine beginning, and asked her if she would try to write the next chapter. She said she would, provided she could work after midnight and provided she could have a drink now and then to keep her in a creative mood. I promised the frequent drinks.

At that moment one of the many German political crises arose and for a few days I had other things to worry about. But one afternoon I found time to call on Mme. Duncan. She was extremely reticent. She tried to dodge the subject of a book of love letters. I pressed her, and she became angry.

“Look here,” she said, “you’ve already published something about my selling my love letters. Well, I received some telegrams about that. Certain persons are much worried about the publication of these letters. I am sending a friend to France to see about it. I’ll phone you about the book.”

Days went by. No phone call. I called and got no satisfactory answer — usually a nasty remark from the operator in the hotel where the Duncan bill was growing daily larger.

A week later I called. Everything was in commotion. Smiling maids were packing a new trunk, and Mme. Duncan was happily superintending.

“I’m going to Spa,” she said before I could speak. “To take the cure. I’ve quit drinking. I’m too fat, but I’ll reduce in no time. I’m going to have a theater again. I’m going to Nice for the winter. Oh, you must come and see me at my first performance —”

“And your book — and the letters — ?”

“Oh, that’s all fixed up! Publish my memoirs now? What do you think I am? An old woman? Am I dead? Only the

living dead publish their memoirs. Oh, I'll have time enough when I'm dead to begin to write them. Everything is changed now. Life begins again. Life begins again!"

That winter and another winter passed and a summer came. At Juan-les-Pins — where I was having a short vacation — I heard that Isadora Duncan had returned to her studio-theater in Nice. I asked one of her friends about it.

"It's a funny story," she replied. "It seems Isadora was down and out in Berlin once and told some reporter she was preparing to publish her memoirs including her love letters. Then she was very angry because that had got into the papers, but it certainly was lucky for her it did because some gentleman saw the paper and telegraphed her she was foolish, because it would ruin her career, and she had better return to her art — and they would get her a studio if she wished. And so everything has been fine for her ever since."

.

The theater was hung with deep purple velvet. The stage, which was piled with cushions, was prepared for seating the audience; a piano stood in the otherwise empty parquet. Isadora arrived in the same loose robe she had worn to lunch, a Greek robe lovely on a slim goddess, but revealing rather than concealing the enormous breasts, the distended stomach and the wide hips of a woman prematurely distorted by drink and carelessness. Her once expressive arms were thick and blotched, the flesh of her face hung in folds and her hair was badly streaked with purple and henna.

She pulled the narrow velvet covering from the piano and with ancient deftness threw one end over her shoulder and began encircling her body with the rest. At the same time her Russian accompanist began playing. And then a strange thing

happened — I think it happened to all who were there because afterwards each admitted in a different way something of the surprise and thrill of the next few minutes. Because we had seen a miracle. There before us what had been a middle-aged woman, much the worse for hard wear in a hard world, had transformed herself suddenly into something fantastic and super-human. No, she did not dance — as she had danced twenty years earlier when I remember her Spring Song with a vividness of today. She moved, slightly, slowly. Her face became beatific, and kept changing with the music. Her arms, her legs, her body swayed, her head rose and fell, and out of her eyes a light seemed to shine, a light which so affected one as to blind one to the ugliness of aging flesh and weakened human features. It was not a dance; it was an interpretation of music as some Greek artist might have done before Sophocles, to prove to him that irony and pity could be expressed by the dance as deeply as by his tragedies and so achieve the same catharsis.

Then the music stopped, Isadora stopped, the miracle stopped. The mystic circle was broken. There was silence. We were too much moved to applaud or praise. We merely got up and walked with her into the house.

.

“Oh, I have just begun to live again,” she said to her admirers.

I mentioned the book. “But I am not dead broke nor spiritually dead,” she replied. “When I’m both I’ll write anything for any publisher who gives me the money for a theater, for a school for children — yes, I must start all over again. I must have another school. But now I am happy. When I am unhappy, I’ll write. Now I will dance.”

Another year went by. All the money was gone. She was writing a book. But she never finished. One day as she went to ride in an automobile, the long red shawl she always affected, trailing behind her, caught in a wheel, so she met her death in just the same tragic, irresponsible fashion in which she had always lived.

XVIII

CAROL—

PRINCE HAMLET

OF THE BALKANS

Gloomy Dane's quarrel with Queen Mother paralleled by
gay Roumanian, with amazing result

XVIII

Queen: Hamlet, thou hast thy father
much offended.

Hamlet: Mother, you have my father
much offended.

(Hamlet: Act III, Scene IV.)

IMAGINE now, not the gaunt, cold, mythical palace of ancient Elsinore, but the warm, romantic, slightly shoddy Balkan palace of the Roumanian Kingdom, and translate this famous scene to modern times and modern talk.

Here sits Marie, Queen of Roumania. There stands Prince Carol, heir to the throne. It is a large, regal, rococo room in gold cloth and colorful tapestries, fine florid furniture and royal portraits by popular second-rate flattery artists.

Marie and Carol quarrel.

And this quarrel sounds in plain Roumanian of today just like the Hamlet quarrel. For Prince Carol is our modern Hamlet, a Hamlet of the Balkans, young, hot-blooded, passionate, romantic, headstrong, cheap and voluble, and decidedly more worldly than our cold, neurasthenic, weak-willed Nordic Hamlet of old Denmark.

Something is decidedly rotten in the state of Roumania, too. It is the presence of the "third party" in the royal household. It is against Prince X—that Carol (Hamlet) raises his voice.

Hamlet: Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was seated on this brow;

.

You cannot call it love; for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame; it's humble
 And waits upon the judgment. . . .

Thus young Denmark. If you take Shakespeare's word for it. But the Swan of Avon himself never claimed to be an eye-witness or professional reporter of that or any other incident he chose to relate. Nor can the present plain reporter give an exact transcription of the scene between Queen Marie and Prince Carol. But this much is certain, the information coming from members of the court itself — for there were in Bucharest just as many members of the royal household who were anti-X — as pro-X —, if not more, and they wanted this quarrel told the world. It is certain that our Hamlet, our brummagem Hamlet if you insist, having for eleven years, or since his early youth, watched the comings and goings of the mysterious stranger, finally quarreled with his mother, drawing, as Hamlet did, a comparison between the old king who, unlike Hamlet's own father, was alive at the time, and the third party to the royal yet conventional triangle. All the startling events which followed, from that day to the return in 1930, events which at times made national history, were the results of this quarrel.

In the court set there are some who say Carol quoted scripture for his purpose, but while the scripture was apocryphal, the text was most appropriate: "so also a wife that leaveth her husband, and bringeth in an heir by a stranger. For first, she was disobedient in the law of the Most High; and secondly, she trespassed against her own husband; and thirdly she played the . . ." the rest is in Ecclesiasticus, xxiii : 16.

And American journalists who were there at the time draw another comparison, a play by Noel Coward, called "The

Vortex" in which the son, despite his own philanderings, takes it upon himself to criticize his mother for hers.

Certain it was that when Carol grew up, the weight of the palace triangle became heavier for him; not only was all Europe whispering, but much was being published and not questioned. In Europe and America, for instance, there was a book "Eminent Europeans," by Eugene Bagger, wherein was described how the English princess was married, how she lived happily with her husband for some years, bore him a son and heir, then grew unhappy and went to Switzerland, was separated from the king for two years, in which time she had another child, not the king's, but in American legal parlance, "born in wedlock." Carol felt he had to do something.

Well could he recall the Hamlet parallel. For now the heyday in the blood was tame; all the children were grown up and facing the world, and the world was wagging its tongue, comparing the two men, not brothers as in Shakespeare, but two trusted friends. Of his own legitimacy, Carol was sure; he loved his father, and when a play called "Le Cocu Magnifique" appeared in Paris, and evil tongues used the title for his father, he was furious.

One day Carol went to Transylvania to witness the automobile races. As usual, he took his mistress with him. But up to now he had kept his mistress in the Bucharest backgrounds; here he had her in the royal box, in the seat reserved for the crown princess. All the world saw her.

When Carol returned to the palace he had to face Prince Stirbey, who had also been at the races, and who had been shocked. Stirbey denounced Carol's breach of royal etiquette. Then Carol's rage knew no bounds; he cursed Stirbey, and, according to members of the royal household, struck him and challenged him to a duel.

It was this encounter with Stirbey that brought Carol directly to the Queen's chamber, where the Hamlet-like scene took place. Seconding Carol were some of the other children, especially ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece. Elizabeth pleaded for her father's honor. The king, although a Hohenzollern of Hohenzollerns, was always a weakling, morally and physically. But he was loved by many people and by his children. He had proved himself a patriot when he followed the popular will and led Roumania into the war on the Allied side and against his blood relatives.

Carol told the Queen of his quarrel with Stirbey. "You must send him from the palace," said Carol. Then, at the end of the quarrel, when the Queen remained obdurate, Carol's final threat was that he would quit the throne a second time and spoil the Queen's one cherished political hope.

Prince Barbu Stirbey was also of noble blood, birth and upbringing. A great sportsman, a big businessman, son of the hereditary rulers of Wallachia before the federation of the Roumanian state. For years Continental Europe talked about the "affair." Then one day Gregory Phillipescu, son of the national hero, editor of the new paper, *Epoca*, came out with fearless demands that the palace intrigue should cease. He wrote one day of the "Rasputin of Roumania" and another day of "the man behind the palace curtains," and at last, unable to find a photograph, he took the only drawing available, made yellow posters of it, and plastered Bucharest with a likeness of Prince Barbu Stirbey over which the aforementioned epithets appeared. Thus public recognition was given to what had been private talk for a decade.

This was the last straw for Carol-Hamlet. The Bratianu-Stirbey clique could not corrupt Phillipescu's newspaper, and every day there was a new chapter dealing either with love

affairs in the palace or business affairs of the dictatorial regime, every chapter an incitement to Carol.

Bucharest marvelled at the young prince's audacity. He had his own wild past to think on before trying conclusions with his mother. There were notably the Lambrino affair and the Lupescu affair, and many minor ones which in the Balkan system of morality just do not count.

Carol's one real, sweet, pure, love affair was Zizi, and his marriage to her was undoubtedly the one honest act of his life. Zizi Lambrino was the daughter of a general and a maid of honor in the court. Carol met her and loved her. They fled to Odessa in 1917 and were married legally, although royal intervention was able later to invalidate this marriage and darken the life of the son Zizi bore her royal husband. Carol had renounced the throne for love. Later Zizi also showed herself capable of a noble sacrifice for she permitted the union to be annulled without protest. This was due to the intrigue of Queen Marie who had never given up the hope of having Carol king.

Marie intrigued again. Carol's marriage to Princess Helena, daughter of King Constantine of Greece, niece of Kaiser Wilhelm, was a typical royal marriage of convenience. There was no love lost on either side. In accordance with the wishes of Queen Marie and the plans of the Bratianus who pulled the strings behind the mannikin throne, the royal couple begat heirs.

Having no affection for his wife, Carol sought divers adventures. Mlle. Lupescu is the daughter of a Jewish small merchant of Jassy. ("Lupescu" is the Roumanian form of the Latin *lupus* which, translated into English or German, is "Wolf," and it was under the name of Wolf that Carol's inamorata in 1930 left Paris for Bucharest.)

In her youth Mlle. Lupescu left Jassy for the gay white Broadway of Bucharest — Cala Victoria. She lived there very much like Kiki of Montparnasse whom Hemingway described as "a woman who, as far as I know, never had a Room of Her Own." Lupescu was just one of those innocent country girls who dared the temptations, sins and follies of the big town — but heaven does not always protect the poor working girl — the movies and the sentimental ballads to the contrary. Heaven overlooked Lupescu but a smart young lieutenant of aviation did not.

She soon became the toast of Roumanian aviation, passed from lieutenant to colonel, and finally the night of the Victory Ball which celebrated the Armistice, was captured by the commander in chief of all aviation, Prince Carol himself.

The fact that Carol had a mistress as well as a wife did not distress anyone in Bucharest. In the Balkans such things are almost the rule not the exception. Nor was anyone surprised to hear Carol discoursing on the double standard of morality. Men, he told his friends who winked with him over his affairs, might be pardoned much; women nothing. It was all right for him to have Lupescu; he was a man, and it is a man's prerogative to be polygamous. But women! And especially a Queen! No. Every queen must be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. And in this view the other princelings agreed. So when Philipescu came out with the posters of Prince Stirbey and the "Roumanian Rasputin" story, there was an earthquake in the royal household.

Carol came to the Queen Mother and told her what he and his brothers and sisters had decided. The double standard of morality for the palace. There must be no Rasputin in Roumania — not even if the man placarded by Phillipescu looked

more like John Drew at his best than the unkempt monk of St. Petersburg.

But Carol did not come out victor in the quarrel. In vain did he argue moral and political reasons for the exclusion of the third party from the palaces. In vain did he threaten his ultimate act—a second renunciation of the throne and flight to a foreign land. He told his mother he did not intend living in a house in which the things were happening he had seen and heard about for eleven years but about which he had been silent, at first because he was too young to understand, and later because he had no intention of becoming king. But now that he had sacrificed his one true love, Zizi Lambrino, now that he had surrendered to his mother and agreed to take the throne, now that death was approaching his poor old cuckolded father and he would have to assume the burdens and dignity of kingship, he wanted a real and final clean-up of the palace intrigue. He would not be king in a country where the real rulers were outsiders. Not he. The whole Bratianu family, the three brothers and their son-in-law, Prince Stirbey, must be banished from the palace before he would call it his own.

But the politicians, the Bratianus, Prince Stirbey, and their political pawn, Queen Marie, were unshaken. Carol lost. He fled.

Again he renounced the throne, and believing himself free from all duties, including a marriage of convenience with a princess whom he did not love but with whom he had provided heirs who would secure the dynasty, he came to Italy with Mlle. Lupescu, and then to Paris.

Bucharest teemed with warm-hearted sympathy towards the runaway. Bucharest was tired of Queen Marie. Eventually poor King Ferdinand died and Carol's son Michael mounted the throne under the wings of a triple regency, but the Queen

Mother, the woman who was supposed to have been ruling the country all her life, was gently shoved into the cold with a fair pension.

The fact is that Marie had never been a big factor in national affairs. Jon Bratianu had always been dictator of Roumania. It was Jon Bratianu who went to Berlin one day and came back with a young man, a Hohenzollern prince, whom he placed on the throne of Roumania. This king was the faithful worker for the Bratianu family. This family consisted of three brothers of whom one, Vintila, later became prime minister but failed to do as well as his brother, and Stirbey, who had married a Miss Bratianu. The fact that Stirbey was the Queen's favorite, of course closed the corporation.

When the Epoca began its revelations it was not aroused by a question of moral turpitude, as would be the case in Puritan lands, but more by airplane buying-and-selling scandals, the leases of oil lands, the confiscation of feudal estates and ultimate distribution of hundreds of thousands of rich acres, the stuffing of ballot boxes, terrorization of the electorate by the Bratianu-Fascist methods, and corruption of parliament. The personal palace intrigue was merely incidental.

That is what makes the story modern. Oil played no part in Hamlet's time, but it certainly did in Carol's. The Bratianu boys and Stirbey certainly mixed their oil with romance and politics very well.

During the war the British military mission burned up the great Roumanian oilfields, so that the Germans could have no petrol supply. Modern wars depend on steel, nitrate and benzine. At the end of the war there were in addition to the oilfields much new land, much new raw material, much richness in mother earth of which the government could declare itself sole owner. It did. Then came the crooked ballot in parliament

by which a commission of four men were given control of the national resources.

That was the Roumanian Teapot Dome. Here is another case of graft, corruption and "white house" intrigue.

Stirbey, as already hinted, was the "best friend" of the Queen. And such was the power and magic of this fascinating woman in the old days that her influence with the King never waned. The Queen fostered the friendship between the weak King, her husband, and the handsome Wallachian prince, so that the two men became the greatest pals, and the aged King believed totally in the goodness and greatness of his buddy, adviser and business executive, Stirbey.

Standard Oil, Royal Dutch, Shell, others, came to Bucharest after the war was over, all trying to get the oil concession the Germans had previously held. Nothing doing. "Roumanian oil for the Roumanian people," announced Premier Jon Bratianu and the witless mob, hysterical with patriotism, shouted long live Bratianu or words to that effect. But the Germans in their quiet efficient manner had disposed of their oil shares in Switzerland, and when the Bratianu gang took over the Sterua Romana (Star of Roumania), they found numerous Swissers with slightly Teutonic accents demanding cash per share. Just 72,000 shares at 800 francs (Swiss) each.

At that time Roumanian money was still pretty good, so it was not hard to pay. A deal was closed. Stirbey was president of the company. The Bratianus helped. But they did not pay in cash. They took over the oil stocks. Then came the terrible Roumanian inflation, the lei fell to hundreds to the dollar, and the holders of oil stock on which Swiss francs were owed, found themselves facing bankruptcy.

Stirbey, Bratianu, the King, held conference. They found that

in addition to the tracts owned by the Sterua Romana, the government owned lots of good oilfields. These they turned over to the Sterua Romana — one of the richest parts of Roumania. Immediately the private company became solvent. It became rich, in fact, and it controls most of Roumanian oil today. The only sufferers have been the real owners of the oil fields, the people of Roumania, but they naturally do not count.

One day the Bratianu government made the fine jest of agrarian reform. The land, said the dictatorship, belonged to the peasant. Too long, as in backward Russia under the Czar, had the princes and other feudal lords possessed large estates upon which a few serfs were employed and where there was much waste through lack of intelligent tillage. The triple-B dictatorship was going to divide up. Sort of capitalistic socialism and all that. Again there were three cheers throughout the land.

But somehow certain estates belonging to friends of the Queen, King, Bratianu and Stirbey were not divided up. How come? Well, the law said that this agrarian reform did not apply to forest lands — the vast thick forests, it was understood, were to be left intact with their owners. So a few months before the law was passed, or even whispered publicly, the court group planted trees all over their estates. Here a tree and there a tree.

The law provided that no individual could own more than 2000 acres after the great reform. The Epoca said that Stirbey today owns 40,000 acres but that there is not one acre of the Stirbey estate which has not got a tree on it. Here a tree and there a tree.

That is how things went the four years of the Bratianu reign, the four years of the Stirbey influence in court which enraged

Carol. More and more, persons were becoming discontented. The opposition grew quickly. When the Bratianus had founded their political party they called it "Liberal" because they were opposed to the conservatism of their day; now they had become the most reactionary group in the country and themselves dictators. Numerous members of the court were joining the Opposition. Carol turned against the Bratianu-Stirbey combination despite the fact that these men had built the Roumanian throne.

Elections were held. The Liberal party bought up all the newspapers it could but the Opposition managed to publish its accusations. The army and police were used to intimidate voters. As in Italy under Mussolini, the big cities, frequented by foreign ambassadors and tourists, were given the semblance of freedom of election, but complete terrorism swept the countryside. Ballot boxes were emptied of contents in the public square and many times the number of slips, all favorable to the Bratianu-Stirbey party, were placed inside. And yet in 1926, the voting showed a majority for the Opposition.

Carol had brought accusations into the palace and the people had brought them to the polls. Carol quarreled with the Queen, lost and fled. The people remained waging their battle against the Bratianu dictatorship and eventually, under the Agrarian leader and reformer Maniu, came into power. They had to form a peasant army and march into the capital before they could take over the government, despite the fact that they were in the majority at the ballot box.

With the establishment of the regency the last vestige of influence of the once fascinating Queen disappeared. The Bratianu-Stirbey clique was out of power. The road from Bucharest to Paris (via air at least) was open to Carol.

Just before the palace revolution I was hitting away at my typewriter in Vienna one day when there was a knock on the door. I said "*herein*" and a dark figure bounded in and kissed me on both cheeks before I could defend myself.

"You don't remember me?" said the dark figure.

I admitted.

"That train ride," continued the dark figure, "from Fiume to Vienna—in 1920—we got stuck in a snowbank, in Jugoslavia, remember, we got stuck near a huge stack of burning wood and also a restaurant and we were there four days and every day we had to take up a collection from the passengers to buy wood to heat the engine and ourselves and we had to patronize that miserable restaurant and everybody said that the conductor always got stuck just outside that restaurant and that stock of wood—I am Paul Popescu."

Then I remembered him.

In 1920 I was on my way to Vienna and had a pocket full of traveler's checks. In the wilds of Jugoslavia they were no good then. In my coach there were four young Roumanian boys, students, bound for Darmstadt to study engineering. They gave me blankets and bought me food and paid my share of the wood fire. In Vienna, four days later, they got me a place to sleep. They were splendid.

"You went to Darmstadt," I said.

"Yes, I became an engineer," continued my Roumanian friend. "I then went home and ran a factory, then I went to New York for a while, and then I went to Buenos Aires and ran a big automobile plant, and now . . ."

"And now . . ." I repeated.

"Now, I am a spy for Carol."

"A spy?" I asked.

"Well, I was a special representative appointed by Bratianu.

That is, I am of course paid by the government. But inasmuch as I prefer Carol, I am spying for him."

I was incredulous. Popescu then brought out the proofs. There was his appointment to Paris and there were Carol's letters, notes to him, and all that. He also had a lot of photographs. One showed him, his wife, Carol and Lupescu dining at a swell restaurant in the Bois; another walking arm in arm, the four. I began to believe him.

Then he told me all the inside story, all about the court intrigue and all about Carol's plans.

"When Carol goes back," continued Popescu, "Lupescu will go with them. It is not an infatuation, it is a real love affair."

"What is the mystery of Lupescu?" I asked Paul.

"The truth is she was 'planted' by the old premier, Jon Bratianu. That wily man threatened Lupescu with the death of her family, poor Jews in Jassy, if she did not act as his spy, and for all we know she was at first perfectly willing. That is how international politics work in the Balkans. Bratianu arranged for Carol to 'fall in love' with Lupescu, and that is what happened.

"Lupescu was Bratianu's agent. She spied on Carol. But she also fell in love with Carol. Then she confessed to Carol. And from that time on Carol has been madly in love with her.

"Marie was most furious because Carol's mistress was a Jewess. Marie sent 'lurers' almost every week to Paris, swell women from society, noted actresses, Roumanian and French and other girls, each more beautiful and more fascinating than the other. But Carol saw through the plan. He told me his mother thought if she could get him to change from Lupescu for another, he would eventually come back to his wife and the throne, but he would never love anyone but Lupescu, and

when he returned to Bucharest he would insist that Lupescu as well as his wife remain in the palace.

“When that time comes I swear I’ll show you that this business pays better than being an engineer,” concluded my Roumanian friend.

XIX

THE GREAT MEN

OF OUR AGE

Foch tells of the Greatest Battle in the History of the
World, planned by him for American Army

RED AND WHITE DICTATORS SPEAK

Interviews with Bela Kun, Horthy, first Irish President,
Christus Lang, Mr. Hughes, etc.

XIX

“THE GREATEST BATTLE IN THE WORLD”

THE greatest man at that time was—Foch.
The greatest battle in the history of the world was—never fought.

I had seen the generalissimo many times but never interviewed him. Now just a few days after General Pershing had led us into the Rhineland, he was taking the press section to Trier to introduce us to the commander in chief.

These two men were an amazing contrast. Foch saw us from the window of the armistice car which had become his traveling headquarters. He ran to the platform and down the steps radiant, smiling, volubly expressing his pleasure. I noticed that one of his leather leggings was partly undone. And that Sam Browne belt of his, which should have passed under the shoulderstrap, was over it. And one button of his tunic was blatantly unbuttoned.

“*Ah, mes amis, mes amis,*” said the delighted commander in chief, shaking hands all round and helping everybody up the steps of the armistice car, “*enchanté, enchanté.*” And then we all sat down—all except Foch. He never kept still. He talked with both his hands. He got up and pointed to the maps. He sat. He got up again. If ever there was an excitable Frenchman it was this little man from the south.

Pershing was just the opposite. If ever there was a tall cold Nordic it was our own commander. If ever there was a paragon of military discipline and correct attire, it was Pershing. Never in the years I saw him until 1930, when he had grown

gray and mellow, have I noticed a trace of emotion in Pershing, while Foch was just bursting with emotion.

“Your soldiers have been superb — superb,” said Foch with heartfelt emphasis. “When they appeared, our armies were wearied by three years of struggle without respite. The first time I saw Americans in battle I said to General Pershing, ‘Your men are keen as devils.’”

We had come for a big story. So we asked: “Why didn’t you march on Berlin?”

“Yes,” replied Foch, and a cloud came over those sunny eyes, “no doubt a general would have preferred to have fought the final battle of a war—but a father of a family would say ‘no—no more rain of blood.’ A victory always costs men.”

It would have cost another 200,000 men. From a military viewpoint not much in comparison to some 20,000,000 casualties already suffered, but nevertheless another 200,000.

“But we have the victory without an additional sacrifice,” continued Foch. “The German command could not ignore the impending disaster—they knew we were prepared for an offensive which would have succeeded.”

And then Foch revealed the great secret of the war—the Battle of November 14, 1918, “the greatest battle in the history of the world,” which would have thrown the Franco-American army across the Rhine, annihilated the German lines, surrounded probably 500,000 German troops, and sent a victorious army into Berlin. The preparations for that battle had been completed by Foch and the Allied commanders. The American army, including a quarter of a million men at least who had not yet been engaged, would have borne the brunt and claimed the victory. And it is this unfought battle which caused Ludendorff to capitulate—because Ludendorff knew it was

coming. It is likewise true that Ludendorff and all the other German monarchists have deprived the German people of the knowledge of this impending battle so that in future politics they could blame the socialists and other elements in Germany for their defeat, instead of the Foch-Pershing plan.

"On November 14," continued Foch, "we would have attacked with twenty French divisions (some 150,000 to 200,000 men) and six American divisions (about 150,000 men). There would be a feint at Metz which would tie up all the German reserves, which were being reduced to zero in the last three weeks of the fighting, and then the new army would go through the lines far south where the enemy had only a thin line of *landwehr*. Then the new American divisions would relieve the shock troops. Nothing could have stopped us from reaching and crossing the Rhine, and from there it would have been an easy march to Berlin. The Germans were lost. They therefore capitulated. That is the history of the armistice in a nutshell."

We had gotten our story. We could not guess at that time that Foch and Clemenceau had quarreled over the armistice and peace terms, and that the rest of the interview was Foch's little plan to win world favor for his view as against the premier's. For this is what Foch said in conclusion:

"And now regarding peace. France is entitled to adequate protection. The natural barrier which protects our civilization is the Rhine. It is important we hold the Rhine so that 1914 cannot be repeated. The Rhine is the guaranty of peace."

With his fingers he drew an invisible bow and arrow in the Rhine region of the map, showing us the danger to France if the Germans were permitted to point the arrow at France.

"We should hold the bow line," he continued, drawing again an invisible arrow pointing into Germany, "but not for

offensive purposes. Democracies never attack. The Rhine is the crucial point. Let us see that the fruits of victory are not lost."

CHICHERIN AND HIS CHEKAH CHECK

The most docile diplomat in the world — Chicherin.

This is the man who threw the "bomb" into the Genoa conference and wrecked it. This is the quiet, smiling, meek, timid-looking Russian leader who signed the so-called Rapallo treaty with the Germans which startled Europe.

This is the minister of foreign affairs who to a disarmament conference sent the unheard of request that all nations disarm.

A little fellow, thin and retiring, the kind that just invites being dominated by some loudspeaker like Mussolini — and yet the infant terrible of European politics.

Once, however, I saw Chicherin in the presence of his master.

I am not certain about the master's name. It doesn't matter. I think it was Comrade Arens. I know it was a Chekah agent.

That is the Russian situation. Once I thought it was a vain boast when the head of the Chekah in Moscow said to me, "We rule Russia. I could arrest Lenin tomorrow, or Trotsky. I could send them to Siberia if they did anything against the Soviet communist program."

And Trotsky was sent to Siberia by the Chekah.

Always a Chekah agent to control the actions of a diplomat, the movement of a regiment, the purchases by a business representative of the Russian government.

With Sam Spivak, then of the New York World, I went to interview Chicherin in Berlin one day. The diplomat was looking well for the first time in years, actually well-fed for once, and eyes bright after four days spent sleeping in his

hotel. It was in the afternoon. In Moscow when Chicherin said he would receive the press at two or three or four o'clock it meant that hour of the night. A revolutionary habit. Fugitive for years, many Russians in the Czarist days slept by day but did their conspiracy by night, and even now Chicherin in the Kremlin works only in the dark hours.

He introduced us to Arens. This dark, dapper young person appeared to be nobody in particular until one of us asked a question, and before Chicherin could reply, Arens out of the corner of his mouth, said in a Russian whisper:

“Say ‘no’ to that question.”

A moment later it was “Say ‘yes’ to this question.” Or again, “Do not answer,” or “Evade this point.”

In fact Arens stage-prompted the whole interview. I was puzzled. But Sam understood a little Russian, enough to suspect the interference of a Chekah agent, and when we went out we made inquiries which confirmed this suspicion.

Chicherin has the best memory of any diplomat I've ever met. He is amazing, rivaling Macauley's feats. When the correspondents come to the Nardcomindel for one of the nocturnal interviews, Chicherin may say:

“You are Mr. So-and-So of the New York Planet; I met you first in Genoa, four years ago. And you are Mr. Blank of This-and-That Service; you covered The Hague; that article you wrote in January 1920, wasn't it, about Russian and Poland, there was an error—in the proofreading no doubt—in my statement regarding. . . .” Or Chicherin would relate with great zest the exploit of an American who smuggled himself in a small boat through the Dardanelles, at the time of the British blockade, and into Mudania where General Harrington was trying to hold a peace conference without newspapermen. “That was a fine feat,” Chicherin said, eyes beaming. “It was

a service to all nations. The man who did that was the same who tried to get into Russia in 1919 — he was arrested by the Finns. Tells a remarkable story of having a reindeer shot from under him in his first attempt to cross into Russia. He did get to Moscow too. His name, ah, yes, Clayton, John Clayton.”

It is just like the advertisement of the memory school professor and the man he met in Seattle.

A most kindly person, too.

“Is your room at the Savoy clean?” he asked me.

“Hardly,” I replied.

“You still have bugs?”

“Yes. Lots of them.”

“What color are they?”

“White,” I replied.

“Then,” replied Chicherin, “you will not, like Mr. G——, say in your first despatch that ‘the red terror followed you into bed.’”

THE RED DICTATOR OF HUNGARY

Bela Kun, once red dictator of Hungary, was one of the delegates of the fifth anniversary congress of the Third Internationale, the communist body which hopes some day to rule the world. I met Bela Kun in the halls of the Czars’ Palace in the Kremlin. He insisted he was alive.

“Latest reports from abroad,” said Bela Kun, “have me assassinated for the ninth time and at the same time arrested in Switzerland. The arrest report is not so bad. It’s better than being hanged or poisoned or executed or killed by a mob or any of the nine ways in which I have met my death. I have equalled the record of the proverbial cat and I am still alive.”

I asked Bela Kun about the statements frequently made that the American Relief Administration officials in Budapest at

the time of his regime were instrumental in causing his downfall. He replied:

“Unfortunately for me I did not know at the time I was Soviet commissar in Budapest, that Captain Gregory of the American Relief, Captain Weiss of General Bandholz’s staff and numerous other Americans were participants of the counter revolutionary movement. Had I known perhaps I might have been able to save my regime. I say “perhaps,” because I am doubtful if I could have done anything as these Americans were on a diplomatic footing and backed by the Entente operating in a conquered country.

“General Bandholz was a very funny fellow: he seemed more interested in collecting postage stamps than anything else. He tried to get out a special series of postage stamps on which he would hold a monopoly. I don’t think he proposed that in order to make money but to satisfy his stamp collecting pride in having the monopoly on all known copies of one issue of stamps.

“Since I left Hungary I have been active in the communist cause. But I was not assassinated one of the nine times reported, nor arrested anywhere. I believe the Hungarian socialist-democrats are responsible for wrong reports about me. I cannot understand how they originate. I am just returning from the Urals. On the other hand here is a report saying I was in Switzerland. It reads: ‘Bela Kun on the run again’ and comes to the London Daily Mail, Paris edition, from their own correspondent in Zurich. It says further: ‘Kun entered the country with a false passport. He is now being actively sought by the Swiss police. All the frontier posts have been warned.’ This item is dated October twenty-sixth when I was in the Urals. When they are not having me assassinated they have me chased.”

THE WHITE DICTATOR OF HUNGARY

On the very day he placed his hand on the crown of Saint Stephen and took the oath as governor and regent of Hungary, Admiral Horthy, already dictator of the country, received me in the palace at Buda. All the other kings and dictators I had interviewed wore military uniforms; Horthy was a pleasing contrast in his naval garb which to a civilian eye is about alike in all countries.

As I entered the palatial room the tall, well-built, but rather thin and strong-featured dictator rose from his desk. For a moment I thought I was looking at Admiral Beatty again: the same distinctive features, same nose and eyes, the same rugged wind- and spray-moulded face.

There was only one question before the world in 1920.

"So long as I am alive," said Horthy, "Bolshevism will never raise its head again in my country. At its first sign of life I will suffocate it in blood. I will not tolerate another red terror and my armies are ready to fight."

"What if Bolshevism come not from within, but from without your frontiers?" I asked.

"I've thought of that," replied the dictator of Hungary. "My army is small and without guns and ammunition and equipment, due to the peace conference: I'd need a strong army to fight Bolshevism. I'll repeat to you what I told the Entente leaders, that the time will come when they will go down on their knees and plead with me to save them from Bolshevism."

The little gray beady eyes of the Admiral flashed as he talked. His appearance, manners and British accent gave the impression that you were talking to an Englishman. He was

cold, sparing of words, forceful, and in a moment even a stranger realized he was in the presence of a strong man, a man of blood and iron.

(It was just about seven years later that a Hungarian newspaper published the text of a supposed treaty with France wherein Horthy was asked to furnish an army of 100,000 against the Soviets. This treaty was of course officially denied, but it is most probable that in the course of the French preparations for war on Russia, Hungary was aligned and given her role.)

"There is no white terror," continued the dictator, answering my question concerning a series of political assassinations, one of which had been so ill-timed as to coincide with the visit of all the foreign correspondents who were in Budapest for Horthy's "coronation."

"There is no white terror. It is true that in the reaction to Bolshevism individual bands have taken revenge into their own hands, but that is for the civil authorities to deal with. If the assassins are members of my army they will be dealt with according to custom.

"It has been said that the jails were filled with Jews. If there have been any Jewish massacres in the provinces I know nothing about them."

I asked the Admiral just how strong a dictatorship he planned. He replied:

"I am democratic, as democratic as anyone in Hungary. I believe in restoring peace and liberty to all classes. I've forgiven workingmen for the part they played but I'll never forgive the leaders of the trouble-makers who misled the people."

In the past ten years Horthy has frequently been accused of continuing the white terror. But never has he been placed in

the same category of dictators with Lenin, Mussolini, de Rivera, Pilsudski and Kemal Pasha. From the very first there was a restoration of parliamentary government, and the prime ministers, notably Bethlen, had more and more to say in the management of the country.

One thing Horthy never did: he never dictated the financial policy of the country. That was left to experts. American financial advisers put Hungary on her feet. So that, while de Rivera and Mussolini, who thought they were big enough to sweep against the economic seas, were being overwhelmed, Horthy was making a success.

And gradually liberties were restored. Not that there is complete freedom in Hungary today. But certainly there has been a gain year by year, instead of a loss as in all 100 per cent dictatorships.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC

A small, rather stocky man with a big head and a large black moustache entered the room of the office in Harcourt street, Dublin, where I sat talking to an assistant editor, and waiting. The newcomer had on a long old coat which was unpressed, rather shabby and nondescript in color, unbuttoned, revealing a suit of clothes rather threadbare and baggy at the knees. This is a workingman just off his job, I thought.

“Let me introduce you,” said the assistant editor, rising, “to Mr. Arthur Griffith, President of the Irish Republic.”

But a president in hiding. Because this meeting was during the Black and Tan war in Ireland. At that time I was assistant to John Steele who headed the London bureau of the Chicago Tribune. He had sent me to Ireland to see Michael Collins, de Valera, Griffith, and Darel Figgis; and on my own I went

to see George Russell (AE) with whom I spent one of the finest days of my life.

Steele's name opened up barred doors for me, even the secret headquarters of the Sinn Fein lower down Harcourt street. Steele was trusted by both sides. It was John Steele, shortly after my visit to Ireland, who brought about the negotiations between Downing and Harcourt streets which ended seven centuries of warfare.

I had come to ask the leaders what they thought of the new reconciliation program announced in London.

"No compromise. We will have no compromise. We are a republic — under temporary suppression by an alien enemy. A republic nevertheless. Remove the armed foreign forces and we function completely."

Griffith spoke. His deep eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. The little gray man in shabby clothes faded away. Here stood a man of force and spirit burning with Irish patriotism.

"Ireland is the only country," he continued proudly, "which of its own accord made a fact of the Wilson principle of self-determination; Poland, Finland, Czechoslovakia, other countries, had the support of the big nations; no one aided Ireland. But we want the United States not to accept the Versailles treaty without reservations. If America accepts, it means Britain will be guaranteed her present policy towards Ireland by American silence."

"In case of the British government adopting an extreme policy of suppression of republicanism in Ireland, what would Sinn Fein do," I asked Mr. Griffith, at the same time showing him a London clipping alleging there were 70,000 or 80,000 volunteers in the Sinn Fein army.

"Yes, we have an army," replied Mr. Griffith. "We have as much right to have an army as any nation has."

“Is it war?” he repeated, smiling slightly, “why, it has been war for 700 years.”

He added that the Dail in its first meeting endorsed every act of the 1916 rebellion, thereby declaring war on England.

“The war is now in its last stages,” he added.

“Is no other solution possible?”

“So long as a foreign army occupies our soil there is no other solution possible.”

But another solution was possible. Mr. Steele brought the Irish leaders and Lloyd George’s secretary up to our office in Fleet street, and the first peace negotiations were made there. They led to the Irish Free State and the presidency in fact of the same man who had this day told me there would be no compromise — Arthur Griffith.

CHRISTUS LANG AND THE 30 PIECES OF SILVER

To the favorite pastime of regretting the past, I would like to contribute the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

The tourist business made almost a circus of it last year. They could not spoil the play itself or the actors, but they did commercialize whatever they could connected with it. Once it was a pilgrimage; now it has become a rubberneck show. Gone is the holy quiet and decency of life in the little village, another victim of modern progress.

In 1922, still in the grip of the war which had taken seventy men and boys, every one closely related to the living, and left the survivors still poor, a little hungry, and weary in body and soul, in that year Anton Lang for the third time played Christus, addressing his words to the world as an appeal for peace.

In that year the village was so poor it could not buy the 30

pieces of silver for Judas. The Christmas before the performance I went to spend with Lang and he told me of this plight. I published an appeal and a flood of silver followed. But no dollars. Those were the days the American dollar was reviled enough without having them appear in the miracle play of Christ, so at Lang's own suggestion I specified that the silver pieces of any age and any country were acceptable—but no dollars.

When I came to Oberammergau I found Anton Lang outside his shop, hatless, blue-eyed, grimy-handed, tall and very thin, the noble features of his pale face framed in long wavy locks of hair. The man who played the part of Christ said:

“Peace has come back to earth but little goodwill. Hatred abounds. The seeds of future wars are scattered in many fertile fields. The slaughter has ceased, but how little brotherly love has come to the world!

“Hatred grows despite the efforts of a few idealists to prevent new wars for the already decimated peoples. But who dares to beat the sword into plowshares and arm himself with Christian spirit?

“Do not you in America feel you have a special mission, the mission to make the world better? We feel we have a mission in this passion play, to bring the nations together, heal the wounds of war, promote brotherhood. For as we recite in the prologue, ‘This is the story that transformed the world and will yet transform it,’ so we bring flesh and words to the story of Jesus Christ. There is a spirituality here now which is deeper than in ages.

“Much joy has gone out of our lives since the war. But for those who try to follow Christ there is no room for hate or revenge, no matter how much the victors seek to crush us further and humiliate us.”

He spoke beautifully, his Irish-blue eyes were radiant, but even Christus Lang could not escape that common reaction against France which filled the Germans in 1921. Being, after all, a practical reporter come for a story, I asked what would happen if the victor, France, came to see the play.

"They will be welcome," said Lang sadly, "but I rather hope they will not come."

When I came back from the opening in the spring, Lang thanked me for getting him the silver. Various pieces had come in. I asked him which he had chosen. All the thirty pieces bore the effigy of Wilhelm II.

"DICTATOR OF THE RHINELAND REPUBLIC"

"Rush interview red dictator rhineland republic," said the cable I received that day, so out I went to find the mysterious person. It was at the time of civil war north of Essen, following the monarchist revolution, when Kapp had captured Berlin and failed to hold it because German republicans and German workingmen declared a general strike, mobilized, and defeated him.

In the Rhineland the March fighting lasted well into April. A red army was formed: it smashed the monarchists and was in turn attacked by the republican army. Both the civil and military leaders of this red army worked secretly, gave false names, met in various places, and eventually disappeared as mysteriously as they arose.

The biggest mystery was the military command. I went to headquarters in Essen and asked to be taken to the front to find the general. I got promises but no more. I went from office to office, leader to leader, and after four hours got a chauffeur but no car.

At noon I invited the chauffeur, who said he hoped to get a car early in the afternoon, to have some lunch and a glass of beer with me. He agreed and we went into a small restaurant opposite headquarters and ate and drank. Then back to headquarters and hour after hour lost.

But eventually my chauffeur, who seemed to have somewhat of a pull, got a car, I climbed in beside him, and away we rode to the battle-front some thirty or so miles north.

When we got to the last village in "red" hands, my chauffeur said, "Will you excuse me if I stop here a few minutes; I have some work to do."

He rode to the outskirts of the town and there we found groups of the red army, the reserves. My chauffeur got out of the car. Immediately all the soldiers came to attention and saluted him. One of their officers advanced and said:

"Comrade commander, what are your orders?"

The orders were given; my chauffeur climbed back in the car.

"You are — ?" I said.

"Sergeant Otto Bodenseipen, commander of the people's army on this front," he replied.

We rode north. Bodenseipen put on a long field-gray officer's coat, a "*Gott-mit-uns*" belt in which hung a revolver, and a red armband. Everywhere men stopped and saluted him.

Shells exploded intermittently. Soon we were near enough to hear the rattle and clatter of machine guns. Two men came towards us carrying a woman, a volunteer nurse, shot in the throat.

"Wait here," said Bodenseipen, "I must go to the very front. But I will be back soon and I will take her to a hospital."

We went as far as we could, found the red soldiers behind

their barricades, behind hedges, in trees. Occasionally a shell came our way and made the soldiers shout curses.

On the way back the commander in chief talked.

"It is better to die fighting for a noble cause than to let ourselves be forced to dig our own graves and be massacred by a mad crowd of militarists and monarchists. They call us Bolsheviks and terrorists. It is foolish of the government to do that. We are not Bolsheviks, but the same armed workingmen who defeated Kapp and who are continuing to fight the monarchists. We are not terrorists; it is true there have been a few cases of plundering but I have ordered the men shot and that was done. The Socialist government in Berlin has betrayed us; they signed an armistice with us and immediately advanced, breaking our lines. I know we cannot hold out much longer. We will show them we know how to die for a cause."

Two days later the government troops entered Essen, terrorized everybody, committed a number of atrocities, and restored the *status quo*. The Rhineland Republic and its commander in chief vanished for ever down the servants' backstairs of the Essenerhof hotel.

WHO KILLED KITCHENER?

To the war's greatest mystery, the death of Lord Kitchener, I can contribute two clues.

On a tip from Gordon Stiles, American writer who once served with the British aviation, I went to Munich to find Mrs. Elby Becker. Stiles said he had heard from Major Gordon McCoy, formerly in command of the Lamsdorf prison camp, that Mrs. Elby Becker, whose husband had been killed in the Dardanelles in 1915, had consented to act as a German spy in London; that she knew members of Kitchener's staff, and that

she had informed the Germans that Kitchener had changed his plans and would sail for Russia via the north. After Kitchener's death she had been arrested, kept in Holloway jail five months, then sent to Germany.

Before going to Munich I stopped in Weimar to see Admiral Scheer, who told me that so far as he knew the German admiralty had not had secret information of Kitchener's change of plan and that the sinking of the *Hampshire* with all hands was an accident of war.

"But," continued Admiral Scheer, "the British admiralty, just a few days before the disappearance of the warship, had news that one of its mine sweepers had been blown up in a new mine field. There were no survivors from the sweeper. However, such vessels are run on schedules, and the disappearance should have aroused the admiralty's suspicions, should have revealed our new mine field, and led to the cancellation of Kitchener's trip via that route. It was a mine from this field that sank the *Hampshire*, not a torpedo from one of our submarines."

Mrs. Becker, alleged to be one of the smartest spies in the world, I found to be a nice, pleasant, buxom, smiling, typically Bavarian, handsome woman of about thirty-five who did not seem to have a single sinister thought in her naïve head. With spontaneity she told me everything. Yes, she had told about Kitchener's trip, but, *lieber Gott*, she never suspected she was sending him and the officers and men of the *Hampshire* to death.

"When my husband went to the Dardanelles," said Mrs. Becker, "I had nothing to do but amuse myself. I knew a number of officers and frequently we went out on parties. They told me lots of secrets, especially when they had had a little too much to drink, but I had no interest in retelling what they said.

However, I suspected several times that German spies were watching me. I never was a spy. My only crime consisted of saying I was Dutch. I had lived in Holland two years and spoke the language. Being German born was not pleasant in those days in London despite the fact my husband was an officer in His Majesty's forces in the Dardanelles. So I called myself Dutch and used six different names when I moved from place to place in London. I moved every time something unpleasant occurred.

"Among my best friends was a first lieutenant who said his name was Young. It may have been a false name. Very frequently officers in those days, going out on parties with women, would give false names. He said he was on Kitchener's staff, and that was beyond doubt. Five minutes' talk with him would convince anyone of that.

"One day he told me Kitchener was going to Russia. Another day he told me he was leaving for Marseilles, that Mrs. Young was going to Marseilles with him to bid him good-bye because he was sailing with Kitchener for Russia.

"On May 3, 1916 he told me that the plans had been changed and that Kitchener would go to Russia through the north route. It was at dinner at Maxims the night Lieutenant Young told me that. We separated at Maxims. I then went to the Piccadilly hotel grill room. I was sitting alone at a table. A man I had never seen before came up to me and said in perfect English:

"'You are German, aren't you?'

"'That's none of your business,' I replied, 'what right have you to talk to me?'

"'You had better listen to me or you will get into very serious trouble,' he replied, and sat down at my table. I protested. He then whispered in German to me that he was a

German agent, that he knew I was a German, that he would have me in prison in five minutes unless I answered his questions.

“I was helpless because this man knew all about me, my false Dutch names and frequent changes of address, all of which were criminal offenses. He knew all about my husband, and he knew that within the hour I had talked with Lieutenant Young. He asked me casually where Young was, what he was doing, when he was leaving, and where he was sailing from. Kitchener was not mentioned. I replied to his questions.”

The second clue centers around the former jeweler of the Czar, Aron Simonovitch, who came into my office in Berlin one day with a tale of escape from the Bolsheviks and asked me to help find some relatives in America who would help him out of temporary distress.

Simonovitch laid on my desk signed photographs of Rasputin, the red monk's own icon, badly written notes from the same character and letters from Rasputin to the Czar, the Czar to Rasputin, and Rasputin's diary.

“I was the Czar's jeweler and I was Rasputin's secretary. I have all the proofs. Can you help me sell these letters and diary?”

He then told me the Kitchener story.

“Rasputin,” said Simonovitch, “knew that I had close relations with influential Americans, that I handled millions of dollars sent by Jacob Schiff and other Jewish philanthropists for the poor and oppressed Jews of Russia, and for this reason Rasputin tried to involve me in a big plot. He offered me millions of dollars if I would use my influence with the Jews in America to get them to support the German side instead of the Allied side. Rasputin did not conceal from me that he was

working for Germany. But my sympathies were with the Allied cause.

“It was Rasputin who informed the Germans that Kitchener was coming via the northern route, and the date; this made possible the laying of a mine field which blew up Kitchener’s warship. The telegram announcing the visit reached the Czar when the Czar was dead drunk. It was then an easy matter for Prince Andronyika and Rasputin to obtain the telegram and send its contents to the Germans.”

Simonovitch related how this fact became known to the royal household and how a conspiracy was formed to get rid of the hypnotic priest. Rasputin was intrigued into Prince Yousouff’s palace and given wine containing poison, which had no effect.

“The most interesting thing about the assassination of Rasputin,” continued his secretary, “was that the man who gets the credit for it is about the only person who was present at the dinner who had no hand in the death.

“When the poison failed to take effect one of the four other officers present drew a revolver and shot Rasputin. Rasputin fell to the floor, but only slightly wounded. The officer who shot him insisted that all share the guilt and passed the revolver to the next man, who shot Rasputin and passed the revolver on. Four men killed Rasputin. When the revolver was placed in Prince Yousouff’s hand he trembled so that he missed the victim. Yousouff was the only man whose bullet did not hit Rasputin.”

VANDERVELDE AND THE BOLOS

The noted Socialist leader and many times premier of Belgium, Vandervelde, went to Russia to defend the Social Revo-

lutionaries whom the Bolsheviki had accused of treason and were trying to hang or exile in the murderous Arctic prisons.

On his way home M. Vandervelde stopped in Berlin. He had travelled on the same train with a Bolshevik delegation for The Hague, headed by Litvinoff. I asked him about this delegation.

“While the train was going through Russia,” replied Vandervelde with a smile, “all the Bolshevik delegates wore dirty torn workingmen’s clothes.

“When we came into Germany, all the Bolsheviki put on good new bourgeois suits of clothes.

“When they arrived in The Hague I felt sure they would all be wearing Prince Alberts, striped pants and high silk hats.

“And there you have the character of the Bolshevik delegation.”

MR. HUGHES ON BOLSHEVISM

Whenever American Big Business, the steel, oil, farm machinery and international loan interests need expansion in Russia, enough pressure will be brought upon the American government to lead to recognition and forgiveness—that has been the popular opinion among newspapermen for years. As one conservative English editor put it: “You too will shake hands with murder.”

When I came out of Russia I received a telegram from our Washington bureau saying that President Coolidge and Secretary of State Hughes would like to talk to me. I went to Washington. Mr. Coolidge asked me the conventional questions, the food situation, how strong or weak the Soviets were, their propaganda plots, etc. But the hour I spent in Mr. Hughes’ office was a revelation to me. The Secretary of State actually knew something about Russia, and not only something, but

he was extremely well informed about everything, including the latest turn of events. And this amazed me. Because even among American diplomatic officers on the very frontiers of Russia I had found an ignorance about Bolshevism that was abysmal. Mr. Hughes actually talked Russian politics as if he had been in Moscow within the past three months.

In concluding the interview, Mr. Hughes said:

“Is it your opinion that American business would profit by our recognition of Russia?”

“No doubt of that,” I replied, “it is a land of 130,000,000 which needs everything that is manufactured, from clothes to tractors, and hasn’t had anything for years.”

Then I asked: “Is it true that American business is bringing pressure on Congress for recognition of the Soviets?”

Secretary Hughes replied in the affirmative.

“Would the United States recognize Russia for reason of expediency, for dollars, for reasons of Real-Politik,” I asked.

“No,” replied Mr. Hughes, “there are also moral reasons in American politics.”

It is now almost seven years since this statement was made.

IV. ADVENTURES IN TRUTH

“Thou hast not many miles to tread nor other foes than fleas to dread”—J. E. Flecker, from *The Four Gates Of Damascus*

“Freud argues . . . that the practice of psychoanalysis by laymen of proper equipment and discretion should be permitted . . . that quacks are just as apt to appear within the fold of medical men as outside . . . in the United States as in Germany, anyone is free to practise psychoanalysis”—from a book review in H. L. Mencken’s *American Mercury*

XX

HOW I CAPTURED ST. MIHIEL

First and only triumphal entry of Americans in France—
Ovation of 3000 liberated inhabitants given member
of press section and two artists who arrived
three hours ahead of Generals
Pershing and Pétain

XX

September 12, 1918

After long and careful preparation, the St. Mihiel salient was attacked. . . . The capture of St. Mihiel and the surrounding country although of great importance to the Allies, presented no serious difficulties, and Generals Petain and Pershing entered the town as victors the following day. (From a historical summary.)

OUR one "triumphal entry."

We had come into the war late but decisively. Foch, Ludendorff and Hindenburg himself have given the American army credit for winning the war. In this way: our 100,000 casualties in the total of 20,000,000 killed, wounded, disabled, was just enough of a sacrifice to break the balance of power, prevent a stalemate, bring victory to the Allied side.

This story of St. Mihiel therefore is no attempt to belittle the American effort.

It had been a war without heroics. At least not since the first days of open warfare when the Germans marched into Brussels with flags flying. Since then trench and mud warfare, gains by yards, almost every yard covered with blood. Never a clean victory.

But on the 13th of September 1918 the Allied armies had a chance to be spectacular, dramatic. They had liberated St. Mihiel, the key to Verdun, the one town that had remained in German hands since 1914, and all the possible generals got ready for a triumphal entry. It also celebrated the first All-American show. Pershing was to lead the famous into the

town. This is the story of how an American newspaper correspondent entered St. Mihiel three hours before the generals and got the cream of the ovation, unwillingly enough.

St. Mihiel is the apex of a triangle which also rests upon Haudiomont and Pont-à-Mousson. It was the weakest link in the great German chain from Calais to Switzerland, and for that reason there had always been a newer and better chain in readiness connecting the two latter towns.

The Germans held on to St. Mihiel so long as they had hopes of winning the war. Weak as it was, it was a dagger in the heart of France, the fangs of a lion, or to use a third figure, the doorway into the enemy country. Through this postern gate Germany always hoped for a sortie to cut off Verdun.

On the morning of July 18, 1918 Foch made the attack which is now generally admitted the decisive battle of the World War. The Germans had launched their last desperate offensive on the 14th, ironically the French national holiday, and it had only partly succeeded. Foch mobilized his best troops, placing the Moroccan division between the American First and Second Divisions, the Foreign Legion of the French in liaison with the Marines of America. At the end of the July 18 offensive there was a bulge in the line, but this time it bulged towards Germany. At the apex of this bulge were the Foreign Legion and the Marines. They had 50 or 60 per cent casualties in three days. The dead negroes of the Moroccan division, I remember seeing thrown into the ditches along the roadside; after all, they would have no fathers or mothers to worry about them.

No sooner was the battle ended that also ended Germany's hope of victory or stalemate, than it was known that General Pershing would reach the ambition of a lifetime, lead an All-American army into a battle. The Germans knew that also.

Complete plans for the evacuation of the St. Mihiel salient had been worked out by General Ludendorff and his staff, and the work was almost complete when the Americans attacked on September 12. General Otto von Ledebur, who commanded, writes:

“As early as 1916 the Michel position was laid out. Eight days were allowed for the removal of war material and the destruction of the defensive works. (On September 1 a bulletin was issued by the Germans stating: The supreme command has reported that the Americans intend to advance along both sides of the Moselle towards Metz.) We started the removal of war material from the St. Mihiel salient on September 2.”

The secret had not been kept by the American army. General Eugene Savatier, who says the American officers and men spoke too freely, also reports that Foch said to him when he issued the order on July 24 for the attack on St. Mihiel: “A quarter of a million Americans every month! The superiority is now on our side. This superiority may be small, but it is definite; it will soon be decisive.”

Foch's order, paragraph C, was: “Liberation of the Paris-Avicourt track in the region of Commercy, by a reduction of the salient of St. Mihiel. Preparations are to be made without delay and the operation is to be undertaken by the American troops as soon as they have the necessary means.”

On the day before each big American operation it was the custom of General Pershing to appear personally at press headquarters or to send General Nolan or General Fox Connor to us, or sometimes two of them would come together, and take us completely into the confidence of the general staff. They would bring out the secret maps of the battle and tell us the position of our troops, the enemy troops, the objective of each attack and the greatest secret of all, the zero hour. I do

not think in the history of the world that newspaper men were ever given such confidence.

But in the case of St. Mihiel there was no surprise, and little news for us in this secret conclave.

Not only had we seen the preparation for the St. Mihiel battle, but we had had intelligence reports posted in press headquarters translating German secret orders and news. On more than one occasion we had posted German orders for the evacuation of St. Mihiel, news how it was succeeding, and German reports as to the zero hour. That point alone was in dispute.

"We are going over the top at 5 o'clock," said General Fox Connor that day when we were locked in the small dining room of press headquarters, with soldiers at the doors and windows keeping people away; "each of you can attach yourself to a regiment if you like and go over the top."

I went with the Rainbow Division. Colonel Ben Hough of the 166th Infantry, and the intelligence officer, Lieutenant Alison Reppy, now professor of law at New York University, were my especial friends in the Army, so I joined this division, and at break of day, after a night of considerable fear and trembling, we went over to find that the Germans had gone home before the battle. Or at least to their good Michel line.

On the morning, Friday the Thirteenth, September 1918, General Petain said to General Pershing: "You have cut the Brute's throat." Petain was using the figure of the beast with the fangs, which the St. Mihiel line also resembled. Petain proposed a triumphal entry to Pershing.

The throat had been cut by the Rainbow and the First American divisions. Up north, where I was to go later, the Yankee Division had dealt the Brute a piledriver blow between the eyes. It was the force of the two American offensives on the north and south which had gone beyond the reckoning of the

German staff, so that despite the fact they had evacuated the town itself, they were forced to lose 3000 guns and many prisoners in that week's fighting.

On the morning of the 13th, when Petain had got word that some of his French colonial troops were throwing a footbridge across the Moselle, and had communicated with Pershing, I got up very early because I had figured out the night before that the great success on the two flanks would necessarily drive the Germans out of the apex.

It was a day of pale sunshine and chilly rainbursts. As it was also the most thrilling day of my life, I can remember that very well.

As one of the 20 accredited war correspondents—G-2-D, G. H. Q., A. E. F., advanced section—I rated a big car, in fact, a general's car. We wore an officer's uniform without insignia of rank, but a red C on a green, or intelligence section, brassard. In the British army the press section had the rank of captain, but this was all very confusing; it required the saluting of general officers and the taking of salutes from soldiers, all of which was most embarrassing.

As there were never enough cars to go around, it was our custom to go out by twos and threes. It so happened that for some time six artists, each with the rank of captain, had been attached to our section, and as artists were not news rivals, we frequently took them in our cars.

I asked Captain Wallace Morgan and Captain Ernest Peixotto if they would care to go with me that morning. I had a hunch I could get into St. Mihiel. Apparently no one else did. I told them in secret and they joined with enthusiasm.

We left about 8 in the morning and headed for Chauvencourt, the last town on our side of the river, opposite St. Mihiel. Nothing much happened on the trip. When we got near

our objective, however, we saw a sight which I will never forget.

Everywhere, from Belgium to Belfort, I had seen smashed villages. I had previously been at Bapaume and Fricourt, at least I had been assured by British soldiers that I had been in those towns, but all I had seen outside the few wooden signs, freshly painted, saying, "This is Fricourt" and "This is Bapaume," were a few battered bricks in a large field, and some dust of wooden houses. Those villages had been churned up a dozen times and all the stone and iron and brick and blood had mingled in a universal *débris*.

Here on the road to St. Mihiel was a town that had died on its feet. It was dead, and yet it was intact. Not a wisp of smoke came from a chimney, not a stone had been touched by a shell, not a window broken. It was all there, but dead. Apparently the French had evacuated it the first days of the war and the natives had not been allowed to return. There had never been any use of it as a military base, and so, although it was in a sort of No Man's Land, it was intact, and yet dead. It gave us all the creeps. It was a really horrible place to go through.

We did not realize what luck we had. We rode straight into Chauvencourt. It was only late that afternoon that we heard what difficulties Petain and Pershing had in finding roads over the old trenches and the old battlefields, and how the signal corps got lost. The latter fact accounts for there being no official pictures of Pershing's entry, except the amateur set I made.

At Chauvencourt we were stopped by an enormous German tank trap. It stretched across the only road, from house to house, and there was no chance of riding farther. We abandoned our car and walked to the river. As we got our first view of St. Mihiel the ruined walls of the old Roman camp above

the city glistened with rainbow colors as the sun burst through the rain.

Approaching the plank bridge we were met by a gesture which was the symbol of immortal France — the Tricolor, carried by a little crowd of French boys and girls, flags hidden for years, now in the hands of sad-faced children who had lived in hunger and terror and knew that *le jour de gloire est arrivé*.

At the sight of Morgan, Peixotto and myself clambering up the wooden planks which led us up the other bank of the river, the children began to shout.

They had never seen Americans before.

From out the town a great crowd advanced upon us. An old man in a cracked voice began yelling, "*Vive l'Amérique. Vive l'Amérique*," and the children echoed him.

The French colonial sentry at the St. Mihiel side of the improvised bridge came to a smart salute. We snapped a return in our triply unmartial manner.

The children and the few villagers, shouting for joy, led us to the central square of the town. Here the whole population was gathered. And here they hailed us as the conquerors, the victors of St. Mihiel.

We got the big ovation.

When the great generals arrived, hours later, the reception given them could not equal that given us. We were the first Americans in the first town liberated from the Germans after four years, and without ever desiring to, we just about spoiled the only triumphal entry of the last years of the war.

An old Frenchman, clad in rags and a discarded German round cap pushed his way through the cheering mob and insisted on kissing us. A child came running up with flowers.

They all cheered for the American army and they embarrassed Morgan, Peixotto and myself some more.

For a long time they encircled us, and old women wept. The men wanted to know everything. For four years they had been hearing nothing but the Germans talking about how they were winning the war; now they wanted to know the truth.

"They told us only a few of you Americans had arrived in France, and that not a single American soldier was at the front," one old man said, "and that is why when we first saw three officers in a strange uniform approaching we did not know to what nation you belonged."

An old woman came up to me and said, "Oh, monsieur, you will never realize how we have suffered," and went away.

Another old man said: "Yesterday I was a hundred years old. Today I am twenty years young. I thank *le bon Dieu* I have lived to see you."

A girl, pretty despite privations, dressed in mended and discolored clothing came up.

"*Mon officier,*" she said, "will you bring back my brother? The Germans took him yesterday. He was a frail weak child just a few days over 16, but they took all the boys from 16 up and all the men up to 45. We have heard that your wonderful American soldiers have trapped the Germans up there and that our men will be restored. Is this true?"

As if in answer there was another dull crash of shellfire miles away.

Men and women were crying. Children were boisterous. It was holiday amidst the ruins. Always a heavy boom told us that the war was still on, north and east but far away from St. Mihiel now.

A man on crutches told us about the Roman camp. "That

stone to the left," he said, "we used to call the Devil's Table because there was a flat stone on top. Only this morning we noticed that that stone was gone. Now I put it that the devil" — he pointed northward to the new German line — "has gone and taken his table with him, not so?"

Willing guides took me to the untouched parts of the town. In the movie house there were stacks of 50 pfennig tickets at the window. In the German officers' casino we found glasses half-filled with beer and fresh cigar butts in the laden ashtrays. A cucumber salad remained on the bar. A barrel of beer which had not been consumed the night before had been opened this morning and spilled on the floor. There was a pool of dark, sour-smelling stuff.

All the French houses had been looted of linen, feather beds and things of value. All that the Germans left behind were lithographs of the Kaiser and the Kronprinz which the inhabitants were busy dislodging with brooms. There was not a dog in the village — the inhabitants said they had been gathered and slaughtered the day before and the carcasses taken for food.

When we returned to the public square the crowd there had been increased by several hundred, practically all the able-bodied. They burst out again with cheers for us and thanks to heaven because the Americans had liberated their town. Despite our protests that we were only one correspondent and two artists, they treated us as the representatives of the American army and made speeches to us.

I noticed that two girls did not participate in all this excitement. They stood aside, just the two of them, eyeing us and being eyed by the whole town.

"Why do those two stand apart?" I asked a guide.

"They are now ostracized," he replied. "They lived with German officers. They are our own people, French women

and they lived with German officers during the years of occupation. Well, they had it good for a time. If there was food and drink and clothing around, they got it. They were the queens of the town then. They looked down upon us. But now we look down upon them. We will drive them out soon."

It was twelve o'clock. We had been in St. Mihiel more than two hours and hunger was drowning whatever satisfactions we might have been enjoying in the applause of the city which hailed us as its captors and liberators. As it was not much use trying to buy a meal in that looted town, and as the inhabitants had about shouted and cried themselves out with joy, we started for the bridge. Scores of the natives determined to accompany us to the edge of the town. "*Vive les Américains*," they shouted.

We crossed back to Chauvencourt and found my car. Before we could turn around, we saw, coming up the main street, a long string of cars. We waited. General Petain, General Pershing, General McAndrew and Colonel Carl Boyd, the first aide of our commander in chief, various other French and American generals, and the French mayor and French prefect, the latter two in black and silver uniforms and kepis, the more splendid by contrast with khaki and horizon blue, came piling out of the new cars. But no new correspondents, and no members of the signal corps to immortalize the moment in movies.

We shook hands. General Pershing asked me what I had seen in the town and I told him. We joined and the whole party came back to the plank bridge.

There were no fanfares, no fireworks, no Kaiser on a milk-white charger brazenly entering a conquered city. Our impassioned democracy was never better personified. Whatever was triumphant and exultant remained in the quickened

hearts beneath drab brown and drab blue uniforms. The French sentry again snapped a salute and General Pershing snapped one back, glanced quickly up and down the shattered façade of the town and turned to regard the shaky little bridge.

General Petain stepped aside. General Pershing hesitated. Then urged by a gesture from the French commander he stepped first across the quiet stream. This was the Frenchman's salute to the American as the real victor although it had been Petain's own colonials who had actually been first in St. Mihiel that morning.

In the public square the crowd reassembled, recognizing the importance of their visitors by the stars on their sleeves or shoulders, and their own mayor and prefect.

"But who is this general in brown, with the frown and the German-like cropped moustache?" the townspeople asked.

"*Le General Pershing.*"

The name got around. I heard them trying it on their tongues and finally it rippled through that pool of pale faces.

"*Pairshang. Pairshang. C'est le général Pairshang.*"

They had never heard the name before. The Germans had said there were no American soldiers on the fighting line.

Of course they cheered again. But there was now not that spontaneous outburst which had greeted the first Americans in the city square. The French colonial band then struck up the anthem rarely heard since 1918:

*" Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."*

The day of glory had indeed arrived for them. It was soon to arrive for more towns and for all of France.

Out in the occasional sun flashed the curved blades of the

colonial cavalry. The foot soldiers stood at attention some fifteen feet away. The visiting officers stood at the salute. The civilian population, the men and boys hatless, without advice or order, formed into a double row and General Petain and General Pershing passed between, as if reviewing a regiment. The little girl who had first brought a bouquet of wildflowers to me, now brought another one. As the two commanders halted, she hesitated between them, then turned to the better known uniform of blue and presented the flowers to Petain. Petain immediately bowed and gave the flowers to Pershing and in this graceful act the inhabitants again saw the significance of the victory being American.

"Vive l'Amérique. Vive la France. Vive Petain. Vive Pairshang. Vive Foch."

It began to rain. The liberators moved towards the town hall, the high officers entered, the 3000 natives dispersed.

"You have restored me my office, and this time for good," said the prefect to Pershing. "Mine, too," said the mayor.

"It has been my honor to be the first French general to work under an American command," said the French colonial officer.

Pershing and his entourage then returned to the bridge. There was some handshaking with civilian officials and French officers who were staying behind. That was all there was to the American triumphal entry of St. Mihiel.

On the Chauvoncourt side some French soldiers came up with three German prisoners. Pershing stopped to cross-examine them through an interpreter. One German said he was pleased to be taken by the Americans. The talk lasted five minutes. Pershing moved on.

Suddenly there was an explosion about fifty feet down the road. Cries of men in agony and a cloud of smoke. We thought

a German shell had fallen. Everyone stopped dead still. But Pershing pushed on.

We found a little group of French soldiers carrying two others whose hands and faces were streaming with blood.

The retiring Germans had laid a grenade trap across the road. If General Pershing had not stopped to talk with the prisoners it might have been his foot which would have caught the wire and ended the triumphal day in tragedy.

When we got to our autos, beyond the tank trap, Secretary of War Baker and his party, accompanied by a British and two American correspondents, arrived. While Baker and Pershing were exchanging congratulations and regrets at not having been able to meet at Chauvencourt earlier, my colleagues pumped me. I was not a "cable" man, I wrote only mail articles, and they were chagrined they had not been able to witness the entry. (To make up for that, however, they cabled they had.)

"Can you come to dinner with me tonight?" said Baker to Pershing.

"I am sorry," replied the American commander, "but I am going to be busy tonight and tomorrow too."

It was that tomorrow which saw the two American divisions meet across the neck of the Brute, and from that day on they marched on towards Germany.

Before St. Mihiel we showed the world we had soldiers. July 18 proved that amply. September, however, proved we also had an American army.

As for me, I always feel a little bit sorry that I got to St. Mihiel ahead of Pershing.

XXI

“HISTORIC MOMENT” IN BIRTH PANGS OF GERMAN REPUBLIC

Thrilling, sensational and frequently ludicrous scenes marked big days in Reichstag when fate of new Government was decided

RED AND BLACK VERSUS LIBERALS

XXI

WITH the acceptance by old nationalist monarchist Hindenburg of the presidency of Germany, the future of the Republic was assured.

Until that time it was a grave question. Certainly the world believed that soon after the Kaiser's friend became ruler the road to Doorn would be opened. But monarchism faded away with Hindenburg's success as a republican president. No great political blunder in modern times equals that of the German Kaiserlovers in selecting the war leader.

Of the great days when the republic was in danger, I mean parliamentary danger, not black revolution as the Kapp Putsch or Red uprising, the most memorable was the first Reichstag session called to take or leave the Dawes Plan.

If ever everyone felt himself present at a "historic moment" it was that day. The chancellor had just resigned. The Dawes Plan was like an iceberg Gibraltar bearing down on a rudderless ship of state. The Fascists and other reactionaries were a notable success led by the newly elected Ludendorff as leader. There was tension as before battle.

That was at just three o'clock. And at five-thirty one of the most humorous days in the Fatherland's parliamentary history was finished when the Reichstag dissolved in a tumult of communist and Fascist schoolboy foolishness perhaps unparalleled in our time.

It began with Ludendorff. When that serious, slightly potbellied gentleman arrived to receive the homage of his followers, and pompously walked to the desk which he had been elected to occupy as a full-fledged congressman of the great new

Republic, he found a wreath of flowers spotted with blood and a note: "To the man who sent millions to death. To the loser of the World War."

Near the bloodstained flowers was a glove, a torn and dirty gauntlet, and next to it a pair of blue spectacles. These were a reminder of the great days of the making of the revolution, the time the Kaiser fled to Holland and the commander-in-chief of the armies, calling himself "Eric Lindstrom," wearing civilian clothes uncomfortably, and disguised with dark glasses, fled to Sweden and safety.

The roll call began.

"General von Ludendorff," said the clerk.

"Here," replied the leader of the Fascists.

"*Hoch, hoch, hoch,*" cried the Fascists.

"*Raus, raus,*" shouted the left benches, "*raus, mass-murderer, raus.*"

Ludendorff put the bloodstained flowers, the torn glove, the note, in a wastebasket and sat calmly through the storm, his gray-edged, bald head swinging back on his double neck and double chin, seriously, like a Chinese idol with hands folded over a well-filled stomach. He studied his mail. There were letters extolling his merits as a general, and threats of death. He showed no emotion over either.

Tirpitz was a welcome contrast. When his name was called the left benches gave him a marine reception. Foghorns sounded raucously through the perspiring crowded Reichstag, and some kind of wind instruments such as are used behind stage in cheap melodramas gave the sound of a storm at sea, winds in the sails, heavy traffic in a narrow harbor. Tirpitz laughed jovially. His bald pate glistened with sweat. His white parted beard gave him the appearance of a good-natured Santa Claus. Not the Santa Claus of Christmas shop windows but the

imitations which paterfamilias plays at home, because although seventy Tirpitz had the carriage of a young man, his nautical shoulders straight, his legs youthful, and his marvelous beard seemingly suspended artificially from below his nose. He didn't look real.

"Torpedo him," laughed the radicals and he joined.

There was one moment of quiet. There being no chancellor, the oldest member, a Herr Bock who had not done anything worth writing home about in seventy-eight years, now distinguished himself by presiding. Herr Bock arose. Herr Bock said:

"I hereby open the . . ."

If Herr Bock got any further no one knew it. New tumult began. "Out with Eric Lindstrom." "Out with all the murderers." "Down with Ludendorff." "Free the political prisoners." Yells from all parts of the house. Ship foghorns. Automobile horns. Catcalls. Twenty communist members drew forth twenty pairs of blue glasses and waved them at Ludendorff.

The grandson of the Iron Chancellor had also been elected to this congress.

"Prince Bismarck," read the clerk.

"*Lieber Gott*," cried an opposition member, "look what we have come to," and, "Like hell he looks like a Bismarck."

And then the clerk read the name of a congressman named Cohen.

Immediately the Hitlerites arose and yelled, "*Yuden heraus*," and "Down with the Jews," and sometime later when a Levy was roll-called, the reactionary benches had their minutes of uproar which reached the climax when Ludendorff's name followed.

It was almost four o'clock when the last of the 472 names

was called and the business of making the session "historic" was to begin. Whereupon the communists demanded the floor to protest against the arrest of five of their Reichstag members who had attempted to address a public meeting in Bavaria. Suddenly all the Fascists arose and joined the communists. Congressmen are immune from arrest, they shouted, and the two enemies joined opinions if not hands. Ex-Chancellor Fehrenbach, Catholic leader, arose.

"First of all," he said, "I want to protest the behavior of this Reichstag which is silly and childish. Secondly, I think Reichstag members also ought to obey the laws of the country."

Whereupon the communists and the Fascists turned upon Fehrenbach and insulted him for a few minutes.

"The police," declared one communist, "tried to catch other of our members, but their trick was seen, and they had to retire with long noses."

"You have a long nose yourself," wittily remarked a Fascist.

"And you have a pot-belly," wittily retorted a communist.

With such brilliant sallies and with more shouts of "blood-suckers," "mass-murderers," "pigs," "Jews" and "assassins" the session neared its end.

The communists gave three cheers for the political prisoners and astonished everyone by rising *en masse* and beginning the "Third Internationale." Then the uproar reached the galleries. Ludendorff, the great general, marshalled his forces with Tiritz and Bismarck, the Nationalists and the Fascists, and, retreating to the back of the chamber, began to sing "Deutschland Über Alles."

"Arise ye victims of starvation,
Arise ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation. . . ."

shouted the communists.

*“Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles,
Über alles in der welt. . .”*

bellowed the Ludendorffers.

“The Internationale
Shall be the human race,”

the communists concluded.

“From the Maas, up to Memel,
From the Etch, up to the Belt,
*Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles,
Über alles in der welt. . .”*

the Nationalists outoxtaved the communists, and amidst curses on both sides, the session ended. A historic event. The Dawes business would come up some other time.

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Cuno was made chancellor because he had made a success of the shipping business and Germany was ready to follow America in naming a good, clean, straightforward, honest, politically and morally untarnished business man, just like President Harding!

The French occupied the Ruhr; German finances collapsed. Herr Cuno planned a program of gold loans, gold taxation, a levy upon industries which were making millions in dollars. He summoned the Reichstag.

“I will not remain chancellor a day longer if I have not the full confidence of the majority,” he said.

“Resign, you sheepshead; resign, you living corpse; resign, you agent of Hugo Stinnes,” the Opposition shouted.

“Today’s tragic situation . . .” continued the chancellor.

“. . . for which you alone are guilty,” someone interjected.

"What has France won by the Ruhr occupation?" Cuno demanded. "Nothing."

"What has Stinnes won?" the Opposition shouted. "Dollars."

"We cannot give up German soil to France," continued the chancellor.

"Nor Stinnes factories!"

Then Cuno spoke about his plans for saving Germany. Yes, he had a plan to save Germany. He knew exactly what would save Germany.

"Germany must," said the prophet, "work and save."

"Yes," roared a labor member: "*We* work; *you* save."

And that just ruined the session.

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From 1919 until 1925 the Republican elements in Germany held full power. All the chancellors were from the Middle bloc, which ranged from Socialist to Catholic. In 1925 when Hans Luther, a Nationalist, was named prime minister there was another period of doubt of the Republic's stability, and another amazing session of the Reichstag which in America could be equalled only by a jazz congress held in a circus.

The reading of the cabinet appointees was one of the funniest I've ever heard. As Reichstag president Loebe paused to emphasize the name of each notable reactionary named by Luther, an appropriate single shout came from the Republican center.

"Foreign Minister," said Loebe, "Stresemann."

"Tight-rope walker," added the self-appointed critic.

"Minister of the Interior . . . Schiele."

"Kaiserlover," added the critic.

A burst of laughter followed each insult.

"Minister of Economics . . . Neuhaus." "Reactionary!"

"Food Minister . . . Count von Kanitz." "Hunger Minister!"

"Minister of War . . . Gessler." "Traitor! Murder Minister!"

"Minister of Justice . . . Frenken." "Crook!"

"Minister of Finance . . . von Schlieben."

This gentleman had but the year before received the decoration of the Knights of St. John from the royal fingers of Kaiser Wilhelm himself, and had on that occasion taken an oath of allegiance of loyalty to Wilhelm as King of Prussia.

Von Schlieben's inclusion caused a climax of tumult. The middle benches rose and rushed towards the higher seats occupied by the new cabinet. Hundreds of deputies shook their fists and shouted "Thieves," "Monarchists," "Kaiserlovers," "Assassins." The extreme right rushed to the defense, and everybody milled around until the scene resembled a prize-fight arena after an unpopular decision.

When surly order was restored, Chancellor Luther outlined his program. He spoke of the difficulties of carrying out the Dawes Plan, pledged support to the Republican constitution, discussed unemployment, new taxation. . . .

"Little monk, little monk, you are taking a hard road."

Some Reichstag member made this remark. The words are those addressed to the Chancellor's namesake, Martin Luther, on his way to the Diet at Worms where he was to stand trial for heresy. The deputies, the galleries, the press section, and even Luther himself broke into laughter and one touch of humor restored and changed the parliamentary circus into a respectable debating society again.

From secret military plotting to political sabotage, the German communists stopped at nothing in their opposition to the Republic.

On the tenth anniversary of the declaration of war occurred an incident which well illustrates communist mentality. Germany, although probably more sentimental than any of the Allies, had never held an Unknown Soldier burial. But in August 1928 it was decided to have a ceremony on the Reichstag steps, where an empty coffin, draped with black and the Republican banner, symbolized the million who gave their lives for what they had been told to believe was their country and whose blood and bones are mingled with the dust and water of the hemisphere, from the Arctic to the Holy Land and in Africa.

Never was there a more solemn occasion. All morning a hundred thousand men and women, many dressed in mourning, stood in the Reichstag square listening to prayers for the dead and the address of the president of the Republic. Shortly before noon they began to sing, not the patriotic nationalistic war songs, but the tender sentimental "I had a comrade." At noon a salute was fired to the dead. From all the churches the bells rang slowly, mournfully. The massed bands played a funeral march and choirs sang.

The hundred thousand stood with bowed heads in silent prayer. From the stroke of twelve, for two minutes, not a wheel was to turn in Germany, not a person was to do anything but kneel in prayer for the million who had uselessly lost their lives in foreign fields and distant oceans.

Hardly had the hundred thousand before the Reichstag bowed or knelt, when from groups on the fringe a great mass of shouts, yells, curses and screams arose.

"Down with the Bourgeoisie." "Down with the Reichs-

wehr." "Long live the Soviet Republic." "Workers of the world unite."

In the silence the shouts came crashing through the trees. Simultaneously the air was filled with thousands of red leaflets, like so many falling butterflies. The communist "Internationale" rose in heavy chorus.

Police and militia, stationed near by in force, rushed around trying to cope with the disturbers. But it was too late. The great solemnity was broken. The tribute of a nation to its dead ended in a free-for-all riot. Shrieks and the thudding of policemen's clubs, blooded noses, kicking communist girls, scratched soldiers' faces, agonized yells—another communist victory.

XXII

**ARABIA NOT SO DESERTA
or THERE ARE NO
FLEAS IN AIRPLANES**

Proving that the nearest to death the modern journalist
experiences is sometimes very different from court-
martial or airplane accident or gang warfare

XXII

EVEN nowadays, as in the war, a newspaperman risks his life occasionally.

Sometimes at a poker game or over a decent drink at the Adlon in Berlin or Harry's in Paris, or at the Café Louvre in Vienna there is a gathering of all the veterans and Aces after a big story is done, and marvelous are the reminiscences.

Floyd Gibbons, my first employer in Europe, whose narrow escapes are the equal of any dozen other journalists, is unfortunately no longer in the foreign service, but we have Larry Rue with his own airplane and other younger men keeping up the tradition.

My own nearest touch with death, after the war, was not in the airplane crash in Syria, not in the Bedouin attack on my car in the Arabian desert. Nor was it in the aftermath to my crossing of the armistice, of which fact I learn only now from Tom Johnson's book "Our Secret War." I knew at that time that the Allies were furious that several members of the press section had gone into Germany to see Hindenburg and the truth about the enemy. But Johnson, who was a colleague, and who has written of the part propaganda and espionage played in winning the war, now recounts the fact that the French were of the opinion that our trip into Germany so seriously complicated the armistice and peace conditions the week of the armistice that the French officials requested that we who broke the rules should be executed.

This story of my narrowest escape, whenever I have tried to tell it, has always met with laughter. Yet the same auditors have listened without a smile to tales of African travelers of the

march of the wild African ants across the jungle — bloodthirsty large ants which kill as they go, kill elephants and even men, and strip their skeletons clean in the deadly sun. Can human beings be attacked by myriads of Asiatic fleas and every drop of blood be sucked from their bodies?

This is what happened when I was a war correspondent with the French army in that miserable war in Syria. The French had attacked and captured Soueida in terrible battle: cannon and machine guns, bayonets and tanks against the naked hearts and bare fingers of a primitive people who knew only how to fight and to die. Soueida, the capital, was an old Roman town, with the Roman Eagle still proud on its Roman pedestal, placed in the main square by Caesar's hosts. Every house built of volcanic stone; each house a Siamese twin brother of its neighbor, and protective walls in addition, making a veritable Gibraltar of the Plains. When the tanks came rumbling over the volcanic fields, the Druses who had never before seen the new works of destruction of civilized man, with bravery unheard of in the World War, attacked them *en masse*; and while the majority of the attacking party fell under machine gun lead or under chain wheels, one or two always survived to climb the prehistoric monster and stab into its eyes or mouth.

But like Pyrrhus at Asculum, the French could hardly boast of their victory, because they had captured an empty citadel of an oriental tribe accustomed to ranging the desert and wadis, and to gathering their strength at night and attacking in full force in the morning. The Druses had escaped.

M. Brochier, an old French journalist from Tunis, who claimed boyhood friendship with General Andrea, the new French commander, had wagered a bottle of champagne he would be in Soueida first, and he won. His airplane got off the ground ahead of the one the French escadrille had assigned to

me, and he had no adventures en route. I did. Lieutenant Pitault had other things to do than think of his civilian passenger. We flew no more than twenty yards high and cut the maddest circles. Every Arab and every camel was inspected by my pilot. He seemed keen on peeping behind knolls and rocks. My curiosity over his strange behavior was soon answered when three white smokeballs rose like halos over three men sheltering behind a black volcanic mass, and Pitault flipped his old Breguet on its side and slipped. No bullet touched us, but we rose, and over the roar of our motor came the visible silent spit-spit-spit of Pitault's machine gun.

The three Druses ran in three directions with Pitault (and myself) chasing them, first one then the other. They dropped their guns, stumbled, fell over blocks of stones, got up and zig-zagged across the volcanic mesa like three white grasshoppers stark mad. It was a bit ridiculous, a good joke on the threshold of tragedy, all played in a vast sunlit silence throbbing with the universal monotone of motor and propeller which caused such an unbelievable uproar that an effect of oblivion was the total result. I shouted and was not heard; the machine gun crackled and was not heard, nor were the cries of the enemy nor the sound of their rifles exploding nor all the routine noises of mid-day in the fields.

Air and plane and the sunlight just trembled—and we were trying to kill three men small and ridiculous as grasshoppers!

Pitault cut capers too, fluttering like a butterfly, and unmindful of his passenger's breakfast. Pitault fired continually.

But the sport apparently was not worth the price of bullets, and away we chased after a small caravan led by some dark-clad Arabs on donkeys who made friendly signs by touching their heads and their hearts while bowing. Funny beetles! We

let them go on. Another dash in another direction revealed a few stray goats, whose neutrality we also respected. As we approached Soueida we flew higher and higher, so I could have a good camera lens view of the city of stones.

From a thousand feet Soueida looked like the ruins of Pompeii. This impression is confirmed by closer view. The ruins of Pompeii with flat stone roofs over them would describe the Druse capital adequately. We circled it and came to the rough aviation field on the hillside. Pitault made a perfect landing and the airplane gently collapsed.

She was a senile airplane. Born in 1917, Mlle. Breguet had seen war on the West Front against the Germans, and now had been rejuvenated for the Syrian adventure. Where were the modern planes? Some in Morocco, most of them in France doing nothing: 1917 Breguets, apparently, were good enough for a small war in the orient!

Pitault and I extricated ourselves easily. Our landing gear was wrecked and one wing was wrenched to a right angle, otherwise no damage. A Ford stood near by, and in it I rode to the town. But I'd never go in a French army plane again, I swore.

General Andrea is of the type you find only in the French army: the officer who seemingly hasn't a drop of soldier blood in him off duty and the stern, strict, just disciplinarian at his soldier job. He talked graciously and did everything for me in a gallant way: if I had been General Pershing I could not have been treated better.

At evening I sat at his side at headquarter's mess and a bottle of good wine was added, in my honor, to the customary pinard. And at night he assigned me the room next to his. The nights on the desert are cold. He gave me some of his linen and blankets. And so to bed.

To bed? Worn out by the excitement of the man hunt, the airplane crash, and the walk around town in a temperature of at least 100° Fahrenheit, I was asleep in a minute or two. In that time an age passed. In ten minutes I was wide awake, aching from neck to toes. The bed seemed in movement. Myriads of little things were crawling over me. My blind hand found the match box and candles. Soon there was a fair light. I threw back the covers to behold a circus of leaping, dancing, somersaulting black objects — tens of them, scores of them, two hundred at the very least.

I stepped into my shoes and those which were on the outside of my pyjamas leaped for safety. Those within kept at their work. I undressed and found two score nipping all over my body. There were so many it was useless to try murdering them — they could be brushed off in little lots.

Soon I had freed myself. I then turned to the bed and shook it clear. I got the bowl of water prepared by the orderly for tomorrow's ablutions and poured four little pools of water for the legs of the iron cot (so it is written in Arab philosophy), and to bed again.

Peace and quiet for almost a hundred seconds. Then massed attacks, and the same performance. This time I examined the earth: it was in movement. The walls: they were in movement. If there is one flea in this room there are ten thousand, I figured, and dressing myself after carefully shaking out each garment, to the chagrin of another hundred which had ambushed themselves there for tomorrow's breakfast, I fled into the open.

I selected a nice soft spot between the roadside and an automobile park, spread the blankets and tried to sleep. So five minutes passed — but only five, for they had again discovered me. I undressed, stark naked in the cool oriental night marvel-

ously filled with starlight, dressed again in garments freed from the parasites, and by the aid of matches saw the sands erupting, rising and swelling, as hundreds upon hundreds of fleas leaped and frolicked. I climbed a big truck and stretched myself in the seat and slept a quarter of an hour, only to be awakened by new arrows of pain. Again I undressed and climbed to the clean untenanted top of the truck and tried to sleep there again, thus gaining a half hour on my tormentors—but only that. At least five hundred had gone over the top.

Climbing down, I searched the garage, found a *bidon* of gasoline and drenched towels in them, tying my trousers to my shoes with two, and almost strangling myself with the third. Again the top of the truck, and again a half hour of sleep, ending in misery.

Then only did a feeling of desperation come over me. I was already bleeding from dozens of small wounds, and now gave up all hope of sleep. I undressed, shook my clothes clean, and went walking in the sinister city. I walked towards the citadel, high above, half a mile away through sand and stone, and there, far from any human being or animal, I found a place to rest. But in a minute I was up again. They had not followed me, but thousands of others were there, dotting my shantung suit, the oriental helmet, seeking to join their comrades already bleeding me. My neck and ankles, despite their reek of gasoline, were being bitten to pieces.

So I surrendered to the thought of walking the night through. But first I had to undress and free myself from the hundred or more which had again climbed inside. This I did, and again arranging the gasoline towels, began a slow walk into the town. Movement, I believed, would foil my enemies.

But it didn't. In ten minutes they were again upon me. And

then I began to get desperate. I began to run. I ran up and down until I was exhausted and the sweat came through my clothes. I fell exhausted on a rock and so long as I was drenched in heavy perspiration I had a small freedom. But blood and sweat dried quickly in that alkaline night, and I had to take to my feet, stumbling about and going from desperation to despair.

For a while I felt like a man slowly freezing to death — numb, and happy and hesitant between the Will to Survive and the Will to Surrender. But despite the fear that I could be bled to death by these hundreds of thousands of tiny vampires, in agony and pain I thought “why, no one would ever believe this. They’ll believe all the stories of African adventures all right — African ants are now classified with lions in degree of danger — but if I am eaten alive by fleas here it will be termed a nature fake in America.” And not wishing to appear ridiculous even after death, I undressed for the tenth time, freed my garments, and dressed again. Again walking, walking through the starry Arabian silence. Again the stabs of tiny swords as new hundreds leaped on me and bit.

So passed the hours in continual struggle in which at times I thought I would go mad. I tried to sing, I talked to myself to keep awake and sane. My hands and face, the toughest parts of me, were bitten too; the tenderer flesh was a mass of sores and there was less room for hungry newcomers.

I went back to headquarters thinking to try my room again and perhaps find some Frenchman up who could help me. As I approached the sentinel, the huge Malagasy negro stumbled up from his sleep, and prodding his bayonet against my stomach, muttered angrily in Arabic.

A jab of that bayonet could hardly have been more painful than the hundreds of jabs that never ceased, hour by hour.

“Ami—general—ami—general,” I cried, with a great passion for survival in my voice.

The brute lowered his bayonet and smiled, becoming a human being. I offered him a cigarette. He talked the lowest guttural Arabic. I made motions, pointing to my bleeding hands, bleeding face, and the blood that had come through my trousers. The Malagasy spread his abayah. In the approaching daybreak I could see the red lining filled with fleas. But he drew his cloak the tighter about him, and so embracing hundreds of them he collapsed in a heap and grunted off to sleep by the charcoal brazier.

Four o'clock blew reveille — blew liberation for me. The camp came to life. General Andrea returned on his horse: he had not been able to fight the fleas in headquarters and had ridden away sometime in the night.

“You're not leaving?” he said to me.

“Yes — if you will permit me to go by the first airplane —”

“But I would like you to remain for another operation — we can take care of you for a week.”

I thanked him.

“You seem to be bitten,” said the medical major.

“How do you live through it?” I asked.

“Soldiers are tough,” he said, “but I've ordered six hundred kilograms of insect powder. I need actually six hundred tons to make Soueida habitable.”

“Has anyone been bitten badly?” I asked.

“Yes, we have one boy in hospital — but he'll survive — if he's tough enough.”

The Ford came along and took us out of the accursed place. Miles away lay the aviation field. Men were working on the motors.

“Do you mind if I get in now?” I asked.

"Comme vous voulez."

I climbed into the fuselage of the old bus; 1917 and ready to collapse. A good, swift, clean, welcome, gentlemanly sort of death that would sound nice in despatches. I noticed one of the struts was tied with a shoe-string— who cares? — I collapsed on a lot of machine gun bullet drums, thanking heaven that there are no fleas in airplanes!

XXIII

PSYCHOANALYSIS

**CHARLATANS WRECK
LIVES IN VIENNA**

While real scientists perfect theories to benefit mankind
quacks practice on Americans

STYLISH TO BE ANALYSED

Startling cases cited where fun was turned into tragedy
for visitors

XXIII

VIENNA is the city of dreams. When the Viennese thinks of his home he thinks of it as "*Wien, Wien, nur Du allein, solltest die Stadt meine Träume sein.*" In story, song and science, from the first Strauss to the last chapter of Freud, Vienna has always been the "city of dreams," and not only for the natives but for a large part of the civilized world.

From Strauss to Freud, Vienna has poured its dreams out into the world: all sorts of dreams, dream waltzes, dream songs, dream women, and finally the sex dream of psychoanalysis. Therefore now as formerly, Vienna is the dream capital of the world. Some are singing about dreams, now many have come to tell their dreams. The Freudian doctrines which were given the world in 1894 as a development of psychology, medicine, and even a little religion, had at the commencement of the third decade of the new century enthroned the father of the theory as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, contributor to modern thought, and disciples came from everywhere, thronging Vienna, hoping to learn.

In the dull days between uprisings in the Balkans, cabinet crises, assassinations and acts of terrorism which took up so much of a Central European journalist's time, I interested myself first in the arguments about psychoanalysis among my colleagues, then in the science itself, also in its practitioners. I made two surprising discoveries.

The first discovery was probably not new to others, but it impressed me deeply. It was simply that Freud himself had never made many of the claims which had been attributed to him and which laymen took for granted. Freud had given his

ideas to the world as theories; they were open to revision, and while many Freudian practitioners in America and elsewhere were preaching Freud as if his words were those of a new messiah, he himself, grand old man, was slowly, carefully, scientifically revising himself, perfecting his theory but still holding it open to amendment.

To Miss T——, to whom he granted one of his rare interviews, Freud said: "Psychoanalysis is for the neurotic, the hysterical and the pathological; it is not for a lot of rich American women, who have nothing else to do but who should be mending their husbands' socks."

But in addition to the disciples who were not keeping abreast with the great leader, and in addition to the American women, who toiled not and who would not darn socks, I found there were many fraudulent practitioners, many of whom had actually been in Vienna to study with Freud. Or, if they were not charlatans, they were dangerous just the same because of their ignorance or their love of money which made them twist Freudian theories to further their own success. There were many such men in Vienna and many who had offices in America. It was probably due to the practices of these twisted Freudians that such an authority on medicine as Joseph Collins declared that the medical profession repudiated the Freudian system of the treatment and his theory of neuroses, and that Frederic Peterson indicted psychoanalysis as a sort of "voodoo religion characterized by obscene rites and human sacrifices." Likewise Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, had said that "the bizarre nature of this work and its possibilities for charlatanism have attracted innumerable quacks into its fold. The emphasis placed by the Freudian doctrines on sex as the basis for most mental ills and maladjustments makes the action of

the quacks especially dangerous in the social welfare of the community.”

I found there was considerable wreckage of psychoanalysis strewn about Vienna; there were many who wished to kiss and instead paused to tell! Many, having told, were staying to obtain a divorce. Certainly the maintenance of the family and the home, the basis of the old civilization, was being shaken by many analytic practitioners; many of them greeted a new patient with the following catechism: “Are you married? If so, get a divorce. Are you single? If so, get a mistress at once.”

These practitioners were turning souls inside out with a crude and reckless fashion. They seemed to fail to realize the brutality of the shocks they gave their patients. In the suicide note of one of them were the lines: “He told me such terrible things about myself that I could not bear to live afterwards.”

One day there was a new topic for press and public. The charge was made that the book called “A Young Girl’s Diary,” published in 1915 with an introduction by Freud, later translated but suppressed in America, was a hoax. Impressive evidence was given on both sides. The book was important because it had become a sort of minor testament of psychoanalysis. During the controversy I found that the reputed writer was a girl pupil of Frau Doktor Hug Helmuth, that she had used the book in the education of her nephew, and that the latter, losing his mind owing to his education, had shot his teacher.

Americans were thronging Vienna bragging and gossiping about being psychoanalyzed. That was another surprise for me. Europeans hid that fact. Europeans knew that persons sent to psychoanalysts were hysterical, neurotic, very frequently sexually misfitted, while Americans were playing with the science as if it were a new fad. They suffered for it. In fact, it was apparent that many Americans who had “taken up”

could be later diagnosed as "suffering from acute psycho-analysis."

There was one, a Mrs. X, wife of a prominent New York banker, a somewhat nervous woman, nothing more. The reason she later gave to friends in Vienna was, "All the women I know are doing it, and sending each other round to psychoanalysts." Her home life with her husband and two children had been happy. The psychoanalyst ushered her into a dimly lighted room, made her relax on a reclining chair.

"What did you dream last night?" he snapped at her, without warning.

"I—I did not dream last night."

"You did."

"I didn't, I'm sure."

"You dreamed about your husband."

"I did not."

"You dreamed your husband was untrue to you, didn't you?"

She was stunned. She gaped at the practitioner and listened to him. She had never suspected her husband in her life. Now she did. She made up for lost time. She asked herself what kind of business conference took him out of town on Sundays, why he was late so frequently, what he was doing on such an occasion, why he behaved in such a manner on another. Soon she was driving him out of town on weekdays as well. In a year she got a divorce. She became melancholy, acquired an egocentric mania, wrecked her life.

To a layman and an amateur, the Vienna school of psychoanalysis looked something like the Catholic confessional. But sophisticated. Decidedly. In the church the sinner could confess what he believed a sin, he could even invent one so that he could enjoy the ecstasy of absolution; in the psychological

confessional the high priest probed for the "sins" the patient would have liked to commit. That is why the dream was so important. The dream was truer than the fact. The dream came from the subconscious, and if you could analyze the dream you could know what ailed you. The dream, once you got under its symbolic confusions and disguises, was a sort of silver screen publishing what is usually hidden and not, generally speaking, possible of publication elsewhere. There was no censorship in dreams. They were true character with the *hemmnungen*, the dikes and barriers, the inhibitions, removed. Moreover, they dealt so much in futures. One was just as likely, according to some experts, to dream of lusts and sins one would like to commit as those one had committed, perhaps more so. The daytime conscience was not so strong at night. And yet, according to the experts, if one really wanted very much to fulfil a desire, and one's conscience, or the corner policeman, had hitherto successfully restrained one, the dreams were liable to be a caution, and the general state one was apt to be in would naturally become worse, so that the thing to do would be to see an expert.

The latter would advise one to throw off one's neuroses, or feeling of inferiority, or one's Oedipus complex, or whatever troubled one chiefly (varying according to the different schools of thought in Vienna), and go out and, in the hackneyed words of the banal newspaper philosophers, "be yourself." That is, remove whatever stands between one and the free expression of one's desires, be it squeamishness, social responsibility, wife, children, or the many chains by which society binds every individual in its effort to make a world of machine-made conformists.

There was the case of William N—, son of a well-known American lawyer, a healthy, happy looking college

boy of the athletic type, touring Europe during the summer with some friends who took him to Vienna. Physically active, he had no great preoccupation with sex, lived up to old ideas of chastity, planned to marry a girl back home when he was through with college and had gotten a start. The young men made appointments with a third-rate psychoanalyst because the science had become a college fad and it would be swell to talk about the experience when they returned to the university in the autumn. The "expert" soon had William out of the tennis court and into the clinic.

"The trouble with you," said he, after the customary preliminary cross-examination, "is that you are repressed. You must have sex experience."

"But," protested the boy who harbored the antique ideal of entering marriage as clean as the girl he was in love with, "I am engaged to be married."

"You are twenty years of age, and you will be unhappy all your life if you repress yourself now. Have you no desire for this girl?"

The boy blushed, and felt like hitting the analyst. The latter promptly said: "I can see by your face this moment that you are very emotional, and your very blush indicates an unhealthy repugnance towards natural feelings."

He persuaded the young man to remain in Vienna and take a mistress. The boy speedily ran out of his traveling allowance, and cabled his father for more. His father sent him enough to return to America on, and cabled: "Stop this nonsense and come home at once." The boy spent the money living in accordance with his European advice. It was as he boarded the boat at Havre, having received another passage remittance, that the awful ordeal of facing that girl at home first struck him clearly. The first night out, a seaman pulled him back

from off the rail, and he was watched thereafter. The night before the vessel docked, the newspapers reported, he got loose, and jumped overboard. He simply couldn't face that girl.

The original emphasis of psychoanalysis had been upon the mentally and sexually unsound: the neurotic, the hysterical type, and the insane. Its original purpose was to prove that through the removal of chaffing and delusive restraints and inhibitions which an ill-balanced mind imposes on its own subconscious cravings, the patient could be restored to normality or comparative normality. It was a difficult, probing science, generally using as laboratory the psychiatric ward of a hospital, jail, or institution for the abnormal. The moment, however, that psychoanalysis seeped out of the clinic into the parlor, it became an intellectual excuse to cut loose and discuss or perform the forbidden in the name of truth, freedom, or even virtue. And as it became popularized, mounting upwards on the wings of certain professional psychoanalysts' fees into the realm of the smart and the faddish, its original emphasis was completely reversed. In other words, whereas psychoanalysis originally maintained that even the unbalanced were potentially sane, some of the practitioners now insisted that even the sane are fundamentally unbalanced.

Among the quacks, the most contemptible aspect was the translation of the verbal intimacy which the method involved into physical intimacy between practitioners and patients. At the beginning of the treatment the examiner goaded the patient on to talk incessantly. Out of recurrent words, phrases, ideas, the examiner gleaned the nature of what had been worrying the victim, but he required the aid of dreams to expose it in all its pristine repulsiveness. Precisely the same inhibitions that had kept the patient from acting as he subconsciously wished to act and thus brought him to the state where recourse

to a specialist was necessary, prevented him now from speaking with absolute freedom even to the specialist. Here entered the dream.

One faked even in one's dreams, some experts had stated, but one's deception took the form of symbolic patterns. Once the riddle of the symbols is solved, the true meaning of the dream is deciphered. The patient is pitched into preoccupation with his dream life, a preoccupation which virtually preëmpts the whole of his existence, rendering him unfit for any other occupation. He rides the hounds on his own dreams. He is instructed by certain practitioners to lie down with pad and pencil beside him. Eventually the "expert" decodes the patient's dream for him in extremely plain English, with the resultant intense stimulation of the patient's libido, or sex urge, particularly when all former objects of that urge have been removed so that practitioner himself stands in their stead.

There was the case of the handsome matron who arrived in Vienna with a son of eleven in the Spring of 1924. She met a perfectly charming woman in Mentone who had had a perfectly thrilling time, my dear, being psychoanalyzed by the most perfectly fascinating doctor in Vienna.

The young matron's husband, a paper manufacturer in Boston, was lonely for his wife and had asked her to return, but he cabled her the additional money to make the Viennese tour without protest, the lady having loaded up rather heavily in Paris on hats, gowns, lingerie and beaded bags. They were contentedly mated; neither had hitherto adventured, or thought of so doing, outside of the home. In fact, they were not only congenial lovers, but that rarer thing, excellent comrades.

"What made you come to me?" was the first question the psychoanalyst put to her.

She told him truthfully that it was curiosity and nothing more; that there was absolutely nothing wrong with her life.

"Do you think for one moment that you would have made this long trip against your husband's wishes if there was nothing wrong with your life?"

"Why—why, I just did it for the experience," she repeated.

"The first thing you must do is flatly to acknowledge that you have left your husband."

"Why—why, I couldn't dream of such a thing!"

"Wait till you see what you dream," said the "doctor."

He made her take a pad and pencil to her bedside and lay guard on her dreams. In a week he had her dreaming herself into a fantastic repugnance at the very thought of returning to the man who was footing the bills. In another week he had her dreaming of himself as the substitute for the husband. The third week they went to Budapest together, and left the boy alone in a Vienna hotel. The woman was lost in an irresponsible trance of neurotic passion in which all the social and personal obligations that hitherto had governed her were less than shadows. She had developed such a fixation on the psychoanalyst that she speedily bored him and, without making the faintest attempt to transfer her fixation from himself to anyone else, or even back to the husband, he left her. A month later the husband found the shattered wreck of his wife in a sanitarium. She had a maniacal aversion to his mere presence in the same room, and the baffled and agonized man was compelled to leave her there and return to America with the boy, whom she could not bear near her either.

The husband of G. B. acquitted himself more drastically in a similar instance, although the ultimate outcome was every bit as tragic. G. B. arrived in Vienna with a party of four friends, two couples. The three women went to a psycho-

analyst. After the report of the third session the husband of one nearly blackened his spouse's eyes, and made her pack up and return to America on the spot. The husband of the second wore only one leg of the family trousers, and he had to endure the details of two more sessions. However, he was the family banker, and suddenly disappeared, leaving a note to his wife and just enough money for her to rejoin him in Berlin, saying he would wait there three days for her, and that he would not send her another penny. The lady balanced the psychoanalytic thrill with the financial hazard, and the steady income won, and she rejoined her mate for the trip home. She had the good sense to try to persuade G. B. to return with her, but the unescorted lady refused.

When the scattered party reached America the husbands met the husband of G. B., and he took the next boat to Europe, but he was too late to save his wife. She was enamored of the psychoanalyst, and brazenly defied her husband to part them. The husband bought a hussar's whip and matched a duelling scar on the psychoanalyst's cheek with a half dozen welts, until the whip broke. He spent a week in jail, paid a fine—and when he started looking for his wife she was gone. So was the psychoanalyst. He returned to America and got a divorce and the custody of his three children. The psychoanalyst was back in Vienna—alone, and still practicing. The woman—well, the member of the American Medical Association of Vienna who told me this story in Vienna, saw her himself not so long ago at the races in Baden-Baden—a heavily rouged and powdered travesty of her former wholesomely alluring self, in company with a notorious South American profligate.

But I had better sense than to go seeking facts about the quacks of psychoanalysis exclusively among the American doctors (who have their clubroom above the big café on the

Alserstrasse 9, in the 8th Bezirk). That would not be fair because so many medical men were just about as mid-Victorian as people of other callings. They were scientists, many of whom refused to give a thought to the new science. While Adler was pleading for medicos to cooperate because their work was so closely allied, a majority of the 200 doctors, members of the American Medical Association of Vienna, were sniffing disdainfully.

On another subject, I found the medical association divided. That was the American idea of thousands of young, or old for that matter, medicos coming to Vienna for a few weeks, attending some lectures, a few clinics, obtaining some sort of a paper to show it, or if no paper, at least the reputation of having been to Vienna, and returning to practice in America with the great prestige of graduating from the finest medical schools that existed. The old-timers in Vienna were mighty sore about this situation, but they could do nothing. Almost any American with a doctor's certificate could enroll in Vienna, put his name down on the lists of clinics, spend a summer, and announce in Pittsburgh or Punxsutawney that he was a Vienna specialist. But that was another story.

The most striking episodes of psychoanalytic wreckage I learned from the leading psychoanalysts themselves. Psychoanalysis had made healthy beings of not a few neurotic patients, but the charlatans had made unwholesome neurotics of a great many reasonably healthy men and women. It was not a parlor and boudoir science, and none had fought harder to keep it in the clinic and out of the bedroom than the strictly scientific research psychoanalyst himself, or been more willing to give all possible publicity to cases of quackery. Words were inadequate to describe the feelings of Freud himself at the unexpected transformation of his method into a Klondike for

quacks and charlatans. In his eyes psychoanalysis was a painstaking science of established data and inferential proof. He regarded the dream as the key to the unknown and the signpost to the ailment; the quacks made a fraud of the dream, and brought the science to a point where it became, in the words of Karl Kraus, "the disease whose symptoms it professes to cure."

The leaders of the science themselves were the simplest and most honest of men. The New York and other American followers, some accredited by Freud, some not, were taking advantage of the new interest in sex which, thanks to the Viennese scientists, Havelock Ellis, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Bertrand Russell, the birth-controlists and others, had emerged from a smutty smoking room topic to the clean clinic. Capital was being made out of the new freedom. But not by the real scientists. Freud was still the student, still experimenting, still open-minded enough to publish, in 1930, his findings severely revising his first views.

Dr. Alfred Adler has continued his work along curative, or as he preferred to term it, prophylactic lines. Freud began and chiefly concerned himself with the adult neurotic. Adler, the founder of "individual psychology," devoted himself to children primarily. Freud was essentially analytic, the latter fundamentally preventive. "Papa" Adler, as he was fondly called by many thousands, owing to his plain fatherly, unaffected, kindly ways, is still inviting people who are interested in his science, but who are not potential patients, to visit his home once or twice a week, and for a small fee, a few cents, listen to his lecture, even to ask questions and to get answers. He goes frequently to America, taking an especial interest in child-welfare and child guidance clinics such as those maintained at Seward Park and Hunts Park, New York, the psy-

chiatric wards, the various children's courts, and the Rockefeller Foundation. When "Papa" Adler is in Vienna a goodly number of his afternoon visitors are American newspaper men and women who come to learn, not to get a sensational story.

Although the Freudians and the Adlerians have drifted more and more apart there is no bitterness between the leaders; the small practitioners and the quacks who claim to belong to one school or another are the ones who engage in battle, denouncing one another as unscientific, as proven wrong or as confessed wrong. Certainly when Freud issued a revision of an idea never propounded as more than a theory, all the little anti-Freudians howled that they had told someone or other so, sometime before.

It is a difficult business, this dividing the psychological sheep from the goats, and I have hesitated a long time over writing anything. For a layman to write in a lay newspaper anything on the subject would be to cause a sensation and to invite a torrent of abusive criticism. But those who know the subject dare not write. No doctor, no psychologist except in his own technical weekly or monthly journal, is allowed to say anything. The medicos, when they established the code that medical advertising was unethical, likewise declared themselves against all sorts of publicity. No doctor is allowed to talk for publication. If he does, he is kicked out of the medical associations. These organizations are supposed to deal with their own quacks, and do that job quite efficiently. But when it comes to the practice of hand-me-down Freudianism there are seemingly no ethical codes. A bad practitioner can destroy the character and sanity of a patient and get away scott free. Freud himself has declared against irresponsible practitioners, but that does not prevent their number spreading. The "fashionable" practitioners are the worst offenders. While the serious

ones are seeking to rehabilitate the neurotic socially, personally and sexually, the common brand of fashionable psychoanalysts are making of the neurotics alibi artists if not worse. The fashionable clientele, men and women, having had revealed to them what ailed them, accept the ailment as an excuse for not carrying on, and exploit their own weaknesses. It is the ultimate in defeatism. Many good human lives are being wrecked or at least wasted by it.

XXIV ORIENTAL PLOT IN AFGHANISTAN RUSSIA vs. BRITAIN

**Chicherin's grandiose plan to unite Eastern nations into
a league, under Soviet domination, to fight
European rulers**

AMANULLAH'S COMIC VOYAGES

XXIV

OUT in Afghanistan bourgeois Britain and communist Russia subtly play the game of world dominion.

In 1923, when I covered the great fifth anniversary session of the Third Internationale it was openly (and secretly) decided that the Bolshevik movement must orient itself towards — the Orient.

Shortly afterwards the old game the Czar used to play on the Indian frontier began all over again. The little buffer between the great ambitions of England and Russia became the scene of intrigue, bloodshed, revolution.

The most important happening in the great Bolshevik oriental plot was the secret conference of all the oriental powers in 1927; this story has never been told in the American press. The Soviet government was then and is now making a grand effort to enroll all the Eastern nations under the red banner. It is one of the biggest plots in the history of the world.

In 1927 Chicherin's plans reached their apex in the Odessa conference. He had gathered there the leading envoys of all the Arabian states, the spokesmen for the revolutionary leaders of India, a man who could speak for Egypt; emissaries from Syria and Palestine and Transjordan. He sent a cruiser to Turkey and the foreign minister came to Odessa on that ship. Chicherin presided. Chicherin proposed the League of Oriental Nations to oppose the League of Nations. It was his answer to Britain's refusal to do business with the Soviets.

Then followed the grand tour of their Afghanistan Majesties to Europe. It was triumphal and astounding and very,

very funny if only the men who wrote the news at the time could have told all they saw and knew.

The British had a display of five hundred tanks in action and another of half their home fleet. They fired off all their big guns and they rode their tanks over trees and houses. Officers were so glad to show all the secrets of modern warfare to young Amanullah. Told him everything: how effective tanks were: how easily they could be transported to Kandahar, say: how they could just joy ride through the walls of, say, Kabul. Why one shell of their new bombing planes wouldn't leave a minaret higher than an inch, and that half burned.

The King looked impressed and went to France. Over in France the President of the Republic invited him to see the largest and finest army in the world parade. Amanullah was more impressed than in England: manpower was more in his comprehension.

(At the hotel in Paris the flunkies had to go around pointing out to minor nobility that the corners of the ballroom were not to be used as corners are in Kabul—the hotel had special places—under the non-Kabulistic sign “W. C.”)

Later in the day the King and Queen and some ministers went down the rue de la Paix to look at the diamonds and things in the swell shops. They were guests of the French Republic, you see, and they knew how gentlemen behave. For instance, if you visit Amanullah, or even some small-fry prince, and you say, “Well, Prince, that's a nice rug you've got,” or “What a beautiful goat that one is,” then the Prince, according to the rules of etiquette, replies: “But it is yours, gracious guest.” So they went to Cartier's and places, and picked out a couple of millions worth of miscellaneous diamonds, pearls and rubies, and said, “Charge it.” But the salesmen said, “Charge it to whom?” And the King and the Queen and the seven Cabinet

ministers said, "Charge it to our hosts." But the jewelers that very morning had received calls from gendarmes all bulging around in mufti who said, "If you sell 'em anything it's none of our business, *vous comprenez?*" And they said: "*Oui, oui, compris.*" And the agents had said, "How about bad checks?" And the jewelers had said, "Thank you again." And just at the door the mufti men had looked around and said, "There seems to be a lot of kleptomania loose among the royal households," whereupon the jewelers went out and hired a lot of friends to come and to be always buyings things from morning to night, and keeping their eyes open sideways.

So when the royal party couldn't pay by check, and was about to leave in imperial indignation, some of the pseudo customers winked, and suddenly there was a search, and after about half a million in pearls and diamonds and rubies had been restored to the showcases, the royal entourage entoured for Italy and said they didn't think the French army was much good after all.

The last country they visited was Russia. When the British got wind of this visit they were chagrined. After all the shooting! But Amanullah thought this was the ten-stroke of his diplomacy. How oriental. How subtle. After all the parties in London, to go visit the enemy. The Bolsheviks outdid themselves. The royal party stayed in a palace. One day the foreign office sent down a man to say that tomorrow there was a surprise in store for the King and Queen. "I thought," Amanullah afterwards told an American reporter, "it was going to be another parade of soldiers, tanks, gas things, airplanes, maybe submarines." He was very much impressed with all these European inventions for mass murder. But he was tired of standing! However, the next day he put on his new uniform with all the new decorations he had received on this trip added to

the big ones he had awarded himself back home, and they motored to the Kremlin.

There they went to see the jewels of the Czar, alleged to be worth a billion but I doubt it because many of the diamonds are yellow. They were blinded by the display. They couldn't keep their eyes off the jewels. Someone has reported it was hands—but that may be just an enemy rumor. After a while the Bolo official took up a big pearl and a big emerald necklace and presented them to the King and Queen respectively. The King and Queen immediately thought Russia was the greatest country in Europe. They said so in fact. The King asked when was the parade going to begin? The Bolsheviks said what parade? The King felt so relieved he said Afghanistan loved Russia and he didn't think much of British tanks after all. And as for ships—there was no water—not even enough drinking water in or around Afghanistan.

When the royal tour was over the King and the Cabinet went to work reforming the country. Don't forget they had signed a lot of contracts in Europe for a lot of things: such as hats and airplanes, ice-making machinery and neckties (on all of which they had taken their rake-off of about thirty per cent), and now there was overproduction and no buyers. They abolished the greasy fur caps and said hats were better. Veils were no good: there were ten caravans of French clothes on the way. It was the Kemal Pasha stunt—but on a commission basis.

Just then there was a rebellion. The angry Bolsheviks let out a report Lawrence of Arabia was back of it. There are a lot of minor agents who can handle gold pieces as well as Lawrence. And gold pieces are better than notes—diplomatic notes, I mean. Too late the King learned how many handfuls of gold pieces had been distributed in and around the city. With every handful that came there was the righteous in-

dignant statement (made by a European, Christian agent) that it was sacrilegious to change "our" ancient form of worship and introduce high hats and bath tubs and other heathen elements in "our" country.

One American journalist flew to Kabul. When he arrived the King's main army had already suffered a big defeat. Funny, but his Russian guns weren't so good after all; funny how the rebels got so many heathen elements, grenades and bombs and things into the peaceful country.

The King sent for the American and said, "It looks serious." He replied, "Why don't you send out, call an armistice, and find out for how much they'll settle?"

"That won't do any good," replied the King, "because they know just how much I've got."

"Give 'em half—that's what my auditor, 'Black-Jack' Jones, always says."

"Who?" replied the King. "I'll give 'em nothing. They're jealous of my success in Europe, that's what's back of the trouble. They started out by accusing me of spending too much—about a hundred thousand. I said, 'well if I did spend that much, it was a good investment.' Look what I brought back in presents! Worth at least eight hundred thousand. I showed them the emeralds and everything. So now they are trying to take it away by force!"

"Are you sure there isn't more in this than meets the eye?" the American asked him. He said he saw nothing. The American said: "You hold the gate to India, you know, and you've been playing around with the Bolo boys." He said: "If you mean Russia, they're my friends." So the American said: "Britain?" and the King replied: "Why, look the way they are standing by me here, with their airplanes and everything." So the American said nothing except: "May I print an inter-

view with you to that effect?" and he said, "Yes, and tell my friends in London and Paris that we have the situation well in hand!"

The next morning the American went out to the Junkers' field and talked to the British aviators. They said it was their last trip and he'd better go with them because the King had no army any more, as all the soldiers had been bought by the opposition for a couple of rupees each and the looting was going to begin shortly.

"Does the King know this?" he asked. The officer said the King did not but he was sending him word — which would reach him after the plane was good and safe away. "Better get yours out," the officer warned. The American returned to the palace where he had been assigned a room by the King inasmuch as there was no hotel in Kabul. Walking around the building he happened to peer through a window, intrigued by a badly drawn curtain. There sat the King and Queen and several close relations pushing handfuls of gold pieces into bags. What a sight!

Immediately afterwards the rulers of Afghanistan escaped from the country. Another regime came in. Another change in national attitudes: pro-Britain? or pro-Russia?

Both nations realize that the future of India depends greatly on the control of the Afghan state: the British invaded it in 1839 and three years later the Russians inspired a revolution there. And that game goes on forever. In 1878 the British again organized an expedition against Afghanistan and signed an accord by which the country denounced relations with any other foreign country. But at the end of the World War, with Russia down and Britain weakened, especially in her prestige in the Mohammedan lands, Afghanistan was in a ferment. When the King, Habiboullah, hesitated, he was assassinated.

An officer was hanged, but the rumors said that Amanullah was to blame. Whereupon the King's brother was tried and condemned to life imprisonment! That's the oriental way of doing things.

Amanullah proclaimed the independence of the country.

Knowing that the British Empire would not accept insult without action, Amanullah declared war and attacked all along the frontier. But strange to say, a revolution suddenly broke out behind the King's lines, and that, coupled with the devastating work of the British airplanes, brought about peace, although the ruler still smiled upon the Russians and frowned upon the British. In 1921 he signed two treaties with these powers, by which the independence of his country was guaranteed.

And then Amanullah too began plotting a Mohammedan bloc which Chicherin afterwards was to try, another sort of Oriental League of Nations, under Soviet leadership, aimed to shake off British, French, and Italian rule. Amanullah fixed things with Persia and Turkey. Kemal Pasha became Amanullah's god. He determined to do what the Turk did. But first he made a military alliance with him. Djemal Pasha and a lot of Turkish officers came to Kabul and began reorganizing the army. Djemal was the great enemy of Britain. The oriental Triple Alliance grew.

Britain had been paying Afghanistan one million dollars a year to be good. With a noble gesture, Amanullah spurned British money. At the same time he agreed to take one million roubles from Russia, in gold, silver, or copper, and the Russians came down with their war materials, their radio plant and telegraph lines, and above all, with their propaganda and their agents, the latter, two hundred of them each year, penetrating into India to help in the work of independence.

Then another of those strange revolutions broke out. In 1924 the tribes of the Southeast arose. Now it takes not only men, but guns and money to run a revolution, and could it be possible that the million dollars which appeared in the budget for India, as bribe money for Afghanistan, and which was not stricken out after Amanullah had decided to get his bribe elsewhere, could have been used to arm these revolting tribes? Perhaps Colonel Lawrence could answer. Throughout the country the report persists that one Private Shaw, none other than the magic colonel of Arabia, was present with his smooth talk and his gold-bags just before the civil war which drove Amanullah into exile.

The emir, of course, knew what was coming to him when he defied Britain and invited Soviet subsidy. The amount of money and jewelry which he and Queen Souriya took to Europe on their notorious visit is estimated at \$37,000,000, and some say they took nothing back but a change of clothes. All those diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds, and all that hard cash is deposited in the strong boxes and banks of Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

The war against the royal couple was waged for moral reasons! By Batscha (the son of) Sakoa (a water-carrier). His own followers called him Batscha Sagao, which is to say, son of a dog. But how did thousands upon thousands of photographs of the unveiled Queen (printed in India on a British press) become scattered throughout the fanatical religious regions and help raise the revolt? Why did the revolt start just on the frontier of British India? Only the secret archives of the British or Indian Government could give clues to these riddles. For the secret agents of Britain and Russia are never at rest in this troubled part of the world.

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